THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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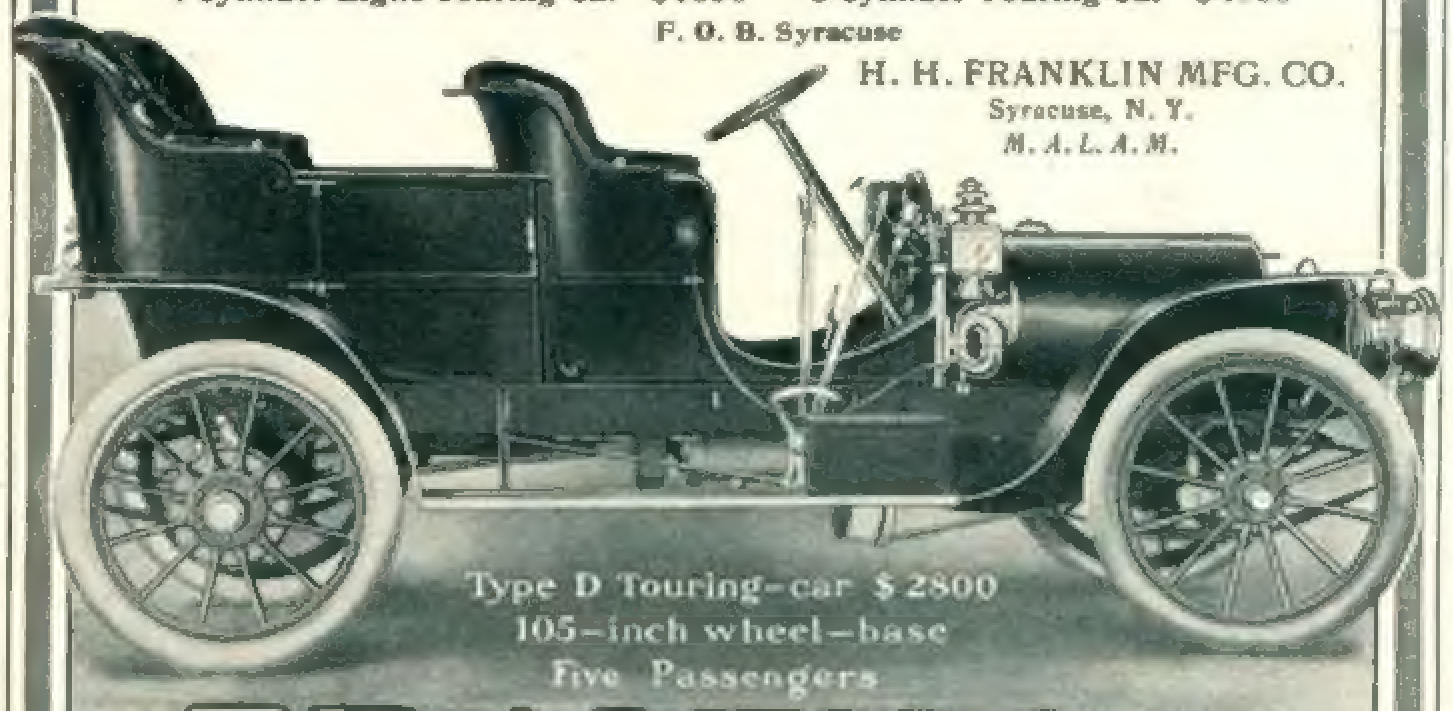

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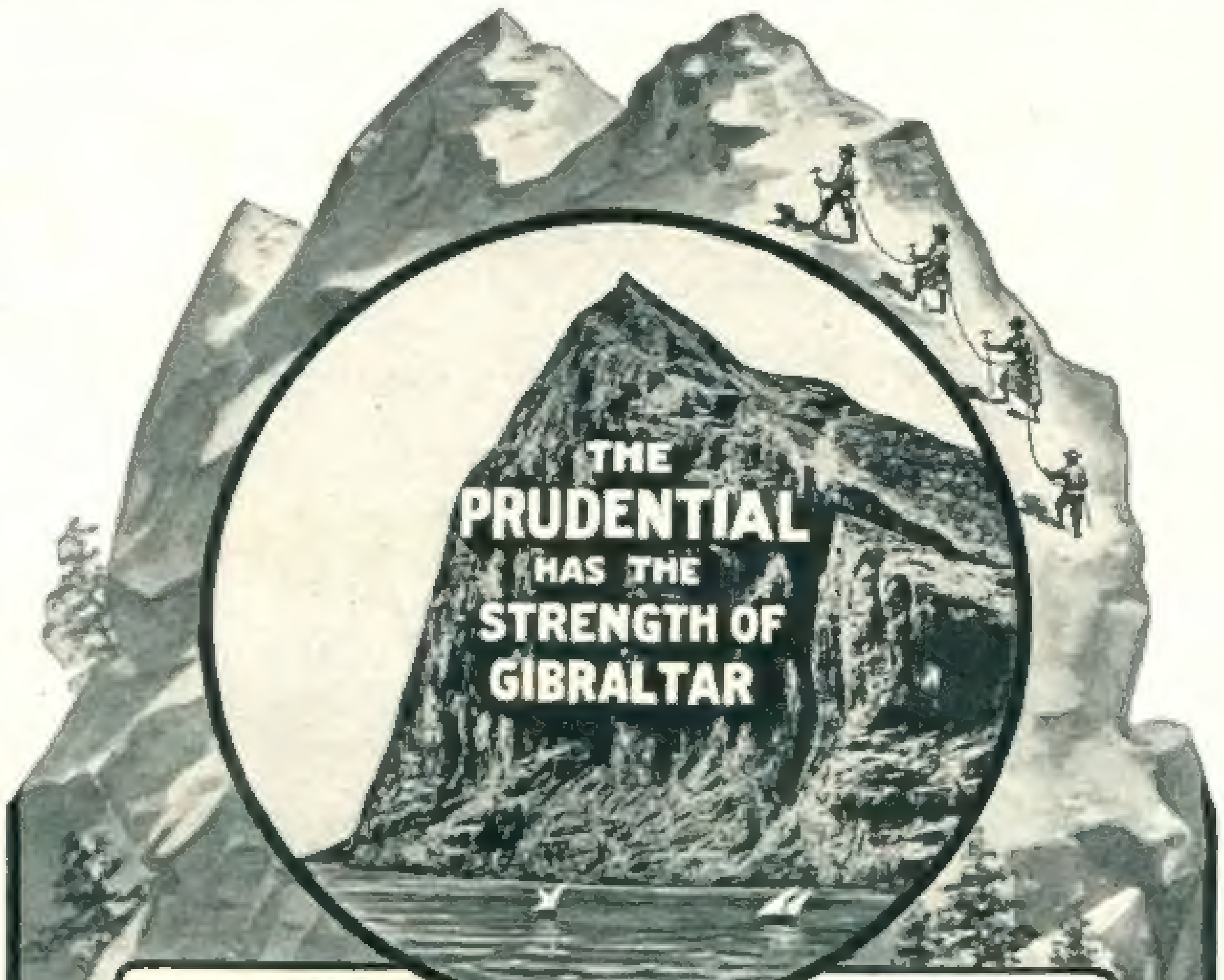

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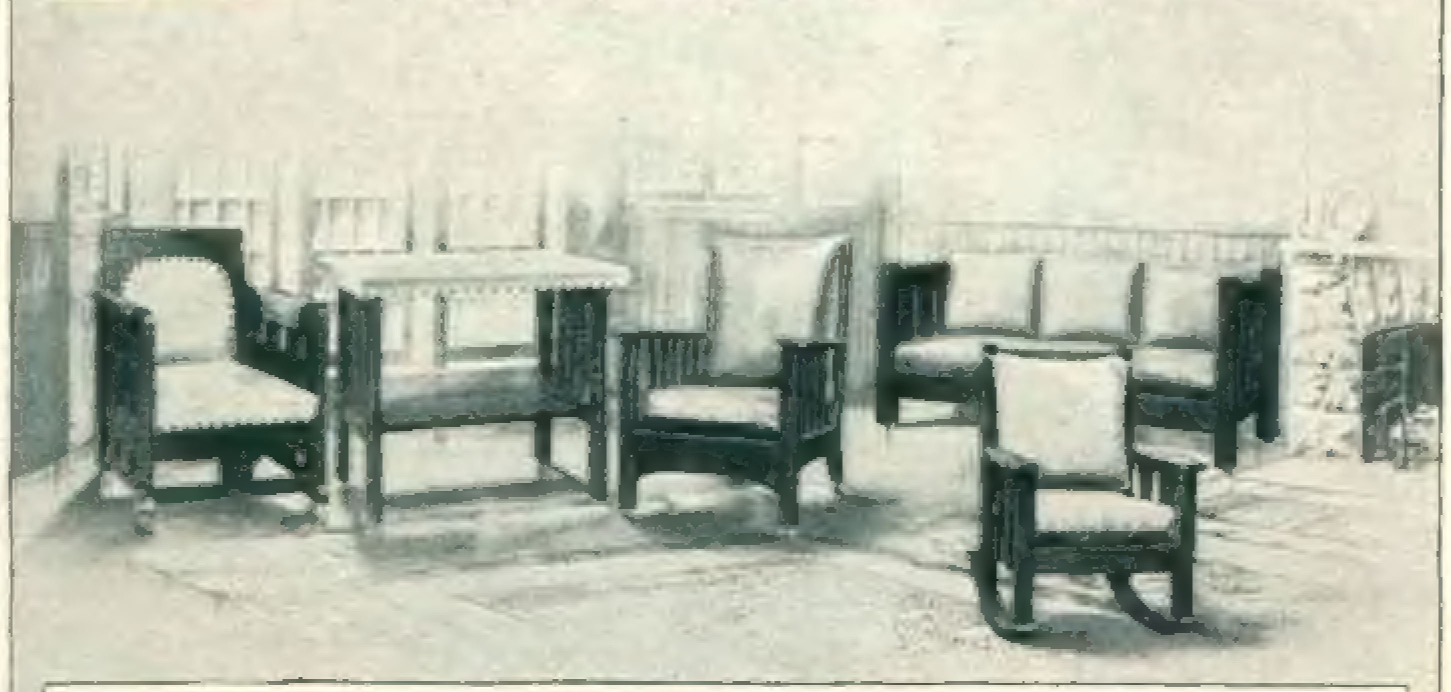

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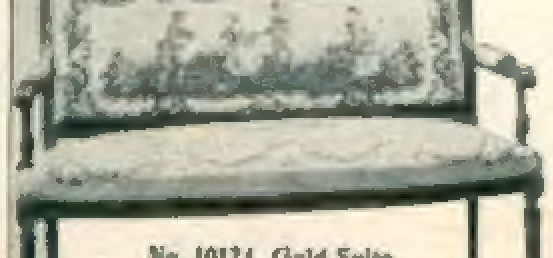

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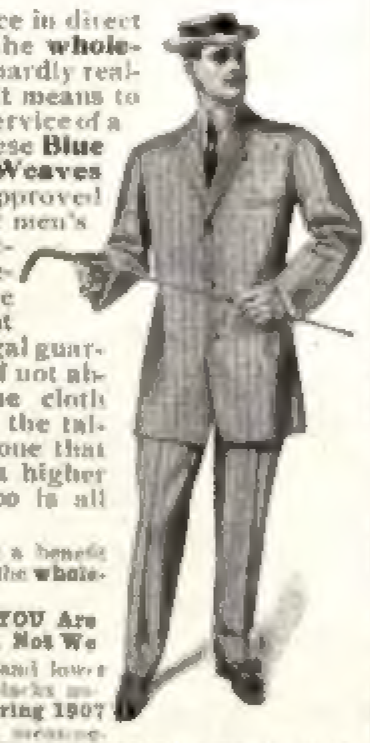

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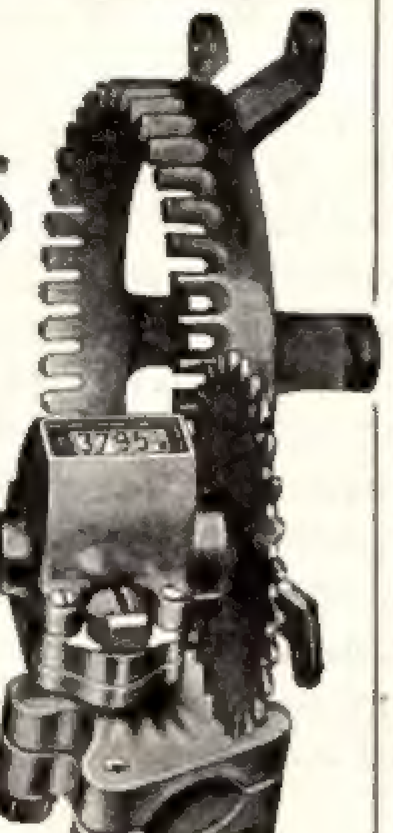

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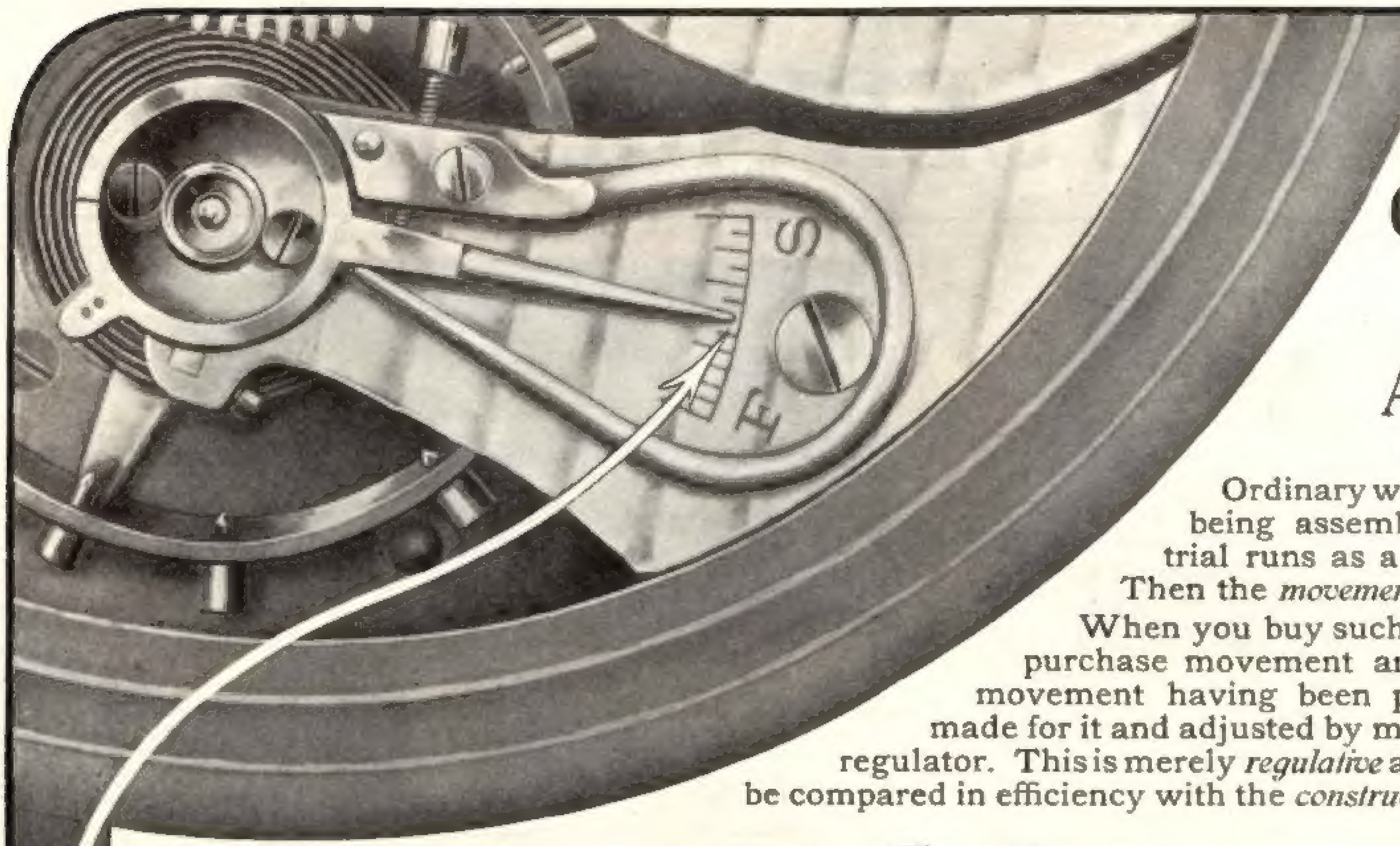

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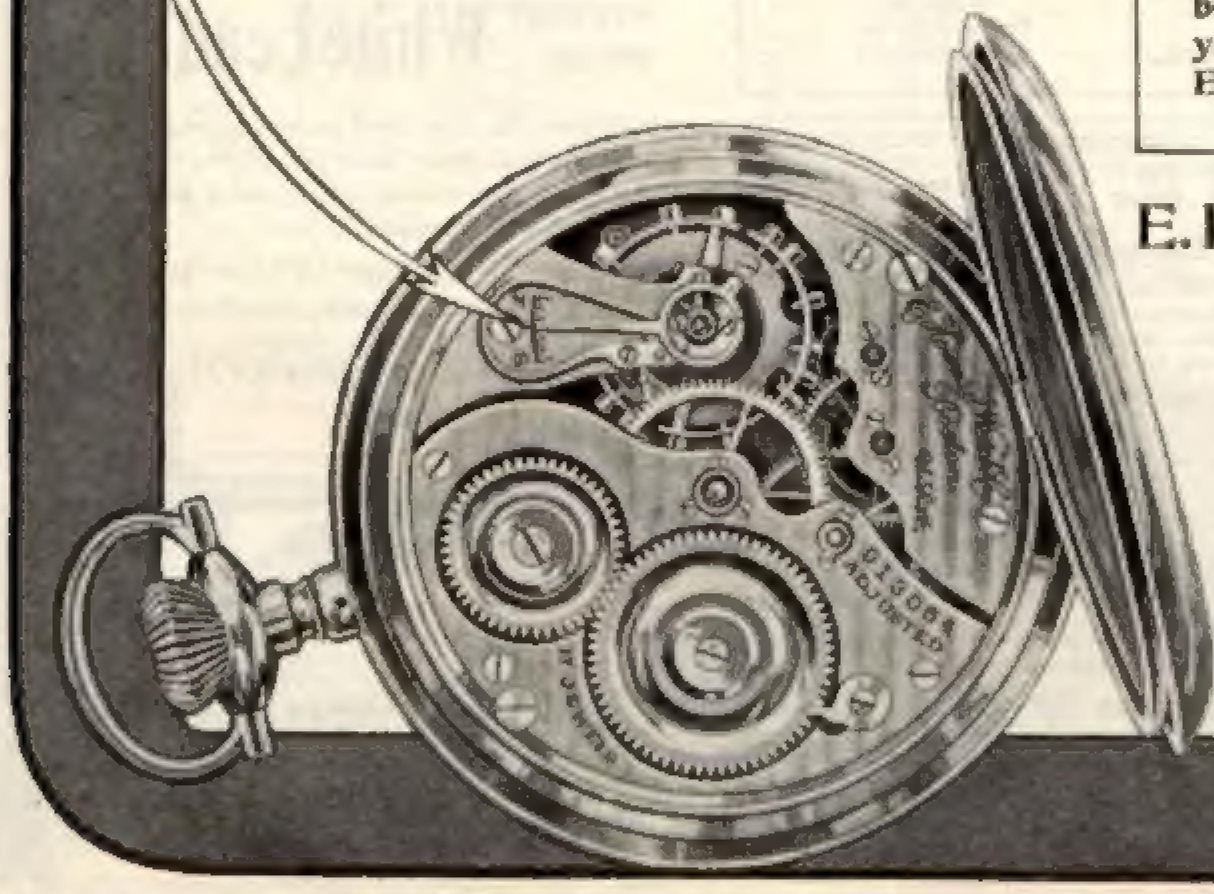

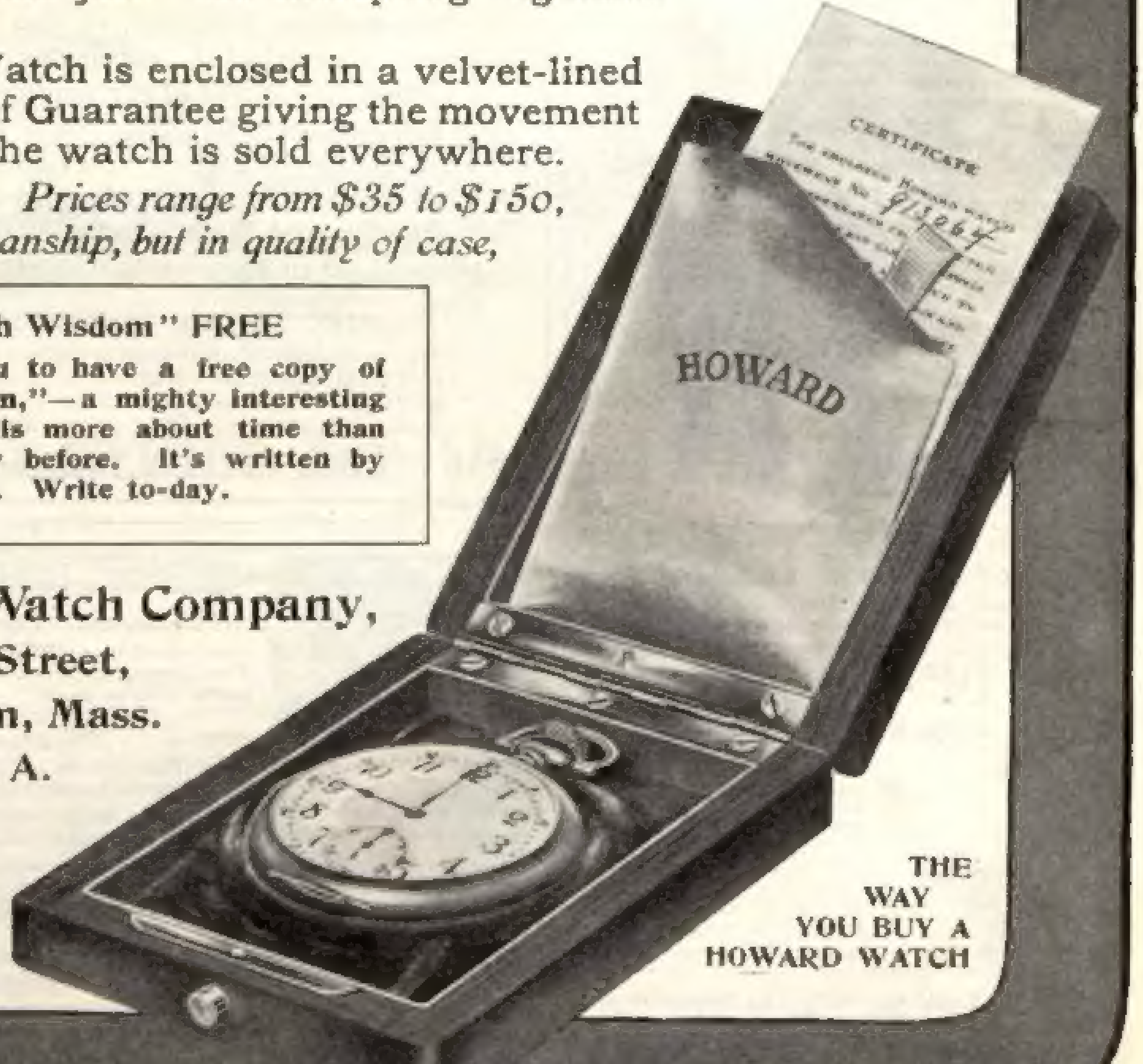

THE WAY YOU BUY A HOWARD WATCH

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THE VARDAMAN IDEA

How the Governor of Mississippi Would Solve the Race Question

BY HARRIS DICKSON

"VARDAMANISM!" "Demagogic appeals!" "Negrophobia!" By these and like expressions the Governor of Mississippi is frequently pointed out as the Apostle of the Rabid Idea. College professors, highly educated and unco' wise, accord to him the unique distinction of originating a new creed.

James K. Vardaman must smile guiltily at all of this, must wonder how long the deception can last, how long it will be before his rank plagiarism will be discovered and himself unmasked as a mere believer in the repetitions of history.

Here is the Vardaman Idea—a very simple matter, after all. It does not take two men and a boy to comprehend it:

"The negro should never have been trusted with the ballot. He is different from the white man. He is congenitally unqualified to exercise the most responsible duty of citizenship. He is physically, mentally, morally, racially and eternally the white man's inferior. There is nothing in the history of his race, nothing in his individual character, nothing in his achievements of the past nor his promise for the future which entitles him to stand side by side with the white man at the ballot-box.

"This inestimable privilege was thrust upon the negro, snatching him out of his twenty thousand barbaric years and placing him shoulder to shoulder with the heir of all the ages. This was a stupendous blunder, worse than any crime, and the sober second thought of the nation should correct it.

"We must repeal the Fifteenth and modify the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Then we shall be able in our legislation to recognize the negro's racial peculiarities, and make laws to fit them. This would leave the matter precisely as was intended by the fathers of the Republic."

This is what Vardaman says, and a vast number of patriotic citizens who are standing face to face with the sordid problem think practically the same thing. The only difference is that Vardaman *says* it.

The statement made is no more than an echo of Abraham Lincoln's words, with a change in the tense. In his speech delivered at Charleston, Illinois, on September 18, 1858, Lincoln said:

Governor Vardaman, Who Says the Negro Should Never Have Been Trusted with the Ballot

> I will say, then, that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social or political equality of the white and black races.
>
> I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor of intermarriage with white people; and I will say, in addition to this, that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which I believe will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality. Inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together there must be a position of superior and inferior, and I, as much as any other man, am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race.

Ten years before the ballot was ever placed in the negro's hand this marvelous man from Illinois stated accurately the position taken by Southern whites in the light of forty years' experience with negro voters. He spoke in a spirit of prophecy, pointing out a pitfall into which he hoped the nation would never tumble.

Can it be doubted if Lincoln were alive to-day he would be big enough, brave enough and generous enough to undo the wrong against which he had lifted his mighty voice in vain? Would mere political expediency prevent? And what a spectacle that would present—the rail-splitter of Illinois and the fire-eater of Mississippi making common cause upon a common platform! Would it then be called "Lincoln's negrophobia"?

Was this idea original with Lincoln? Indeed, no. Toombs said exactly the same thing in Boston two years before:

> I maintain that so long as the African and Caucasian races coexist in the same society, the subordination of the African is its normal, necessary and proper condition, and that such subordination is the condition best calculated to promote the highest interest and the greatest happiness of both races, and, consequently, of the whole society—that the white is the superior and the black the inferior, and that subordination, with or without law, will be the status of the African in this mixed society. Therefore, it is to the interest of both, and especially of the black race, that this status should be fixed, controlled and protected by law.

What did Mr. Toombs mean when he said it would be *especially to the interest of the black race* that it be assigned a permanent position of subordination? Every white man in the South understands what Mr. Toombs meant. And the student who does not live among negroes need only turn the pages of history and read the lesson.

From the beginning of time the white races have never bowed to a superior, and have rarely brooked an equal. They have tolerated other peoples so long as those other peoples did not come into direct competition and conflict with them—so long as other races took nothing from the white man which the white man desired for himself. For instance, the white man needed the Indian's land—and took it. The Indian resisted—and disappeared.

Under present conditions the negro rarely comes into direct competition with the white man, either North or South. At the North this is because there are so few negroes in proportion to the total population—even these few being in most cases barred from trades unions and like organizations.

In the South the negro was formerly well under control; he is now drifting rapidly from all control; yet he cannot be reckoned the white man's rival. The white mechanic and farmer work side by side with him in peace.

Should the negro be forced upon his own resources into competition with whites, he must stand or fall by the natural law of survivorship. If he cannot survive he must die. Such is Nature's law. It is matter of common knowledge that no like-race has ever been able to survive in competition with the whites.

The negro's greatest safety and greatest happiness require that he should be spared a battle which gives no quarter. Should that competition come into the trades, it means that the white man, because of superior competency and intelligence, will demand the best places and the best wages; in commerce the white man will outwit him, in politics control him, in war annihilate him. This is the world-old lesson of the dominating Anglo-Saxon. Mr. Toombs simply meant that the negro could not survive in such a contest of competency, and for his own best interest he should be spared it. Matthew Arnold, the great Englishman, speaks of Anglo-Saxon stocks as "the most moral races of men that the world has yet seen, with the soundest laws, the least violent passions, the fairest domestic and civil virtues." Again he wrote: "Science has now made visible to everybody the great and pregnant elements of difference which lie in race."

Louis Agassiz, the intimate friend of Charles Sumner, realized this keenly. In 1863 he wrote: "Social equality I deem at all times impracticable—a natural impossibility from the very character of the negro race. . . ." Professor Agassiz held earnestly to the opinion that the negro was utterly unfit for political equality with the whites; he considered the experiment as dangerous, if not ultimately destructive of free institutions.

These are some of the men who advanced the Vardaman Idea before Vardaman was born. Lincoln did not originate it, nor Toombs, nor Agassiz, nor Arnold. The idea developed in the very cradle of human existence; it was an infant disease of mankind, the earliest unsolved riddle that the sun ever shone upon. The ancient Egyptians were seeking an answer to it, writing of it on their scrolls and carving it on their monuments from seven to *eighteen thousand* years before America was discovered. Their learned men were even then teaching the Vardaman idea how to shoot.

Human history begins in the valley of the Nile. Equatorial Africa, occupied by negroes, has been vaguely known to Europeans for about four centuries; that portion occupied by Egyptians has a recorded history variously estimated at from five thousand to seventeen thousand years before Christ. Throughout this staggering antiquity we catch an occasional glimpse of the negro, described in the writings or sculptured on the Egyptian monuments, always as a savage, always as a slave.

God planted the Egyptian and the negro side by side, in that fabled valley, with equal opportunities. The earth was new; all things lay before all men. No man could borrow from his neighbor, because his neighbor had naught to lend. No man could learn from his neighbor, for his neighbor had naught to teach. Here was the virgin earth, fresh and moist from the hand of the Creator. There was the mysterious sea; and far away in the shining spaces of the night lay the uncounted stars with their lessons spread. All of these were to be studied, all were to be conquered. The door of hope stood broadly open, and no color-line was drawn.

There were no tyrants in those days, no masters and no slaves; there was neither riches nor poverty. Nothing had been preëmpted, nothing patented; there were no Jim-Crow cars; everything was equal.

No Lady Ever Inquires into the Personal Character of Her Servant

Mark the lapse of a few centuries. The achievements of Egypt can scarcely be catalogued, they are so versatile and so magnificent. The Egyptian had erected constitutional government, created the kingly dignity and safeguarded the people's rights. He was skilled in medicine, and wrote works on astronomy, architecture, anatomy —fragments of which remain to this day. He had built cities which are yet the wonder of mankind; he had devised an elaborate system of religion, he had harnessed the Nile, reared the pyramids and measured the stars.

But the negro's jungle was still a jungle. He had no government, no cities, no learning; he had no clothing, no arts, no aspirations. He had dreamed no dreams, hoped no hopes, indulged no visions. He had desired nothing, planned nothing, executed nothing in any wise more intellectual than the accomplishments of the gorilla—except his crude superstition, a form of serpent-worship which no white intelligence has ever yet been able to understand.

His sole place in history is the one accorded him by his enterprising neighbor—a driven slave sculptured upon the resting-place of kings.

Left alone, contented in his jungle, he had progressed backward and become a feeder upon human flesh, a polygamist, without religion, family ties or morals. He was the inventor and promulgator of slavery, the patentee and proprietor of cannibalism—these being the twin institutions which he had contributed to human progress.

The Egyptians observed these traits of the negro which had kept him at a standstill, and promptly assigned the reason. Oddly enough, it is the same reason given by Lincoln, Stanley, Livingstone, Vardaman *et al. ad infinitum* —"the skull of the negro is different. They had the elongated skull, the low, prominent forehead, hollow temples, thick lips, broad shoulders, salient breast, undeveloped lower part of the body"—all minutely described by careful hands which now repose as mummies in royal mausoleums beside the Nile.

Modern science teaches that the sutures in the skulls of the Caucasian races remain open and loosely jointed until the late maturity of manhood, thus giving the white man's brain an opportunity to expand into the highest possible development of mental power. With the African these sutures close at a comparatively early period in youth; the skull becomes permanently ossified, of extraordinary thickness—well-nigh impermeable. There is little difference between children of the two races. It is no uncommon thing to see a negro child that is exceedingly bright, learning with ease. But Nature seems to have said: "Thus far shalt thou learn, and no further." Development beyond a certain point seems to be absolutely forbidden by the physical, the purely mechanical, structure of his skull. Possibly the Egyptians knew all these details, possibly not; but they did say "his skull is different."

Curiously enough, we find these early Egyptians deploring the evil effect upon their race caused by an admixture of negro blood. It seems uncanny in this twentieth century of grace to hear this far-away protest against miscegenation, and to reflect how little humankind has changed.

Thus complained the Egyptians:

> The large number of black women found in the harems of the rich, and even in the huts of the common people, quickly impaired the purity of the race, even among the upper classes of the nation, and the type began to resemble that of the negro tribes of Equatorial Africa; the language fared no better in the face of this invasion, and the written character soon became as corrupt as the language. The taste for art decayed; technical ability began to deteriorate. The moral and intellectual standards declined, and the mass of the people showed signs of relapsing into barbarism.

King Taharqa, whose negro blood is betrayed in his sculptured face, a mixed degenerate, was driven from the throne by the Assyrians. (Maspero's Egypt, Vol. VII, page 260.)

This is what did happen to Egypt, the most cultured and refined country of antiquity. Yet when Vardaman says the same thing might happen ultimately to Mississippi, under worse conditions, he is called "an alarmist, in advance of his time."

This was not a new story, even in those faint, far centuries. Mark Twain would possibly explain this striking similarity by charging those ancient Egyptians with plagiarizing Vardaman's Rabid Idea.

The negro started neck-and-neck with the Egyptian in the valley of the Nile. He helped to build the Temples of Rameses, he polished the columns of Karnak, he toiled at the hundred gates of Thebes. But he gained no more conception of those colossal works than did the donkeys which helped him drag the stones.

He touched with his hands, he heard with his ears, with his eyes he beheld the material things about him, but no comprehension of the spirit which reared those massive monuments ever penetrated his skull. Then, as now, perhaps, he merely watched the sun dial for five o'clock to come, and listened for the foreman's voice, "It's time to knock off." He had done his day's labor, and no more.

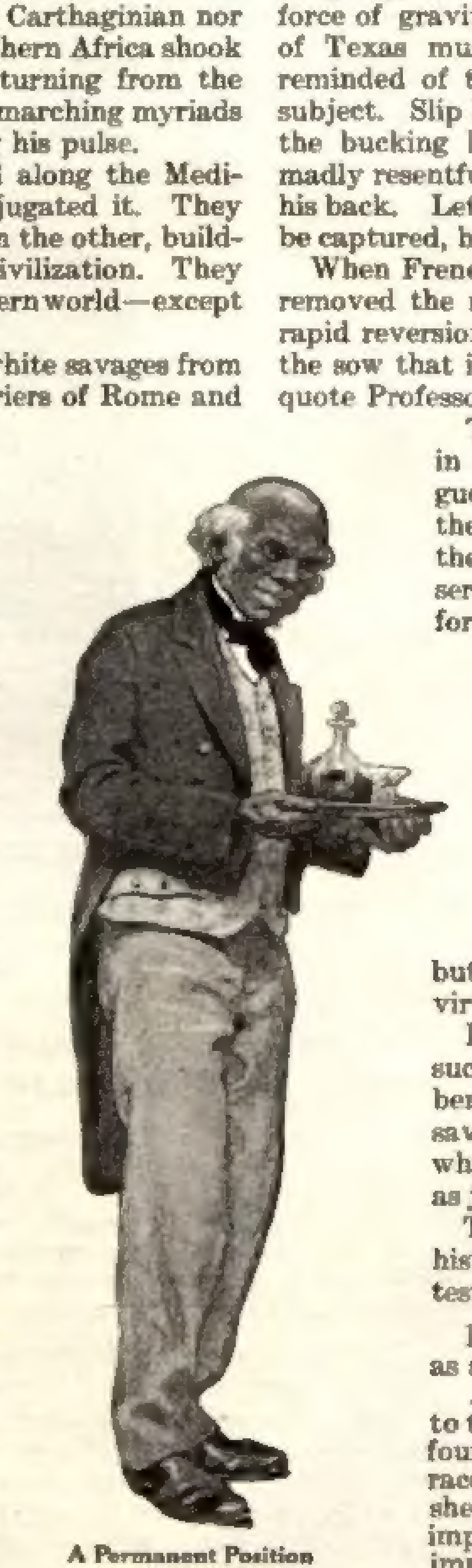
Under the lash of Egypt he could build the pyramids; without a higher intelligence to guide him he builds a hut of poles.

The story of man ran on. The Assyrians conquered Egypt; the Persian dynasty followed, and fell; the Hebrews came, and went their way. These peoples taught the negro nothing of arms, of science or of the moral law.

Phœnician galleys, with sails of royal purple, floated past on restless explorations; the negro gained no knowledge of commerce or of navigation. Mighty Carthage rose, dominated the maritime world, and fell beneath the steel-tipped wrath of Rome; but neither Carthaginian nor Roman had a lesson for the negro. Northern Africa shook with the tread of Genseric's hordes returning from the pillage of Rome; the negro gaped at the marching myriads without rousing his ambition or stirring his pulse.

Conquering Moslems swept westward along the Mediterranean, crossed into Spain and subjugated it. They bore the Koran in one hand, the sword in the other, building new empires and spreading a new civilization. They left enduring marks upon the entire Western world—except upon this changeless negro.

New nations came out of the North, white savages from German forests, who beat down the barriers of Rome and overran the world. Crusaders flaunted their banners along the shores of Africa. Bonaparte fought his modern gladiators in the shadow of the pyramids. The negro watched them all, and remained as he was.



A Permanent Position of Subordination

The black man reappeared in history again and again, but only as an article of unholy commerce. Virginia enacted the first recorded laws in restraint of the slave trade, which were promptly vetoed by successive Kings of England.

The American Colonies won their independence. A second war was fought, and the white man freed the black.

Throughout these sixty turbulent centuries history knew nothing of the negro, and the negro knew nothing of history. He had contributed nothing to the onward march, and gained nothing from it. All the peoples of the world had blazoned their names upon the great book of the world's events—all save one.

Humankind passed through sixty centuries of bloodshed, convulsion and tutelage—the leaven to make it wise and free. But all these centuries of change left no impress upon the stolid and changeless negro. Immutable as the graven sphinx he stood stock-still, wondering at these restless nations who dreamed their glittering dreams, beyond his comprehension. Of all created things he alone escaped the universal uplifting, the world-wide betterment. As he was in the beginning, so is he now. For six thousand years he had bred and multiplied in his jungle. That was all.

Upon many obelisks of ancient Egypt the pen and inkstand are oft-repeated hieroglyphics. Six thousand years later the negro is disfranchised in Mississippi because he cannot read or write. Descriptions of him to-day by such explorers as Stanley, Livingstone and DuChaillu are but repetitions of what the Egyptians wrote upon their papyrus scrolls. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in the Century Magazine, after a visit to Africa, abandons all previous theories which he had so ably advanced. He tells the same story of hopeless barbarism, and urges that a difference be made in our fundamental law to fit the negro's limitations. This is Vardaman's position to a T.

The present negro population of Africa is estimated at double the entire population of the United States—without a semblance of civilization, not a schoolhouse, not a newspaper, not a law. The door of hope has rusted on its hinges for lack of a hand to open it.

Such is the phylogeny, the life-history, of the negro race, unbroken generations of barbarism which have fixed their characteristics indelibly upon him. Our American negroes for the most part came from the West Coast; they are Guinea blacks, the easy prey and hereditary bondmen of other slave nations. All historians and explorers agree in assigning to them the lowest position in the scale of Equatorial Africa—except that of the Bushman. Travelers and missionaries to-day describe in most revolting terms these negroes at home. They are naked cannibals, selling their own flesh and blood when they do not eat it, precisely what the Afro-American voter would be had he been left to his own devices. And this is the type to which, from all historical evidence, these same Afro-American voters would speedily revert if the enforced civilization of the white man were suddenly removed. Instances of this reversion might be indefinitely quoted upon the highest authority. Why should the negro revert? Because he has not been long enough out of his natural state to create for him a second nature strong enough to overcome the first. Twenty thousand years of jungle habit cannot be eradicated in a day.

With him there has been no voluntary transition. Left to himself he has never done anything for himself—has never shown the slightest inclination to better his condition. Ridpath says: "The black peoples of Nigritian stock do not *choose* to exert themselves beyond the range of purely natural wants."

When the strong hand which controls the negro relaxes its grasp, like the released plummet, he drops by sheer force of gravity into his natural level. The wild horse of Texas must be kept under saddle and constantly reminded of the compulsory civilization to which he is subject. Slip his halter for a moment only and he is again the bucking bronco, "a branded hide full o' hell," as madly resentful of harness as if leather had never touched his back. Let him taste an hour of freedom, and he must be captured, broken and civilized again.

When French restraint in Hayti and San Domingo was removed the negro returned to barbarism at once. His rapid reversion in Liberia is "as natural as the return of the sow that is washed to her wallowing in the mire," to quote Professor Barringer.

The Congo native has not advanced an inch in civilization from contact with the Portuguese; in Senegal he has gained nothing from the French; Cecil Rhodes built an Empire at the Cape—and the naked negro is still the servant of them all. There must be a reason for this. In no place upon the broad globe has he met a more kindly protection, better teaching and a more tolerant charity for his invincible limitations than in the Southern States of America. These people have taught him all he knows.

It is very clear that by himself and of himself the negro has no aspirations. Where all of his neighbors live in mud huts and feed upon human flesh, huts and fat friends are good enough for him. He is imitative, but his imitation does not reach the basic virtues of his model.

In isolated instances this imitation may succeed to all external appearance. But beneath the skin remains the changeless savage, without real foundation upon which to build cultured and moral gentlemen as judged by Anglo-Saxon standards.

The reason is not far to see, both in his jungle history and present mode of life. Hear the testimony of John Clark Ridpath:

> It is not far from correct to say that marriage as an institution does not exist among them. . . . In so far as Nature produces a family, to that extent the African social system had a foundation, but no further. . . . In no other race is the fidelity of the man to the woman, or she to him, so little regarded. . . . It seems impossible for them to realize the profound immorality and shocking consequences that must follow. . . . Domestic infidelity is a characteristic of the whole race, yet they do not feel even the inconvenience of an ever-broken family tie.
>
> The American negro remains under dominion of the old race impulses. In the United States, notwithstanding the impact of a civilization and the force of a strongly monogamous people, the inquirer must still be struck with the almost universal depravity of the marital and social estate of the African population. . . . The American negroes still follow the blind instincts of Nature, and remain unable even to understand the higher laws of virtue and fidelity.

The searcher for truth may pursue this subject further in Ridpath's Great Races of Mankind, Vol. IV, pages 638 *et seq.*

"Dat's a Bad Nigger; He's Been in the Pentenshiarry Seben Times"

To this the writer must add his personal testimony as to present conditions, based upon intimate knowledge of the negro, and twenty years' experience in criminal courts. If the plain truth were told it would shock a sensitive world more deeply than all the harrowing stories of the slave ships. The negro is not immoral, he is simply unmoral. As Froude says of him, "He never felt the guilt of sin."

None of these delinquencies draws upon the negroes the disapproval of their own people. There is no punishment of any kind, no loss of social prestige, no frown, no inconvenience. Serving a term in the penitentiary is often regarded as a badge of aristocracy. One negro will say of another: "Better let dat nigger alone; dat's a bad nigger; he's been in the pentenshiarry seben times." He who wins the homage wears it.

All of this being true, unquestionably, undeniably true, is, or is not, the negro different from the white man? The Egyptian thought so; Lincoln said so; Vardaman maintains it.

Their social condition is accepted as a matter of course throughout the South; it causes no comment, and the laws in that regard are not pretended to be enforced. To enforce these laws would fill the prisons and empty the fields. It is a common thing to see a family of brothers and sisters in three or four different shades. No lady ever inquires into the personal character of her servant—she dare not.

When our Anglo-Saxon ancestors ran wild in the northern forests they were men of clean lives—one husband, one wife. The family was the unit out of which they built their government. Upon the purity of their hearthstones and the sanctity of their homes they cemented the foundations of a granite empire.

No white man ever falls so low or becomes so lost to decency that he forgets the first few years of his life. His teachings at a gentle mother's knee and the guidance of a respected father abide with him forever.

It is a melancholy fact that the negro, as a race, has none of these. When the young negro goes forth into the world—God pity him!—he has no such anchorage to hold him steady in the storm. Herein lies the vital essence of the negro problem.

For instance, take a negro boy from Mississippi, send him to the public schools and the high schools; then some philanthropist, perhaps, pays his tuition at Harvard, gives him an education, a bulldog, a silk hat and patent-leather shoes. What can that make of him with such a home behind him and such an instinct within himself? It is quite impossible to make gentlemen by veneer.

The negro cannot be remodeled by beginning at the ballot, the highest duty of citizenship, and then working downward. The cleansing process must begin in his home, in his private character, at the elemental duties, and work upward. Schooling may sharpen his intellect, but it does not make character.

White men have earned preëminence by centuries of struggle. They possess rights and duties to-day which it would have been impossible for them to comprehend a thousand years ago. Nations and individuals are alike; they must grow by their own efforts, or the growth is flabby. The body must be strengthened by physical exercise, each man for himself. No man can take exercise for another. The white man cannot, by law, confer his own instincts, his genius for government, his capacity and power of comprehension upon the negro.

Unable as he is to control himself, the negro is singularly tractable and amenable to control by his well-recognized superiors. For this reason the Egyptians, Romans and Turks paid higher prices for them than for other slaves. They never fretted in captivity; it was their natural state.

The negro throve and attained his highest development in slavery. Transplanted to a new country, where the climate suited him, where he was not raided, massacred and eaten, he multiplied like imported rabbits in Australia. During slavery their children were well cared for, and there was a wonderful increase. But since freedom came, this has been checked by the frightful mortality among their infants. Men and women alike lead such irregular lives that new diseases, utterly unknown before the war, sweep them off like sheep. Since the war the percentage of black insane in Mississippi, as compared with whites, has increased four hundred per cent. Tuberculosis, formerly unknown, is now extremely common.

The South's Bitter Dose of Black Rule

THE fathers of the present generation were better men than their sons—healthier, more reliable, more industrious. There were better artisans and mechanics among the slaves than among free men to-day. Young negroes are idler, more vicious, and have been educated into six hundred per cent. more criminality.

Left to his own devices, the negro produces only twenty-seven per cent. of the cotton crop, despite the popular idea that he makes it all. The English president of a Southern railway system once told the writer that for twenty years they had been gradually eliminating negroes from all positions of responsibility where negligence would cause loss of life or property. These are facts, open, notorious facts, which no man can gainsay.

The South has had its bitter dose of negro voters. We took it not in a sugar-coated pill, nor in a capsule, but straight. Negroes governed the country for eight years after the war, and increased the war debts fivefold. Four years of unparalleled war left the Southern States with an average debt of seven millions; negro rule in eight years of profound peace and abject poverty multiplied these debts to an average of thirty-four millions. War is less expensive than peace under negro domination.

Vardaman knows these things; we all know them. The Vardaman Idea is growing. It is an accepted fact in the South—although there are differences of opinion as to its present expediency. It is being whispered by politicians of both parties in the Border States, under their breath, for the negro wields the balance of power. Lifelong Republicans in Maryland have been driven temporarily into Democratic ranks upon this issue—the ligament which binds the solid South. Governor Warfield, after recent experience, has changed his views, and his State is now in a fair way to rid itself of the black incubus. Mark the reason given for Governor Warfield's previous reluctance—he is said to come of the old slave-holding class, and has not yet outgrown his sentimental kindliness for the negro. This is a characteristic of his class.

Vardaman is six feet, black-haired, erect as an Indian, wide-hatted, white-cravated, stalwart and picturesque. A man of intense personality, he says what he thinks, and says it in unmistakable English. Then he backs it up with all the might that in him lies.

His propensity for speaking out in meeting without regard for diplomacy has kept him on the fighting-line all his life. But Vardaman would be happy nowhere else.

Before the Spanish War he was editing a newspaper at Greenwood, Mississippi. He preached intervention. Then he deemed it his duty to help fight the war he had advocated. Leaving wife and family, he enlisted as a private in the First Mississippi Volunteers. A neighboring company elected him captain, but the then Governor of Mississippi refused to commission him. His indignant company wanted to disband, but Vardaman held them together and forced the election of another leader. He immediately reënlisted in the Fifth U. S. Volunteers of yellow fever immunes, although himself not an immune. The situation at fever-stricken Santiago was so desperate that Colonel Roosevelt and other officers, in the famous round-robin, said if they were not taken out of there they would die. Vardaman, with the Fifth Immunes, was sent to relieve them. A few months after his arrival in Cuba he was appointed Major.

"General Wood," says the Governor, "told me an incident that happened to Colonel Roosevelt in the battle of San Juan. It seems that a negro regiment had broken, and some of them were lying down in front of Roosevelt's position. When the negroes got cool and began to look around them, one big, black fellow raised his head and remarked: 'Dis ain't our c'mand.' 'Keep your position,' ordered Roosevelt.

"'We'se goin' back to our c'mand,' the negroes insisted.

"'Keep your position,' Roosevelt repeated. 'The first man that moves, I will kill! If you don't believe I will kill you, ask that man,' pointing to a sergeant.

"'Yes, he will kill you,' the sergeant assured them cheerfully. And the negroes lay quiet.

"That is just like a negro," the Governor commented. "Under the leadership of one brave white man, while the band is playing, you can lead him into the mouth of hell. But once get his tail turned to the enemy and it's 'Good-by wife and potato-patch.'"

After ten months in Cuba, Vardaman returned to Mississippi, ran for Governor, and was defeated. Four years later he was elected.

There has never been a Governor in the South who has striven more earnestly to protect negroes. He has pardoned more negroes than white men. He broke up the White Cap organization, and sent many of them to the penitentiary for outrages upon negroes.

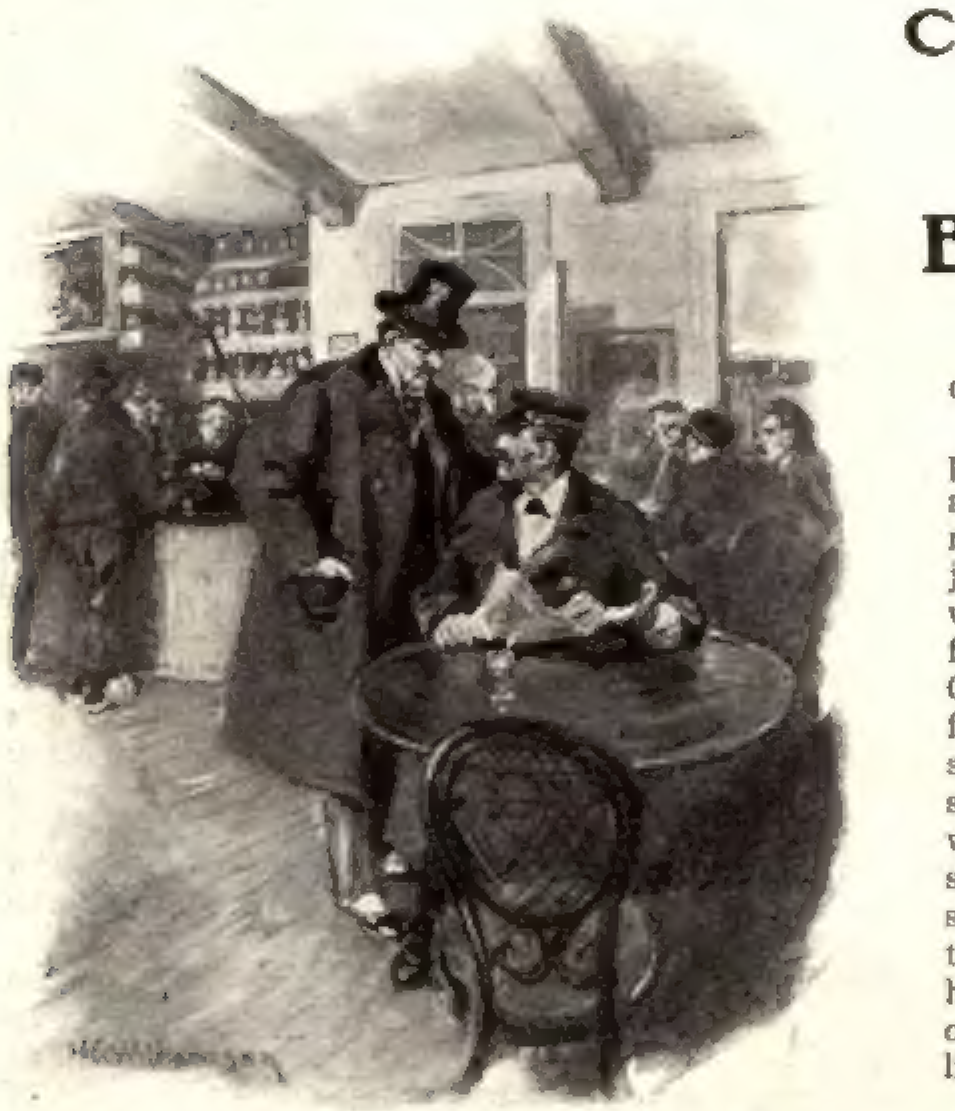
On one occasion a lynching was threatened in a distant county. Vardaman rushed to the scene on a special train, and personally brought the negro back to Jackson, where he would be safe until the day of trial. This is only one instance. There are many others. His administration of State affairs has been scrupulously honest and successful; even his enemies concede that much.

The necessity for the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment is not so much for the protection of the white man against the encroachment of the black man as it is to protect the black man against inevitable destruction by the white man. If we undertake to adjust the white man's civilization to the negro it lifts him to a condition and atmosphere in which he cannot live, any more than a fish can live out of the water. Neither can we draw the white man down to his level. Therefore, we have got to make laws for the utterly distinct moral and intellectual requirements of the respective races. Thomas Jefferson saw that more than a hundred years ago. Abraham Lincoln realized it fifty years ago. Every observant man in the South knows and feels it to-day.

THE SHIP WITHOUT A NAME

Captain Tim, the Wicker Basket and the Ziablova Girl

By Vance Thompson



"I Do No Business with People I Don't Know," Captain Tim Said Bluntly

CAPTAIN TIMOTHY HANNAFIN had other adventures in his day—what befell him and the 'ricksha man in Colombo is worth hearing—but the one I know best is his adventure in the Ship Without a Name. Doubtless that is because I have heard all sides of it—notably what the Ziablova girl had to say. A queer, capable girl she was! The first time I saw her was over in the Rue de la Santé in Paris, where a swarm of Russian revolutionists were smoking delicate tobacco, drinking sugared tea and planning furtive and furious things. I thought then she was wholly out of place, but now I do not know; Zina is not simple. As for Captain Tim's side of it, we sat together in the Golden Anchor until it grew toward morning and Mother Minerie raked out the fire.

"'Twas at this very table I was sittin'," said the Captain, "when Misther Stein came up an' rapped me on the shoulder."

"You're in better company now," I told him; and that was true.

I

THE fact is, Captain Hannafin was on a suspended ticket. The unlucky hazard that put him ashore has nothing to do with this marine history; it merely justifies him in lounging on the Antwerp quays, casting a gloomy eye at the shipping. It was the end of a February day. On the rolling Scheldt, the fishing-boats were homing to the basins and canals of refuge, their white sails taking the red of the sunset. Merchantmen and tramps, a black fleet from all the seas, crowded the docks. A tubby white steamer cast off and swung out into the stream. Captain Hannafin watched her go down on the evening tide. He could make out the officers on the bridge—old Duykinck walking wide like a duck—and he swore softly and turned away; for the steamer was the old St. Katherine, and month after month he had taken her out of Antwerp for the long port-to-port voyage (Stettin and Dantzig and Libau and Riga and the Königsberg) to the New Port of St. Petersburg. It was a life worth regretting; and he cursed the unlucky hazard.

So in a dour mood he crossed over to the gray town, where already the street-lamps were beginning to show patches of light. A yellow welcome shone from the windows of the Golden Anchor, and the Captain went in.

Mother Minerie, a personable, cheery dame, cuirassed in black satin, sat in the bar, sewing.

"Indeed, Cap'n," she said, "it's a night for a drop of comfort."

"Ay, it's a wet night," the Captain answered shortly; he picked up an English paper from the bar and took a seat in a far corner, beyond the fire. There was a score of men in the room, talking over pipes and ale—skippers, mates, engineers, just in from the sea, or "standing by" for a ship. Hannafin was hailed by two or three of them, but he was in no mood for talk. He sat down and gloomed over his newspaper. Captain Hannafin was thirty-three—and a man of broken fortunes. His keen, brown face was handsome in a wolfish sort of way; his eyes were gray and steady; under the high, straight nose was a red mustache, curled at the ends; the chin was bony and square. What could be seen of neck and shoulder and leg—for he had not discarded his frieze coat—showed leanness and muscularity, and indeed Hannafin was that kind of a man—all whipcord and whalebone and bullhide. As he sulked there over the Chronicle, the street-door opened and a man came softly in. This one was a round, little man, fat and brilliant. His overcoat was open and disclosed a velvet waistcoat, with a gold cable running from one pocket to the other, white linen, and a diamond pin in a reddish scarf. He shook hands with Mother Minerie and had a word with her; then, in his light-stepping way, he crossed the room and touched the Captain on the shoulder.

"Captain Hannafin?"

"That's my name."

"I've known you a long time," the round man said cordially, "and I heard to-day that you were out of the line—so I thought we might do business."

"I do no business with people I don't know," Captain Tim said bluntly.

"Quite right, too." And with that the little man beckoned to Mother Minerie, who had watched the scene with curiosity.

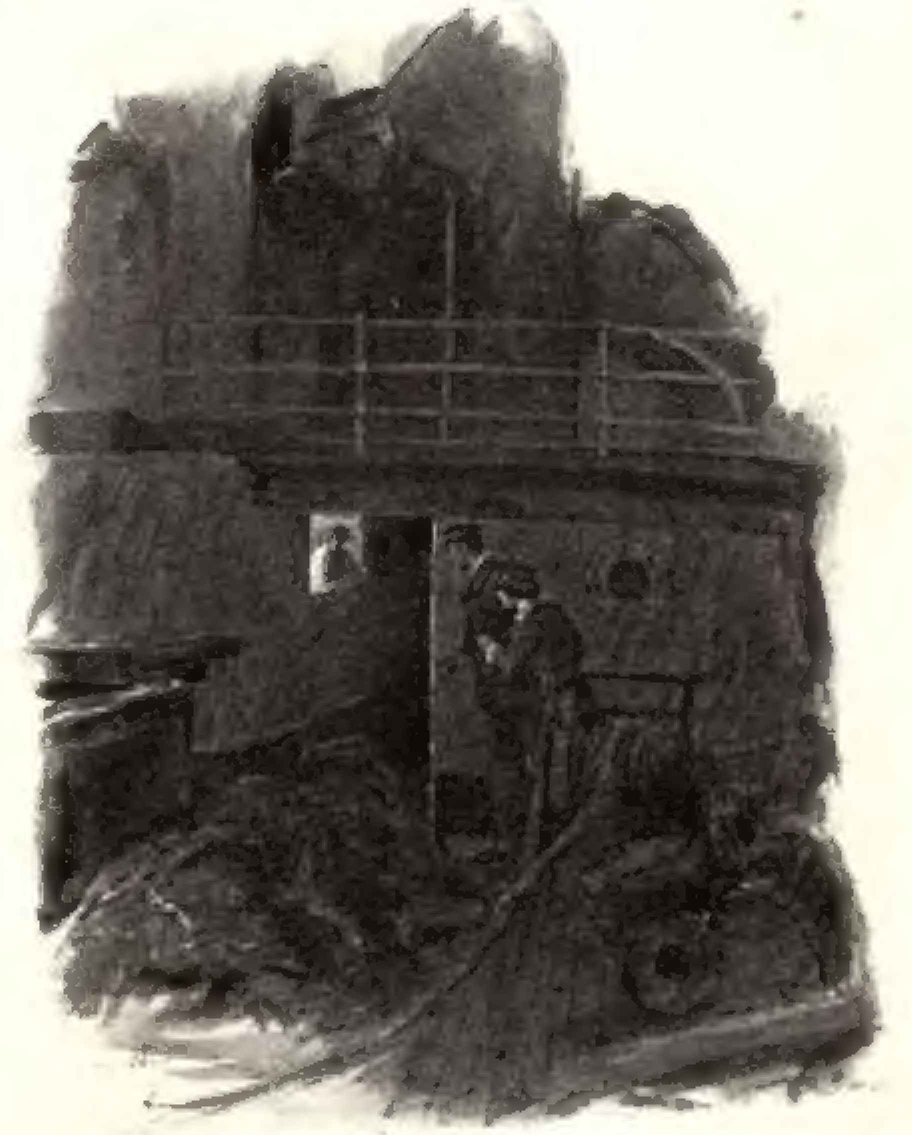
"Mrs. Minerie," he said, as the good dame approached, "just tell Captain Hannafin who I am."

"Don't 'e know? Why, Cap'n, I thought everybody knew Brulumann & Stein. This is Mr. Stein."

"Thank you, Mother—now I do know him," said the Captain. Indeed, those eminent general agents are as notable a part of Antwerp as the Cathedral itself, or the curious shadow cast by Rubens' statue. It was in Captain Tim's horoscope that this meeting should bring about strange things, and so it hangs in his mind as something vastly important. Even to-day—and the months have gone by—when you can get him to talk about the Ship Without a Name, he begins by recreating that scene in the Golden Anchor.

"Just so, he came up softly—like a petty larcenist—and rapped me on the shoulder; 'twas Misther Stein!" says the Captain, the wonder not yet gone out of him.

There were others who saw it in the same way—the skippers and engineers over their pipes and ale; even Mother Minerie said to her niece:



Then She Whispered Fiercely: "I Want You to Kill that Man!"

"I wonder, Looweze, what Mr. Stein can want of Cap'n Hannafin, an' him without a ticket."

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A small and rusty tramp was laid up in the Hattendyk. She was a single-bottom, iron steamer, and in her day had been a Mediterranean fruiter. But she had turned out to be a "coal-eater"—so bad a glutton that it had never paid to run her; and she had gone down the scale of marine respectability—descending little by little—until here she lay in rotting idleness. She lifted and rolled with the tide, creaking in all her rusty joints; and when Captain Tim and Mr. Stein went down into her with lighted lanterns not even a rat scurried out to meet them. The only living thing about her was the rust that crept slowly through her entrails and over her cracked skin.

The two men came up; Captain Hannafin was dubiously curling his red mustache.

"She's pretty bad, Misther Stein," he was saying; "but I dunno. She's a single bottom—an' I can't judge of that. An' I can't judge her boilers without pressure, but they look all right to me. An' sure I don't see, I do not, why she cuddent carry coal an' stores an' go anywhere at all."

As things were then, Captain Tim would have taken out a tin bathtub and headed her for Philippe's Land. He was in no position to pick and choose. His only chance of getting a ship, for many a long day, was to be found in just such a need as that which had brought Mr. Stein to the Golden Anchor. And then, after all, as he tapped about her entrails with a hammer, he had discovered nothing radically wrong—though this sneaking night-inspection was very superficial. But one thing Captain Tim had seen in the engine-room, which sent his eyebrows up: the maker's name had been chiseled off, and the marks of the chisel were fresh.—So the thoughtful second-story man leaves at home his cardcase and cuts the name off his shirt.

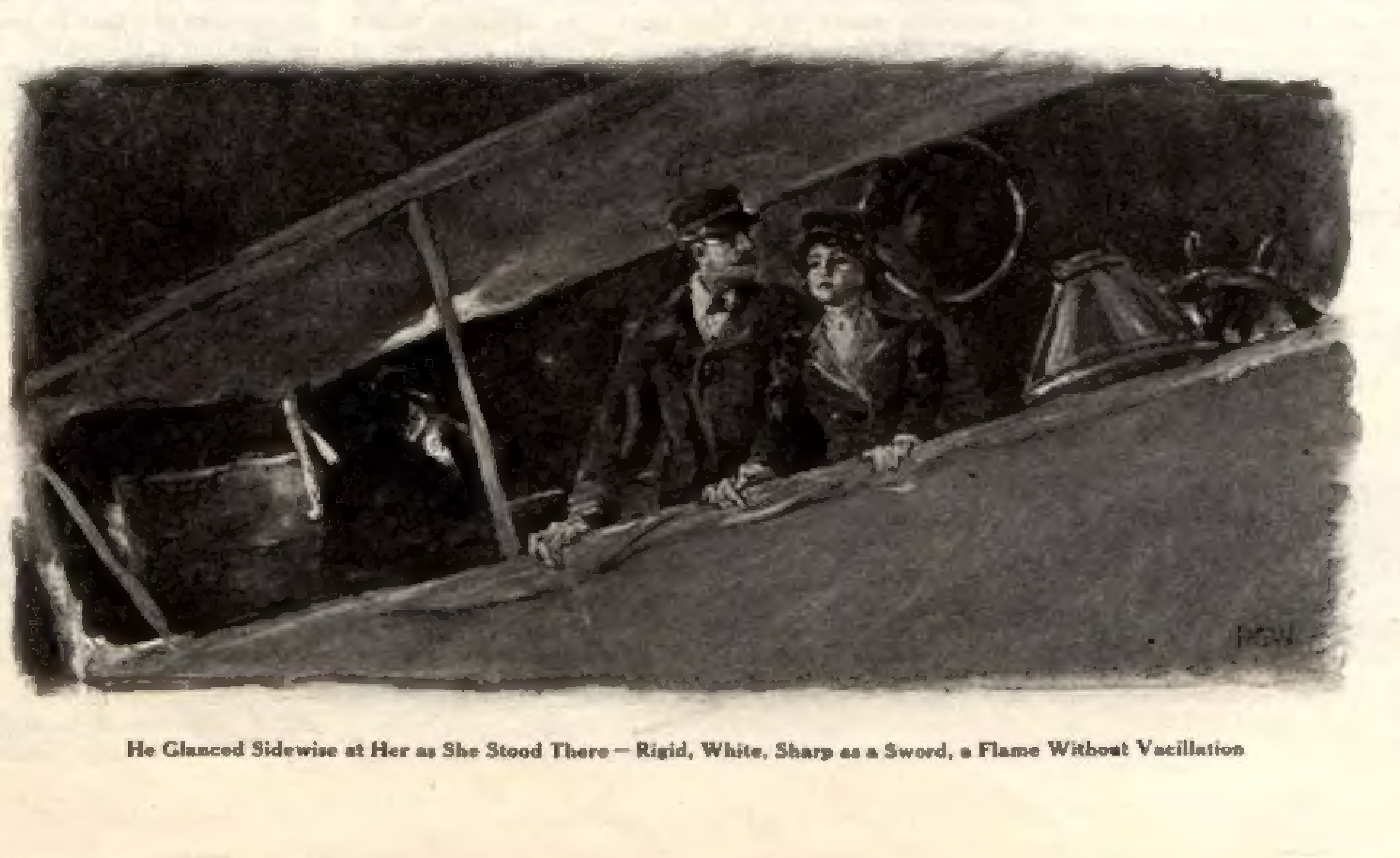
"She can go anywhere at all," Captain Tim repeated.

Mr. Stein laid down his lantern and rubbed his hands and smiled.

"And you'd not be afraid to take her out, Captain?"

"Now, how the dooce cud I take her out, Misther Stein? You know well enough I have no ticket."

"I'll put a qualified captain aboard her—indeed, I have the man; he's a harmless old fellow, even when he's sober, and will not interfere with you. As for you, you needn't sign on.



He Glanced Sidewise at Her as She Stood There—Rigid, White, Sharp as a Sword, a Flame Without Vacillation

Only you will be master, and you will take her out. I want some one in her I can trust, and you're the man."

"How do you know that, Misther Stein?"

"Well, it's a three-weeks' cruise, Captain Hannafin, say a month, and it will be worth fifty pounds to you."

Captain Tim grinned:

"Who could resist your wheedling ways and fifty pounds? You lay down the sovereigns, and I'll take the old vagabond to . . . Halifax! I don't know what your game is, and I don't want to know. Give me a crew and my sailing orders—and that's all I want."

"I knew you were the man, Captain. Get your own crew and clear for Shields to load coal. After that you will meet a ship off the Dogger Bank and take on stores and get further sailing orders to proceed East."

"An' is that all?"

"Yes, those'll be the orders you sail by."

Captain Tim nodded: "We'll just have a bit of signed paper between us, confidential like, an' half the money down, Misther Stein—an' I'm your man."

This was done in a coffee-house when day came.

II

IN A FEW hours Captain Tim shipped a crew of lumpers and riggers—the pick of as black a lot of vagabonds as ever the sea cast up in a Hanseatic town. He took them on from port to port—"thirty bob a week and lose 'em"—and there were twelve of them in all. Two engineers were signed on and a pair of big-fisted Swedish mates. Enough coal was got in to take her to the Tyne, and in twenty-four hours she was ready for sea. The stores put into her were long pine-wood cases, without shipping-marks or names. It was on toward noon of the sailing-day that Mr. Stein came down to the deck with two cabs. From one of them was unloaded the skipper; he was a great, loose, fat man, like a seal—the curse of drink was in him and he was rolled aboard by the Swedish mates.

"So that's me skipper bold," said Captain Tim. He watched the old man tumbling up, his bloated hands wagging like seal-flappers, his bloodshot eyes seeing nothing at all, and a sleepy smile on his face—a face so carbuncled and swollen and deformed that it looked like a sort of judgment on him. As this effigy of sin, in blue and dirty brass, was heaved aboard, the crew—for only two stokers and two trimmers were below—set up a bad cheer. And this was Captain Tim's moment of joy. A belaying-pin met his hand and (all whalebone and rubber and bull-hide) he landed among them and made play. What he said was: "Lay aft, ye jail-delivery!"—and other things of greater potency. Therefore, joy was in him when, having swept them away, he came again to the gangway and faced suddenly the Ziablova girl. She had descended from the second cab, carrying in her arms a long, coffin-shaped, wicker basket. She laid it gently down on the deck. Then she brought her right hand up smartly to her cap, saluted and said: "Come aboard, sir."

"Oh, ye have, have ye!" said Captain Tim, and the amazement was in him. "An' who may you be?"

From the dock below, from very far away, came the voice of Mr. Stein: "She's your passenger, Captain Hannafin. You can go out with the evening tide. Come ashore! I want to speak to you."

"You'll not come aboard, Misther Stein?"

"Come ashore, Captain," Mr. Stein repeated.

"Sure, the tin-eyed lobster can wait," muttered Captain Tim, and he turned again to the Ziablova girl. "So you're my passenger, eh?"

She wore a smart little sea-going gown of blue cloth and a blue cap with a gilt anchor and a ribbon; she was rather small, with a young, impudent face and extremely bright eyes—metallic and brown as a gun-barrel. Perhaps she was twenty years old. The remarkable thing about her was her air of alertness; and Captain Tim's thought was: "Faith, she's the capable girl!"

"So you're my passenger, Miss?"

"You heard what Mr. Stein said—owner's orders."

"Oh, he's the owner, is he?"

"Anyway, he's Mr. Stein. Will you tell me, please, where my stateroom is?"

Captain Tim said: "Well, now"—and curled his mustache. In her day the Ship Without a Name had evidently carried passengers. All that remained of these accommodations was the little cabin aft with the three berths for deck-officers. It was there Captain Tim had planned to bunk with the Swedish mates. However, there was a little engineers' mess-room, with three berths—nearly on top of the cylinders—where they could make shift; so he led the way to the cabin, saying: "There's three berths an' a key, Miss."

The Ziablova girl followed, the wicker basket laid crosswise in her arms.

"It will do very well," she said, peering in.

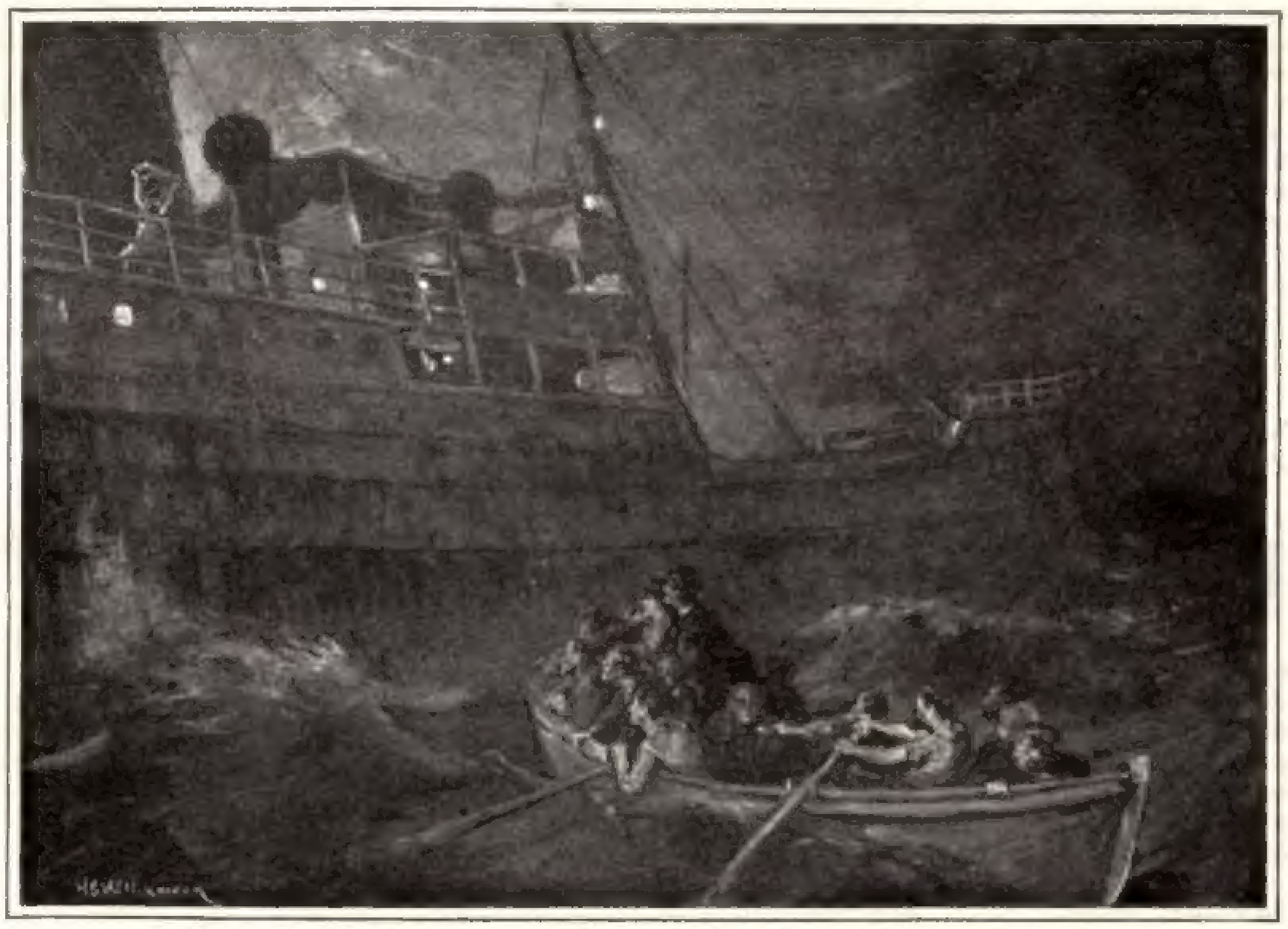
"It's not a cabin de looxe," Captain Tim answered politely; "but I'll lend you the loan of a pair of blankets an' a piece of soap."

"Oh, my traveling-bag is on the cab," said the girl, laughing, "and my rugs—but I am very grateful all the same."

"I'll bring them to you myself," said the Captain.

Mr. Stein was standing behind one of the cab-horses, with the look on him of a man who is in peril. He shook Hannafin's lean paw with a certain warmth: "It's only to tell you, Captain, that the pilot will be aboard to take you down with the tide. He'll ask no questions. And the German man, the skipper, I mean, will give you no trouble if you don't forget his drink—there is a case of gin aboard. And it is on my conscience"—this pleased Mr. Stein, and he repeated it with the air of one who has made a discovery—"it is on my conscience to warn you to be careful when you take stores off Dogger Bank."

"H'm," said Captain Tim, "wudn't your conscience be easier if ye paid the rest of those fifty sovereigns?"



As He Ran He Lifted High the Deadly Thing to Hurl it at the Little Lifeboat, Tossing Below

"A bargain's a bargain, Captain Hannafin," said Mr Stein with dignity.

"That's a true word, Misther Stein, an' if ye'll not come aboard——"

The general agent backed into the cab, said "Good-by—a lucky voyage, Captain!" and was driven away. With the yellow bag and a bundle of green rugs, Hannafin went aboard his ship. He knocked at the cabin door, but the Ziablova girl's answer was: "Lay them down, please;" she had already made use of the key. On the bridge he found the old skipper—the Qualified One—propped up and sleeping thickly. One of the Swedish mates was staring at him with bovine curiosity.

"You'll take my orders till the Old Man wakes up," said Captain Hannafin shortly; then, with little steps like a cock, to and fro, he walked the bridge in the old way and found the joy was in him. It was good to walk the bridge again—even the bridge of a Ship Without a Name, and he hummed softly his march-song:

> Sailing down the river in an old tin boat,
> With a billy an' a bally an' a bay.

"Pilot's come aboard, sir."

The voice of a thousand tea-trays tumbling down an iron staircase was what it sounded like when the Ship Without a Name backed out, swung slowly and went into the tide; but at least the boilers held and the clanking piston-rod drove, in some miraculous way, the rusty cranks; and Captain Tim, sending the wheel round—she steered from bridge to aft by steel ropes—found she answered well: it was as much as he had expected. The pilot, who was a lumpish boy—the youngest of the pilots' guild—seemed to have found less than his expectation, but the only remark he made was: "You'll be lucky when you get ashore."

The evening came on gray as they went blundering down the Scheldt. It was misty going. As the Iron Lady went clanging past the Middle Gat, one wheel-rope snapped midway between bridge and tiller, and she swung round, bumping a coal-barge, from which there poured up a black geyser of coal-dust and Flemish oaths. It took an hour to connect the after steering-gear with the tiller, and when at last it was clutched on, Captain Tim came up, rusty and hot, from below, to find the Ziablova girl on the bridge.

"What are you doing here, Miss?" he asked sharply. "You can't come on the bridge!"

"Never mind that just now," she answered calmly, "but tell me what's the matter. Why have we stopped?"

"You're a cool one, Miss! Come over here.—Don't step on the skipper!—So. There's nothing the matter. She's a darlin' boat. You've heard of 'em walkin' the water—'tis the way she goes."

In fact, the old steamer seemed gaited like a duck; she went squattering down the river, steered from the bridge by hand-lamp signals; and it was a wide way she took. All Captain Tim's good-humor came back to him as he glanced round at the company he was in—the skipper, folded in two and snoring blindly; the boy-pilot, confused and fear-ridden; the impassive Swede with the hand-lamp, and the Ziablova girl, with her young, confident face and eyes too bright and keen. There were three things awoke the joy in him—a pretty fight, a pretty woman and a teasing bit of hard work. Fate had given them all into his hands in a day.

"You'll be wantin' your supper, Miss?"

"Is there anything to eat?" Zina asked hopefully.

"Come below till we see," Captain Tim answered; and he gave her a hand.

"We haven't a sheff de looxe," he went on as they set foot on deck. "You see, not expecting a passenger, I had intended to put one of my blackguards in the galley. But you and good luck are in the same watch, you are. 'Twas only this morning Misther Stein sent down a land-pirate of a cook, an' if he don't earn his eighteen bob, I'll lose him at Flushing an' make you a hot-pot myself. If there's anything I can do, Miss, it's make a hot-pot. Here you!"—He barked the "Here you!" at one of the crew ,and bade him tell the cook to send up the supper.

"You'll do better in your cabin," he added, turning to the girl; "the mess-room is no place for a lady."

"And will you eat, too?"

"If you please."

"Then we shall stay on deck. What is that lantern over there? And there is a bench. Won't that be pleasanter?" And the Ziablova girl smiled at him, showing sharp, little, white teeth.

"Sit you down, then," said Captain Tim. "You'll not be cold, I'm thinkin'? No? Then, if you don't mind, we'll have the supper between us."

The lantern made a dim yellow circle around them; and it was pleasant there in the soft-colored evening; the river was veiled with a rising mist that hid everything except the shore lights and the red or green of passing steamers. A little silence fell between them, and Captain Tim took side-glances at the Ziablova girl. Her face was cold and bright and a line of thought ran down the white, low forehead. Moreover, she crossed and uncrossed her slim feet, which is the sign in women of mental perturbation. At last she turned and looked at him fixedly with her queer, keen, metallic eyes: "Mr. Stein did not tell you I was coming?"

"No, Miss."

"No, he wouldn't tell you," she said thoughtfully.

"And are you going to Shields, or all the way?"

"All the way. Oh, we have all heard what a brave man you are, Captain Hannafin! And I know you are. It is easy to tell a true man—by his walk, his face, his hands. You did not know I had seen you before? It was I who told Mr. Stein we must have you and no one else."

Captain Tim had accompanied the encomiums on his courage with a smiling "Now, now, Miss"—but he had no mind to interrupt her.

"I haven't that kind of courage at all. I have to keep telling myself: 'Never mind what happens—go on, go on!' For I have a horrible fear of what they will do to me, if I am taken. Terrible things are done to women. It's not like a man. And I am so glad, Captain Hannafin, that you are in the ship"—her voice was low and confidential—"and that you will take it all the way."

"That depends on what other stores she has to carry," said Captain Tim calmly—he had heard soft voices before—"and where she has to go."

"Surely you know."

"I have never had much doubt of it—where would a Russian lady be going, anyway?"

"Of course we cannot go to Petersburg. You are to land us at a little place in the Bay of Narwa, where friends will be waiting. Then you may go where you please."

"An' the stores aboard her an' those we are to take on at Dogger Bank—arms and ammunition, aren't they, Miss? Well, that's not my business. What I have to do is to take this tin darling of the sea from Antwerp to the Tyne an' from the Tyne to Dogger Bank, an' get my sailing-orders an' proceed East; but I noticed, Miss," he added on second thought, "you kept a light hand under that wicker basket, eh?"

The Ziablova girl looked at him keenly for a moment; then, with a sudden bewildering smile, she leaned toward him and asked: "Would you care—if what you think is true?"

What Captain Tim answered was the smile. And his words were: "Not a rap. There's too many bold potentates on earth, anyway." His thought was: "There must be a poor lot of men in your country, if they put the hard work of revolution on a little girl like you!" She had begun to talk now of what she called the Cause, and a queer, mystic look was in her eyes—the look of visionaries and martyrs and those who vibrate instead of thinking; but at times she remembered to lay her hand on Captain Tim's blue sleeve and her strange little face put on sweetness for him and she told him how brave he was—the man-hero! Hers was the kind of talk a man in need of praise could listen to for a long time and never tire. Captain Tim's reading of this revolutionary soul was simple in the extreme. "Crime delights her," he thought, "but a good man could cure her of it." As he looked at her, there in the flickering light, the clock of his heart went faster. It was good to put to sea with her on this adventure. For the joys of life are these: the joy of fighting, the joy of hard, technical work, the joy of loving and the joy of the unforeseen; and this night Captain Tim had the four of them in him.

III

THE Rusty Girl was well down toward Flushing when they finished the supper finally sent up by the cook—there were planks of bread, bowls of soup, and something that might have been beef. At the first sight of the town lights Captain Tim returned to the bridge. The Qualified One had got to his swollen feet and was talking to the Swede, but his speech was dark.

"You are not a well man, an' what you need is drink," said Captain Tim.

Smiling, the Qualified One drank and slept.

But the happy man was the young pilot; he shook hands with Mr. Hannafin and said: "You'd all be better ashore—but I got her here!" And pride was in him as he went down the side.

With this Captain Tim took command and put out into the gray night. Dimly he could make out the line of the Belgian coast, the sand-dunes and darker breakwaters running down in parallel lines into the sea—afar off a church spire in the murky sky; the whiter sands of Holland were a mere ghostlike flicker in the night. The Tin Darling was doing all she was called upon to do—though with rusty protest and complaint. Once word came from the engine-room of a hot high-pressure cross-head and they slowed down while the engineer cooled it off with soap and water; and then they pushed her on her clanging way, making for the New Sluice. Again Captain Tim hummed his march-tune: "With a billy an' a bally an' a bay!" He was doing a man's work, even though it were the questionable work of smuggling arms, ammunition and a dynamite girl into a friendly state. And, heigh and ho, what a girl she was! He pictured himself sitting with her on a bench in the Zoölogical Garden at Antwerp watching the monkeys and listening to an orderly band—or in a music-hall. Then came the thought of what he was taking her into—it blew a cold draught through his heart! Once, at Newcastle, he had seen a revolutionary play in which a girl in tattered pink went staggering through Siberian snow under the crack of Cossack whips; and other Siberian things, horrible and blood-chilling, came into his head. "The little fool!" he thought angrily. "Why can't she sit on a bench like any other girl, and listen to the music under the trees?"

"Captain Hannafin!"

She had slipped up, quiet as a cat, on the bridge and touched his arm.

"What is it?"

"Can you leave the bridge for a minute—now, at once?" she whispered in her tense way.

"A minute only, Miss.—Keep her so, Misther Larsen!—Only a minute." He went down with the Ziablova girl.

Her little hand thrilling on his arm, she led him forward; there was a lantern swinging in the galley; in the yellow, uneasy light the cook stood, leaning on the half-door; he was a smallish man, with an apron twisted round his middle and a shiny cap pulled over his eyes; only a little of his face was visible, for a beard covered cheek and chin, but a pair of narrow black eyes glittered under the visor of his cap and a nose showed, long and sharp-pointed.

"Don't let him see you—wait here," the Ziablova girl said; then she whispered fiercely: "I want you to kill that man!"

"Crime delights her," thought Captain Tim sadly.

What he did was to lead her away and whisper soft words:

"You're not easy in your mind, Miss. This bad business is tellin' on you. Sure, the supper was a villainy, but you'll never be for killin' the chef. Think better of it; come!"

"Idiot!" she flashed at him. "Don't you understand? He is of the police. I saw him cross the deck a moment ago and knew him at once, by his walk and his hands—and then I saw his face——"

"Is it a spy he is? Are you sure?"

"I tell you I knew him—in Petersburg. I knew him in Paris—I'm sure, sure, sure!"

"O, Misther Stein! Misther Stein!" said Captain Tim, and the light entered his mind. It was not in the mere way

(Continued on Page 27)

Tuberculosis: A Social Question

By Solomon Solis Cohen, M. D.

AT THE battle of Austerlitz a division of Russian troops, under General Doctorov, being hemmed in by the French, attempted to cross the frozen ponds, Satschan and Melnitz. Napoleon trained his guns upon the ice beyond the fugitives, breaking it, and precipitating them into the water. The French artillery then ceased fire, and the Emperor ordered boats and rafts to be sent out in the attempt to save as many as possible of the survivors. Thousands were forced upon the frozen surface of the ponds; barely hundreds were rescued.

Austerlitz well typifies the conduct of society toward the victims of tuberculosis. A complex social organization that drives hundreds of thousands of ill-fed men, women and children into factories and sweatshops, where, shut in from air and sunshine, they work at monotonous tasks with increasing weariness throughout fatiguing hours—then go home, in many cases, to cheerless rooms in crowded tenements or squalid hovels in narrow, noisome alleys—differs from the destructive genius of Bonaparte only in the greater effectiveness of its weapons. "Never battlefield was more horrible," says the official bulletin dispatched by the Emperor to Paris. "From the middle of the immense ponds one yet hears the cries of thousands of men whom one cannot save. One's heart bleeds." How compassionate that victor's heart! Yet, withal, it had deliberately repeated at Austerlitz the tactics of Aboukir, where the Sultan's great army was forced into the sea.

And society is full of compassion toward the hosts of the tuberculous. Have we not established for them hospitals and dispensaries in the cities, sanatoriums in the mountains, camps in the forest, children's homes by the sea? Boats of Napoleon, these—pitiably inadequate! At most, saving hundreds out of the hundreds of thousands!

It has been estimated that in the city of Philadelphia, with its population of something less than a million and a half, not less than ten new cases of consumption arise daily. But the available hospital and sanatorium provision* for those who need the public care was long ago exhausted; scarce one in fifty can find a place in the crowded wards. The tens, as they pile up day after day, week after week, month after month, must wait, wait, wait till the slow process of recovery, or the quicker coming of death, vacates a bed for one of their vast number.

In the United States there cannot be less than six hundred thousand consumptives. The estimate often heard, of seven per cent. of the adult population—an exaggerated estimate, I believe—would make the number vastly more than twice six hundred thousand. Assuming that in only one-fifth of the cases are the patient, his friends and his family so poor that public benevolence is called upon to afford him the means of recovery, a very modest computation of the amount of money required to discharge this duty would be $60,000,000 annually.

The amount expended for this purpose, much as it has increased within the last ten years, and generous as it seems when viewed apart from the magnitude of the distress which it is intended to relieve, is less than one-twelfth of this sum.

But the limited capacity of our rafts, compared with the enormous mass of our victims, does not entirely represent the extent of our failure to cope with tuberculosis as a social problem. The victors at Austerlitz after they had pulled a remnant of the Russians out of the water, resuscitating the partially drowned, drying their clothing, feeding them, did not throw the rescued again into the ponds.

The Dilemma of the Doctors

THE physician attending a hospital for consumptives is confronted constantly with a most distressing problem—what to do with the patients who have recovered. They cannot be kept in the institution indefinitely, for there is a long list of applicants waiting for each bed vacated. They cannot be supported at home in idleness, nor is it desirable that they should be.

Rational work under proper conditions is one of the best preventives of tuberculosis, as it is one of the most important factors—though perhaps the most frequently neglected—in bringing about the recovery of those affected. But to send the patient back to the same kind of work, to the same kind of food, to the same unwholesome surroundings under which he became consumptive, is like throwing the man rescued from drowning back into the water.

Worse, it is again putting the noose about the neck of an innocent man who has been saved from judicial murder by a reprieve upon the scaffold.

The situation is more difficult with women than with men. Occasionally outdoor work, if only running errands, can be found for a man, but what can the average woman do in the fresh air? She goes back to the shop, the factory, the sewing-machine, the schoolroom—and death.

At the Rush Hospital, in Philadelphia, and its country branch at Malvern, we receive, year after year, a number of patients who have been discharged as "recovered" from other institutions. Sometimes patients whom we have ourselves sent home with the disease arrested return after a few months or a few years. It is rarely, however, that discharged patients come back to the institution they have left. Attributing their relapse, not to its true cause—namely, the resumption of their pathogenic mode of life—but to the inadequacy of the treatment received, they usually seek admittance into some other hospital. Or, looking upon all hospitals and physicians with suspicion, they resort to patent medicines or abandon themselves to their fate.

Thus it is that the statistics of recoveries published by various institutions are so misleading; the relapses are not reported. The patients get into other hospitals or disappear altogether from the domain of medical records.

For this, be it made clear, no institution is to blame. If those who are discharged from a hospital well, or nearly well, could continue under management as wise and conditions as good, they would remain well, living out long years usefully. This is shown by the private records of physicians; a very large proportion of those patients who are even moderately well-to-do not only recover—and sometimes from advanced stages of consumption—but they also remain well.

Tuberculosis differs from such infectious diseases as smallpox and scarlet fever in the fact that recovery does not render the patient immune against further attacks. It is like fire or sword. A wound or a burn may heal, but let there be a new sword-thrust or a new contact with flame and there will be a new wound and a new burn. I am so strongly insistent upon this fact—namely, that the same conditions which break down a man's resistance to the bacillus of tuberculosis in the first place, will renew his susceptibility in the second place, because it is too often lost sight of, in current medical and philanthropic discussions.

In fact, the prevention and cure of tuberculosis is not, strictly speaking, a medical question at all; it is a social, and especially an economic, question. This was observed many years ago by Graves, of Dublin, that great teacher who desired for his epitaph this single line: "He fed

* In the State of Pennsylvania there are 947 beds for consumptives, of which 556 are free, 196 are partial pay, and 195 are in private sanatoriums. Altogether the United States has 8000 beds for consumptives, of which 4500 are free. It has 32 special dispensaries at which about 9000 patients are treated yearly. I am indebted to my friend, Dr. Joseph Walsh, for these figures.

fevers." With the same keen insight that led him to oppose the starvation and blood-letting wherewith the routinists of his day mistreated those sick of infectious fevers, he remarked concerning tuberculosis: "It is important to know how to make a man phthisical, so that by pursuing an opposite course of conduct we may prevent it." And he graphically described how lack of air and sunshine, grinding toil, wretchedness, starvation—in a word, poverty—will "make men phthisical," and, in consequence, the relief of poverty and its attendant privations "prevent it."

It may be objected that when Graves thought and taught the bacillus of tuberculosis was not yet known. That great discovery was, indeed, reserved for Robert Koch in 1882, but not the knowledge that tuberculosis is an infection. Edward Jenner, immortalized by vaccination, had already commented upon the resemblance of tubercules to "the oak apple or gall-nut or the mossy excrescence that springs from the wild rose or sweetbrier," —these arising from "insect irritation." Moreover, he had recognized a mutual adaptation between vegetable excrescences and larvæ, permitting what we should now term a modified "symbiosis" between the plant host and the insect guest. His comparison of this to the structure of tubercle and the needs of the hypothetical parasite which he saw with the mind's eye, though the scientific methods of his day were as yet unable to place it before him under the microscope, was far in advance of the majority of even more modern pathologists. Then, with the coöperation of John Baron—another British physician whose vision pierced too far for the dull-eyed critics of his day to follow—Jenner conclusively demonstrated the conditions under which this parasite, as yet unseen, could become active and manifest its specific pathogenic effects.

More important still, they showed the conditions under which recovery from the disease thus excited could take place. They confined a number of rabbits in a damp place under ground to which little air and no light was admitted. After a certain length of time they set half of the animals free in the air and sunlight, keeping the others in captivity. The prisoners died from tuberculosis; their more fortunate companions regained, and apparently retained, the full enjoyment of life and health.

The Lesson of the Imprisoned Rabbits

VIRTUALLY the same experiment was repeated by Carmichael, of Dublin, still another of the unappreciated truth-teachers, about 1836; then by Brown-Sequard in 1869; but it was not until it had been again repeated by Trudeau, in 1888, upon rabbits deliberately infected with a culture of Koch's bacillus, that its significance began to be generally realized. For under the impetus which Koch's discovery had given to the germ theory of infectious disease, and especially in view of its great importance as to tuberculosis, there had become dominant in medicine a school that threw aside all the lessons of experience in regard to heredity and habits as factors in the causation of tuberculosis and regarded the infective germ as the only element demanding care. Stringent measures of disinfection were advocated, and even the segregation of tuberculous persons proposed.

The importance of the germ is not to be underestimated, and too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of guarding in every possible way against its spread. Especially must the uncleanly habit of promiscuous spitting be prevented—perhaps, as one authority has suggested, better by the provision in public places, including street-cars, of vessels containing sand and disinfectants and marked "Spit here," than by the sign of "Don't spit."

But it is not the purpose of the present writing to set forth the various measures by which the dissemination of tubercle bacilli is to be guarded against; the subject is merely touched upon in its crudest aspect to avoid the possibility of misconstruction.

All such precautions are wise, are necessary, and ought to be enforced strictly. What is unwise is the belief that with their enforcement the duty of the physician and of the State in the prevention of tuberculosis is at an end.

Everybody is constantly exposed to infection with the germ of tuberculosis. The utmost that our precautions have been able to accomplish, the utmost that they can accomplish under existing conditions, is to reduce the number of infective contacts. To suppress tuberculosis by measures directed against infection, it would be necessary to institute a segregation of the tuberculous as rigid as that of lepers among the ancient Hebrews. And that is a manifest impossibility with a disease affecting so large a proportion of the population, and usually so late in coming to medical attention.

Man's Ally in the Daily Battle

EVERYBODY is exposed—but not everybody succumbs. The invasion of one's tissues by the tubercle bacillus will not of itself set up tuberculosis. There must be, in addition, an abnormal lack of resistance to the disease-producing action of the germ. Laboratory experiments show great variations in the susceptibility of different species of animals to this action. Guinea pigs and rabbits are extremely susceptible and become infected fatally upon inoculation of small quantities of comparatively mild cultures. Cows and swine are somewhat more resistant but can readily be infected, and, as a matter of fact, spontaneous tuberculosis—that is to say, tuberculosis acquired through accidental infection—is not rare among these animals. Dogs, goats, horses, donkeys are extremely resistant. Accidental infection is practically unknown among them, and deliberate infection can be brought about only by the repeated use of large quantities of virulent cultures, after their tissues have been enfeebled by confinement and starvation.

Human beings may be divided into three classes in their relation to tuberculosis: the guinea-pig class; the cow and pig class; the horse and donkey class. Men of the guinea-pig class succumb readily and it is difficult to save them. Those of the cow and pig class succumb only under unfavorable conditions, and may readily be saved. The horse and donkey class succumbs only under the most highly unfavorable conditions and recovers quickly when brought into a good environment. That more than six-sevenths of mankind are highly resistant is shown by the records of post-mortem examinations of persons dying from all sorts of diseases other than tuberculosis, and who, so far as known, have never shown recognizable symptoms of that affection. A proportion of such bodies, estimated by no observer as less than one-half, and by some as high as ninety per cent., show healed tuberculous lesions, usually of very slight extent; while in some few cases the presence of tubercle bacilli can be demonstrated in the glands. In other words, all these persons have been exposed to infection, but have resisted it. The tubercle bacillus has attacked them, but has been repulsed. The imprisonment of the bacilli in glands is a significant fact which we shall recur to later. Meanwhile, another lesson from zoölogy. Wild animals are, under their natural conditions, immune from tuberculosis, but many of them succumb to it after years of captivity. Monkeys—who are much like men—if long confined in the monkey-houses of zoölogic gardens and menageries, usually die of consumption; but we have no evidence that they are specially susceptible when living in a wholesome environment.

Here, then, is cumulative proof that the bacillus of tuberculosis is but one factor in the production of the disease. From our present viewpoint it is the least important factor. Environmental conditions being what they should be, the germ may come and go harmlessly. Only when the natural resistance of man's tissues has been overcome by other factors can it effect lodgment and development therein.

But, it may be asked, how does this accord with what has been said concerning the existence among men of a guinea-pig class, highly susceptible to the disease, whom it is often difficult to save? The answer is, that these individuals are not of normal physical constitution. Not only the sins, but the misfortunes, of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generations. Normally, all human beings belong in the class of animals represented by the horse and the goat—the class, that is to say, highly resistant to the tubercle bacillus. Like a citadel well guarded are they, that an enemy cannot surprise. At the first attempt to enter he is driven back or slain or taken captive. Thus, in the normal human being, the tubercle bacillus is either prevented from entrance into the body by the guards at the gates—the healthy cells of the skin and mucous membranes; or, should it by some chance evade their watchfulness and slip through at some weak or unguarded point, it is attacked by certain juices of the blood, which so weaken it that it can be destroyed by the white corpuscles. These juices are technically known as "opsonins" (cooks), and the destroying corpuscles as "phagocytes" (devourers). The metaphor of this terminology regards the germ as a wild beast that attacks a camp, and may with propriety be killed, cooked and eaten. This, however, does not exhaust the resources of the normal body against the bacilli of tuberculosis. Should they perchance penetrate in such large numbers as to exhaust the ability of the opsonins and phagocytes to deal promptly with them all, still another barrier stands in their way. They are taken up and imprisoned by the lymph glands; sometimes dying in captivity, sometimes remaining, like Monte Cristo, alert to escape and swim through the blood stream to safety and revenge.

Attacked While the Defenders Sleep

LET now a man's vitality become reduced—through privation, through exposure to storm and stress, physical or mental, through grinding overwork, through loss of rest, through prolonged hours of absence from the stimulating influences of pure air and sunshine, or through excesses which sap his strength—and quickly the imprisoned germ escapes and multiplies and works its will upon his enfeebled tissues. So, too, if he be already in this condition of low vitality when the invader first appear, the outer defenses are quickly passed; the trappers, the cooks and the trenchermen of the blood fail to do their duty; the lymph glands cannot capture the germ or hold it in prison, but themselves yield to its malign influence; the tissue-cells of the lungs and other organs cannot fight successfully—and tuberculosis is established.

We have shown how a man may acquire this condition through his own fault, folly or misfortune. Often it is inherited. Parents who may not themselves have suffered from tuberculosis may yet have become so enfeebled by the conditions of their life, or as a result of other diseases, that their children are born with lowered vitality, and this may pass on through generation after generation until the line of transmission becomes extinct. Or again, when

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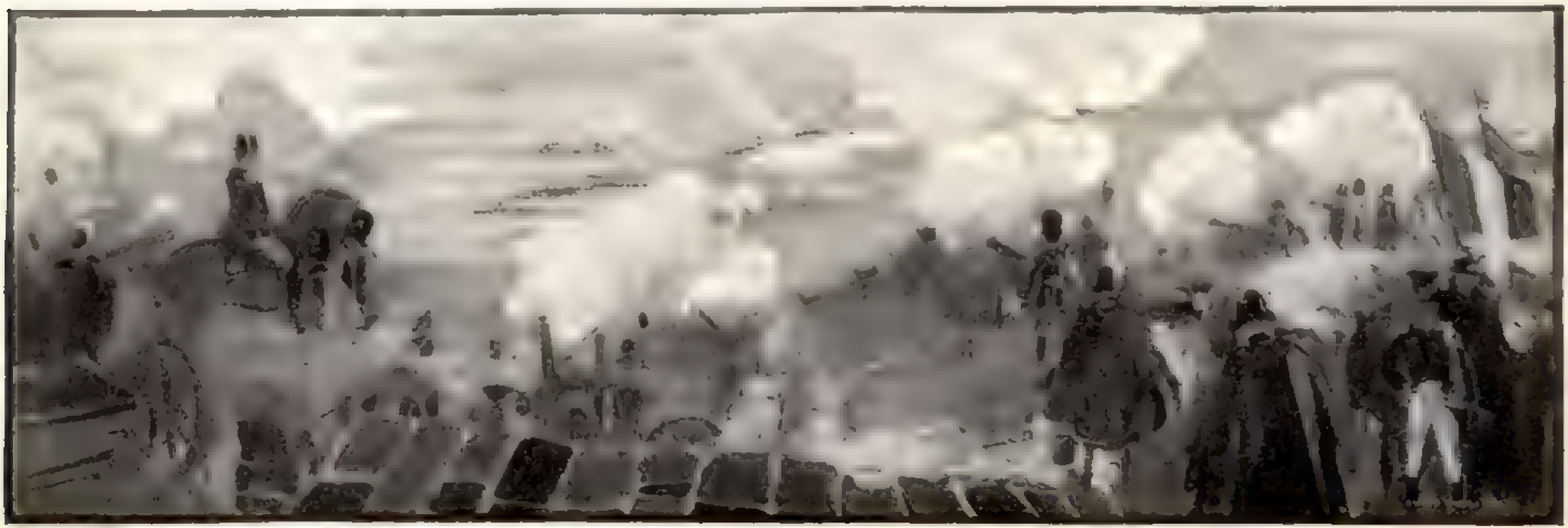
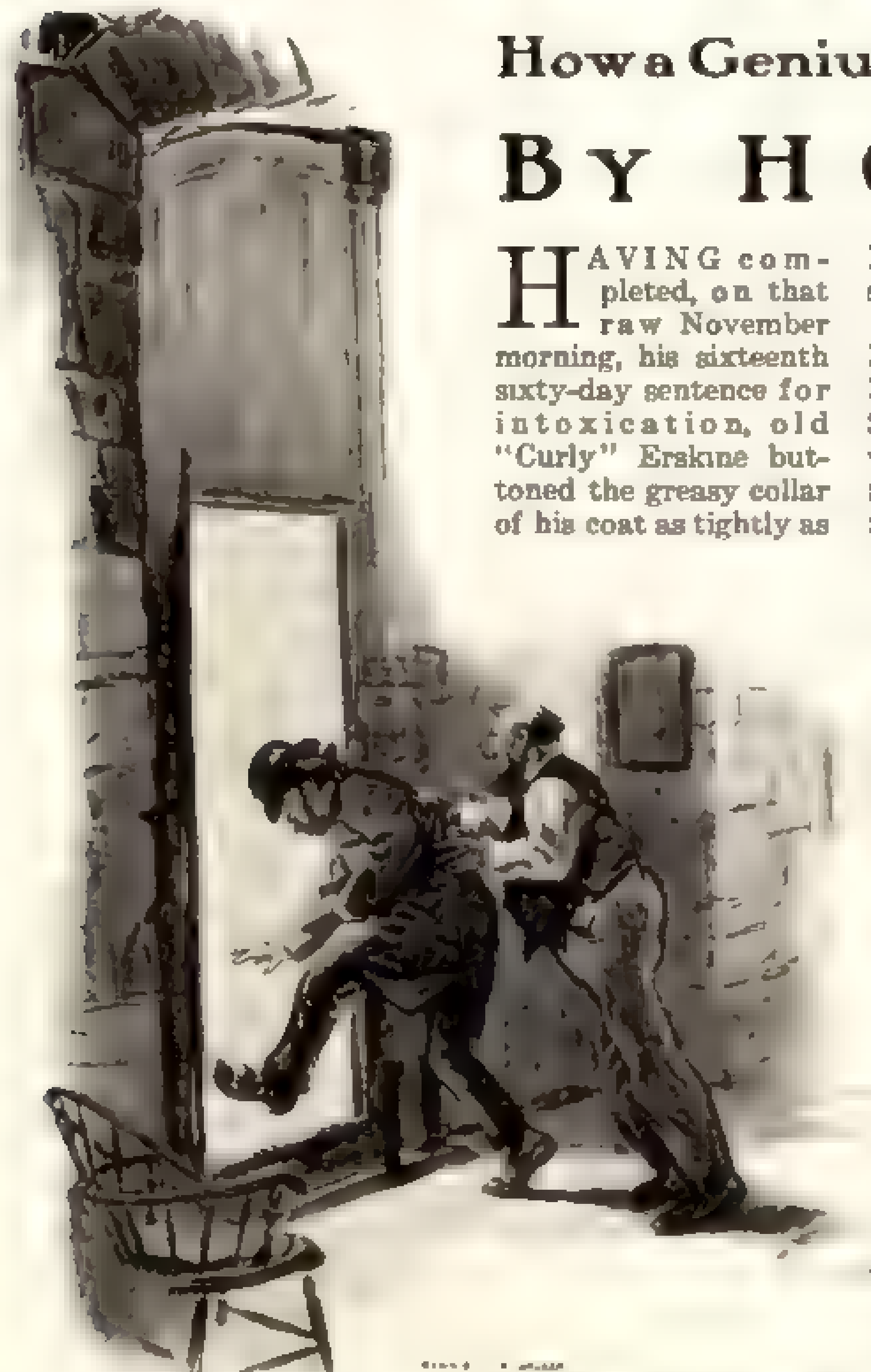


The Jail That Paid Dividends

How a Genius Filled a Lockup and a Fool Emptied It

By HOLMAN F. DAY



Threw Him into the Yard Through the Office Door

HAVING completed, on that raw November morning, his sixteenth sixty-day sentence for intoxication, old "Curly" Erskine buttoned the greasy collar of his coat as tightly as he could under the blue wattles of his wrinkled throat, and prepared to step forth from Troy County jail. "Curly" had donned "cits" beside the grateful warmth of the coal stove in the jail corridor. High Sheriff Brickett Snell was picking up the discarded brown-and-gray jail suit. "I'll have your cell ready for you," he remarked.

"No, s'r, you'll never see me here again," said Erskine.

"Phuh!" sniffed Snell. His skepticism was evidently concerned with "Curly's" reformation.

Erskine went on: "I ain't goin' to get drunk again in Troy County. I'm goin' to emigrate. I don't like this jail."

"That's too bad, because we aim to please!"

"There ain't any call to get sarcastic with me, Sheriff," protested Erskine. "The county has all gone to thunder, and you know it just as well as I do. Granite quarries shut down, business failed up, all the liquor places bunged tight by the temperance cranks. Folks all movin' away. And here's this jail, too! I was sent here for sixty days, but the judge didn't say anything about solitary confinement. And I've sat here all day and all evenin' for two months beside that stove, and not a man to pass a word of talk to. It ain't much like old times, when there was good company and sociability here."

"Well, you didn't think I was coming in here to entertain you, you old fool, did you?" demanded the sheriff.

Mr. Erskine returned his blazing stare with courage.

"I don't know why I ain't just as good as that dude in the women's room," poking a wavering finger in the direction of the jail wing. "You've been spendin' time with him and ——"

"You just remember that I'm sheriff of this county, will you?"

But Mr. Erskine had something in his heart that had plainly been fermenting sourly there for many a long and lonesome day.

"I remember that you're sheriff," he returned, his little eyes sparkling. "But we were born and brought up together and went to district school together, and, even if I'm a drunk, I never cheated nor stole, like that fellow you've been hobnobbin' with up there"—another poke toward the wing—"and I'm just as good as he is to sit down and talk with, and a man that slights old friends I ain't got any use for."

The sheriff, furious at this taunt, scrabbled up a handful of cloth at the back of Erskine's thin coat and propelled him toward the iron door, ajar between jail and sheriff's office, jolted it open, rushed him across the little anteroom and threw him into the yard through the office door, which he slammed and locked. Erskine stood and looked at the door for some moments, his injured feelings showing in the pucker of his forehead above his watery eyes.

Then he trudged into the road and turned and took a long survey of the old gray-stone jail, squatting on the bare poll of the wind-swept hill. He caught sight of Mrs. Snell peering at him through the plants in the sitting-room window of the brick jail residence, and flourished a respectful salute at her. Then, with the air of a man taking leave forever of a spot dear to memory, he shambled away down the hill toward the distant village.

Dull red mottled the sheriff's fat cheeks as he watched Erskine's departure, and the red was still there when he took from his desk a little striped paper-bag and proceeded into the jail wing. There, above the storehouse, was a large and comfortable room designed for the accommodation of women, on those rare occasions when women were committed to Troy's bastile.

Just now it was occupied by the only prisoner left on the hands of the high sheriff. As Snell climbed the stairs he reflected with a little thrill of guiltiness that he was making Mr. L. Buell Lamberson's stay in jail a little more comfortable than he should like to have outsiders know. On the books the charge against Mr. Lamberson was "defrauding an innkeeper and obtaining money under false pretenses." Mrs. Snell, never having heard Mr. Lamberson explain the matter, looked on that offense as iniquity. Sheriff Snell, after listening to the story of Mr. Lamberson's life and achievements, felt that he could understand that the whole affair—the protested draft and all—was an error that had been twisted into a crime—as frequently happens to strangers in strange lands. Even Sheriff Snell, in his groceryman days, had had drafts come back on him, though debtors had promised to honor them.

Erskine's taunt had stung because the sheriff had realized that his attitude toward the man in the women's room had not been that of the stern jailer. But an honest man ought to be willing to make return for wholesome entertainment. Sheriff Snell clutched his paper-bag and entered Mr. Lamberson's apartment with the happy consciousness that he was going to listen to more from the best talker he had ever met. And Brickett Snell, long immured in a country grocery store, had hankered for a whiff from the marts where men made fortunes over-night. Mr. Lamberson had helped to make fortunes.

There were three cigars in the paper bag. Mr. Lamberson laid down, on top of the other twelve volumes of the set, the copy of Julius Cæsar that he had been perusing, and, with a flourish of approval, picked out a cigar.

"Methinks a cloud of darkness broods athwart thy brow, most noble warder," he cried. This was the only habit of Mr. Lamberson that was disconcerting in his association with the sheriff. Mr. Snell didn't know what to say nor how to act when his prisoner quoted passages from Shakespeare, his literary passion, or talked to him in high-flown language, into which he frequently burst.

"I've just had a prisoner twit me of not knowing how to run this jail, because it ain't filled up the way it used to be when business was better in this county," growled the sheriff. He bit off the peak of his cigar and spat out the morsel of tobacco with venom.

Mr. Lamberson, a pudgy little man, whose plump chops were ridged with an eternal grin, chuckled appreciatively.

"Seems to think, does he, that Justice, traversing your vacant corridors and gazing on your empty cells, ought to sigh instead of smile."

"Well," said Mr. Snell gloomily, "if Justice was running this sheriff's job and trying to make a dollar out of it, Justice wouldn't see anything to laugh at. When the last regular prisoner, that sheriffs in this county have reckoned on for the past ten years, goes off swearing that he's going to emigrate into another county, it's time for me to think about getting back into the grocery business." This surprising remark by the chief executive of the County of Troy made Mr. Lamberson cock his head a little farther back.

"Then crime must flourish to make you happy, my keeper of the keys?"

"It ain't that I want to see crime, or get any one hurt, or have any one suffer," said the sheriff. "But in business dealings you've got to consider business, haven't you? The way the law is, running the sheriff's job in this county is straight business. And it's been good business up to now. For twenty-five years sheriffs have served their term and stepped out well fixed. I ain't mentioning the ways they took—some of them. I waited in line ten years for this job, and they've handed me a sucked egg. It being the best job in the county, they tapped me for a thousand for the campaign fund. Now here's the quarries shut down, and all that rough-scuff element that made something doing in the criminal line is gone out of the county. Then the temperance cranks petitioned, and the Governor sent State constables here and they took the enforcement of the liquor law out of my hands. I was doing my duty, of course, but ——"

The foxy gaze of the sheriff caught the twinkling glance of his intelligent prisoner.

"There's bound to be rum sold," Mr. Snell went on after a little pause; "and I was regulating it, the way others before me had regulated it, and had come out of office well fixed and respected, and are so to-day."

"It's the trend of the times," said Mr. Lamberson. "Centralization of power, delegation of authority to those who will obey orders."

"The way it used to be," stated the officer, "that man that the sheriff picked out as reliable in every way paid according to business done and had to keep good liquor and watch out for kitchen bar-rooms and pocket pedlers. As it is now, there ain't any regulation to it."

"Nor any revenue," suggested Mr. Lamberson innocently.

Sheriff Snell looked at him sharply for a moment, but his desire to unburden his griefs to an outsider mastered his caution.

"I ain't much of a hand to tell tales on others," he said, "but in the old days those that the sheriff regulated paid from two to four hundred dollars apiece, and nothing was said about it by voters. Voters didn't have any right to say anything. Why, voters only allow four hundred dollars a year to the high sheriff. That's salary! All the rest he has to make out of board of prisoners and fees. But, blast it all, there ain't any prisoners and there ain't any fees. Here I am, frozen down on the top of this hill for a two years' term of office, with no more show of splitting even than as though I was a frog in a cake of ice."

He got up and stumped around the room, puffing yellow clouds from his rank cigar.

"Sheriff," said Mr. Lamberson, as he pointed his cigar impressively, "like a good many others, you have failed to grasp the fundamental principle of high finance. The man who invents a new trick for passing the coin has the lights low and the stage set right. He gets applause and is called a financier. His imitators try to do the trick after the public has turned up the lights. They get called—but not financiers. They just get called. Hand doesn't deceive eye. Inventiveness and resourcefulness distinguish the human success from the human toadstool. Now, let's see!" He stuck up a chubby forefinger. "As I understand it, your temperance cranks and your State constables, or whatever you call 'em, are not to be come over by ordinary means—wouldn't consider a fair division of the proceeds?"

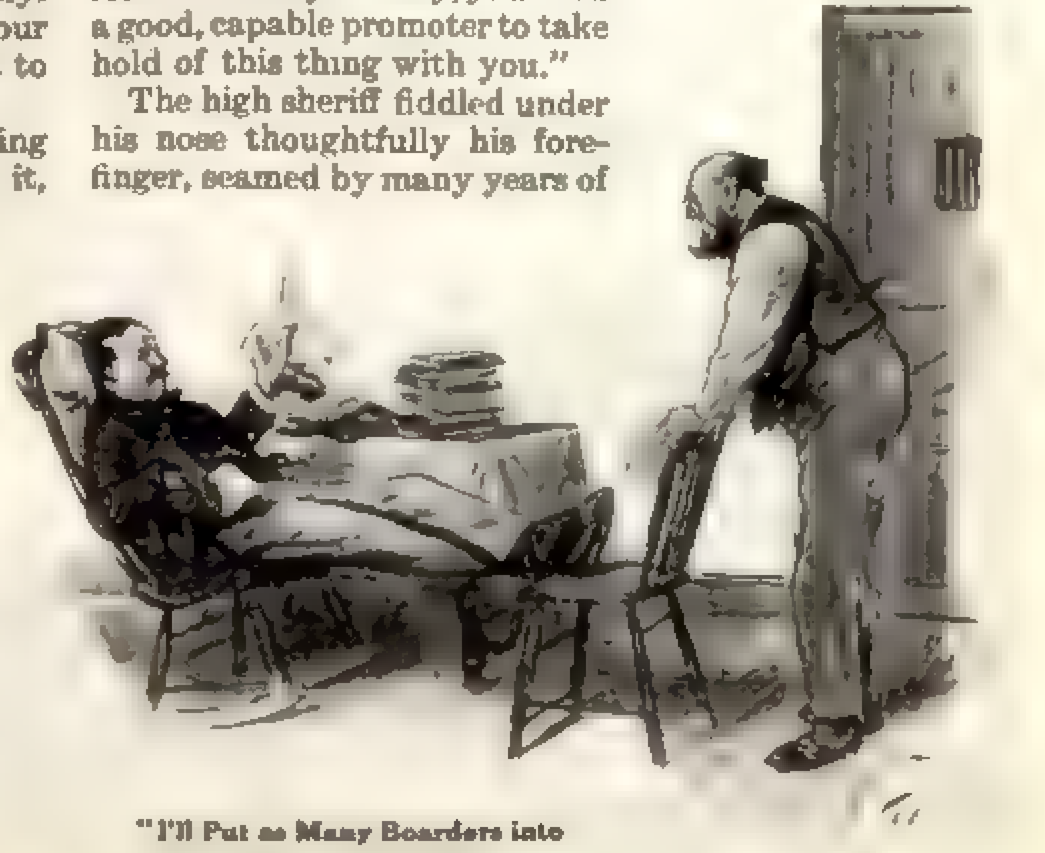
"Just as well try to lug off the Methodist meeting-house in a shawl-strap," stated the sheriff, with decision.

"One source of shrievalty revenue blocked by circumstances over which we have no control!" Mr. Lamberson kept the first finger up and raised another. "No expectation that crime will suddenly run riot in this county, Sheriff?"

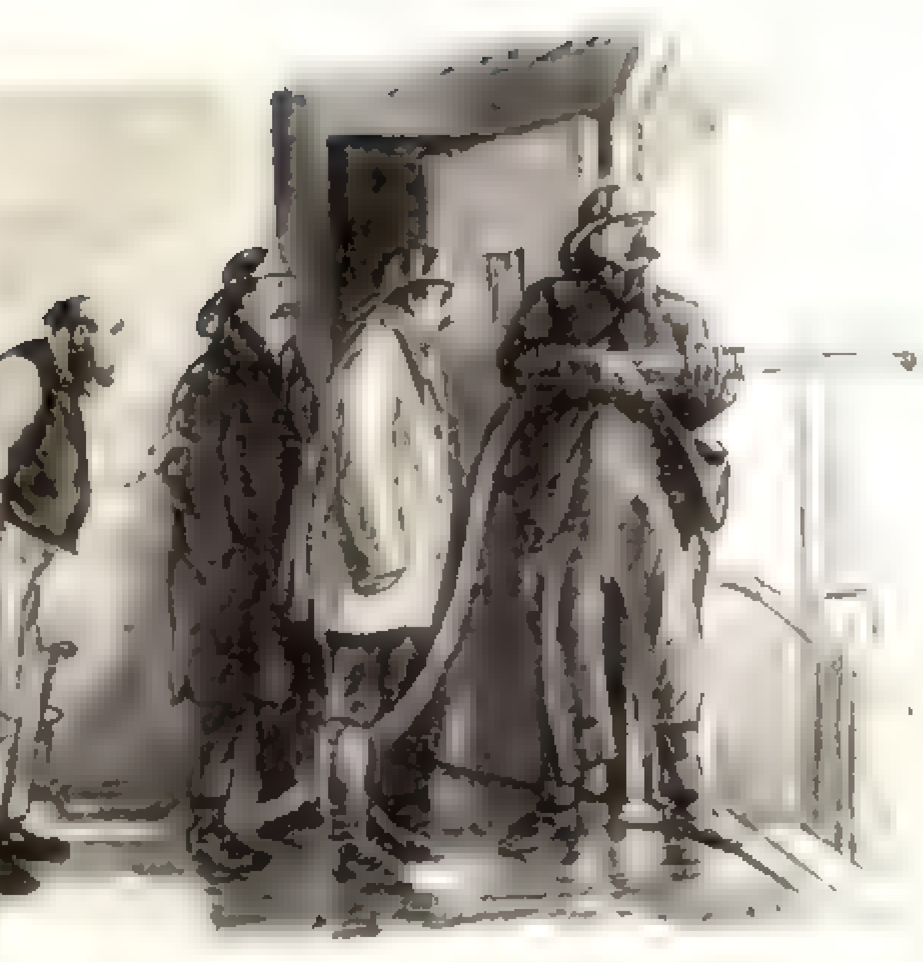
"There ain't any hope of it," said Mr. Snell despondently.

"No profit on boarders! Then, as the case stands, my dear custodian of bolts and bars for the County of Troy, you need a good, capable promoter to take hold of this thing with you."

The high sheriff fiddled under his nose thoughtfully his forefinger, seamed by many years of



"I'll Put as Many Boarders into This Jail as it Can Hold"



The Real Work of House-Cleaning Began

twine-snapping at the grocer's counter, and gazed on this doubtful bird of passage temporarily in his cage.

"Sheriff," pursued Mr. Lamberson briskly, "I have promoted everything from a patent washboard to the Hyperborean Fountain of Youth and Spring of Life, of which I told you the other day. You needn't doubt my abilities in that line, though I am here just now under a cloud. But even that fabled bird, the phœnix, must needs go into the fire to rise again renewed and strong. I needed just this refreshing period I am now enjoying in this jail. I am like a gardener whose first impulse is to prop a toppling plant—like a physician whose enthusiasm is aroused at sight of disease. I have seen the prostration of your business here—we will continue to call it a business. With a promoter's instinctive interest in such matters, I have been revolving the subject. I am prepared to submit a proposition—of course, after receiving a gentlemanly request for the same."

Sheriff Snell fanned his hairy hand in front of his face to disperse the smoke-clouds, and squinted at Mr. Lamberson with doubtful and unfriendly wrinkling of his brows.

"I ain't going to give any man a chance to lug scandal about me out of this jail," he muttered at last.

"You misinterpret my motives, Sheriff," Mr. Lamberson said, with conciliating meekness. He paused and licked down a ragged flap of the cigar's wrapper. Then he pulled out of his pocket a thin pamphlet, whose cover was inscribed, "Annual Report of the Commissioners of Troy County." "I found this in that closet there, and have been looking it over with some interest. I find that the commissioners allow the sheriff three dollars and fifty cents per week for the board of each prisoner. Now, without casting any reflections on your cuisine, I should say that allowance left considerable profit, in view of the fact that bread, water, bean swagon and baked beans are your staples."

"A jail is a jail, and jail-grub is jail-grub," mumbled the sheriff. "We ain't advertising for boarders."

"Considering the facts, which I glean from this report of your predecessor, that in the busy times prisoners are detailed to do the jail work at no cost to the jailer, that rent and your own living are free, a sheriff can clear fifty per cent. profit on boarders, let us say."

"I ain't giving away any secrets," growled Mr. Snell; "but I've been told by them that have held the office that it don't cost over a dollar-fifty a week to feed a jailbird."

"Leaving two dollars to the good on each man whom you are entertaining. On the basis of a hundred prisoners, you would be clearing two hundred dollars a week on board alone, outside of your turnkey and other fees."

Sheriff Snell opened and closed his lips several times and then, his scowl deepening, he remarked sarcastically: "Now, figuring I make ten cents a breath every time I breathe, how much will I be worth when I die?"

Mr. Lamberson waggled the pamphlet at him in bland reproof.

"I don't say that you lack enterprise, Mr. Sheriff, but as a promoter, a student of high finance and an originator of ideas, I do criticise your imagination."

"Look here, mister," blurted Mr. Snell, now certain that his prisoner was having quiet fun with him, "I have listened to your talk right along for a good many weeks, and I have liked it—all but that Shakespeare lingo and your high-Betty-Martin tiptoe foolishness—but I won't stand it to be joshed in my own jail. I ain't a humorous man myself, and I ain't in any frame of mind to-day to relish your fun." He got up and started for the door. "That's what anybody gets for showing extra favors," he grunted. "I ought to have made you wear a zigzag suit and peek through cell bars."

"You're wrong, Sheriff Snell," cried Mr. Lamberson, with a snap in his tones that halted the offended magnate. "If you want straight business, then, here it is! I'll put as many boarders into this jail as it can hold, piling 'em three deep and hanging 'em on hooks. But if I do, you've got to consider me in it—and that's straight business, too."

"I –I —won't go into it with you," said the sheriff, looking out of the window as apprehensively as if he could hear the crowd already knocking at the jail door. "I won't have 'em here! Why, I'd be massycreed by the taxpayers."

"I wonder what the taxpayers will say to a sheriff who stands at the jail door and turns away prisoners brought by officers with commitment papers in their hands?" demanded Mr. Lamberson, with heat. "Your duties are set down for you—and your first duty is to keep a jail ready for prisoners and keep them in it after they are lodged in your hands. Isn't that so?"

But the sheriff departed incontinently, confused, marveling and in deep fear of committing himself.

The next morning he discovered that he had failed in one part of the duty, as interpreted to him by Mr. Lamberson. He had failed to keep that gentleman in jail.

There were merely wooden bars on the windows of the woman's room—bars rotted by the weather, at that. It was not supposed that a woman would push up a window and drop from the second story. It was evident to the sheriff that Mr. Lamberson had done so. Mr. Lamberson left an apologetic note, in which he stated that he would return after he had attended to certain matters of business. He advised the sheriff to keep his mouth shut, advice that, for obvious reasons, the sheriff was fully disposed to heed.

In the night following the ninth day of his absence Mr. Lamberson returned. The sheriff, answering a vigorous summons at the big door, found his prisoner on the stoop, his back whitened by the first November fall of snow. Mr. Lamberson stamped in cheerily and wanted to shake hands. Sheriff Snell refused, and was profane in the bargain.

"And now," he declared in conclusion, "you are going to have the zigzag suit and a cell and an extra padlock on it."

"No," stated Mr. Lamberson cheerily, "you are wrong, Sheriff. I am going back into my old quarters, and I'll keep on my own raiment. Wait a moment! I wield a somewhat trenchant pen, and I have a rather humorous story of Troy County jail to sell to the newspapers. Consider my feelings, and I'll consider yours. Let it be a truce between gentlemen. Can you afford to be the stern jailer rather than the indulgent friend?"

Sheriff Snell's hand trembled as he set the chimney back on a newly-lighted lamp. Mr. Lamberson's tone was familiar, even condescending. The sheriff felt himself in the toils of a hateful partnership, sealed by an ambiguous secret that he could not afford to break. He rebelled, but he rebelled only in his soul. He set his teeth to keep from rebelling vocally.

"I shall not leave again—you can be perfectly easy on that point," went on Mr. Lamberson. "A dreary and inclement winter is beginning." He dusted the last flakes of snow from his shoulders. "And furthermore, my business headquarters are here now. And where business is, there the heart is also."

Mr. Snell did not have the courage to make inquiries. He took up the lamp and led the way to the women's room, kindled a fire and left Mr. Lamberson placidly disrobing.

The next morning at nine Constable Roscoe Tanson, of Freedom, a dozen miles up country, drove into the jail-yard, the damp snow clinging to the wheels of his four-seated wagon. Mr. Tanson brought three tramps, their mittimuses duly signed by the Freedom trial justice. While the sheriff was assigning the prisoners to quarters, Constable Tanson sat beside the jail office stove, licking at the lead of a stubby pencil and figuring in his notebook with much content. Sheriff Snell found him there.

"How in goshfry pedro did three tramps happen to wander clear over into Freedom, away from the railroad?" the sheriff inquired, sniffing at a clew to the vague suspicions that were worrying him.

"Donno," returned Tanson. "They just drifted in, one a day. Kept 'em yarded till I got three." He did not raise his eyes from his figures. "Say, Sheriff," he ejaculated, all his attention absorbed by his own affairs, "listen to these figures, will you, and see if I've got 'em all right. It's new business to me!" He cleared his throat. "Service of warrants, fifty cents each. Travel to arrest, at twelve cents a mile, dollar forty-four. Word was sent me to come and get two of 'em—other one delivered himself. Keepin' pris'ner and 'tendin' court, seventy-five cents per twelve hours. Service of mittimuses, fifty cents each. Conveyance of pris'ner, five cents a mile, sixty cents each. Pers'nal travel accompanyin' pris'ner, twelve cents a mile, a dollar and forty-four each."

"A dollar-forty-four for all three," corrected the sheriff.

"No, s'r! That ain't the way it's been done in this county. I've had my tip. Take any old officer, and he'll tell you! Mittimuses is different dates, ain't they? County commissioners won't know the difference. It's always been done. You know how I worked for you in the campaign, Brick. Be decent! It all rests with you."

"What if they should come back on me?" stammered the sheriff, hesitating.

"Let the mittimuses talk for you! It ain't nothing out of you nor your pocket. It's only lettin' me turn an honest dollar in the winter, when my work is slack. All is, Brick, if you don't show a little decent spirit to a party worker, I'll just say time ain't any object to me in the winter. I'll bring 'em in one by one. Cost will be the same. You won't get any thanks from the taxpayers. And if you don't scratch my back, I'll be darned if I'll scratch your'n in the next county convention, when you come up for renomination."

"You talk about bringing others in one by one," said the sheriff, defending his last ditch. "You don't cal'late on making this a regular winter business, do you?" He was satirical concerning the idea of an influx of tramps into Freedom.

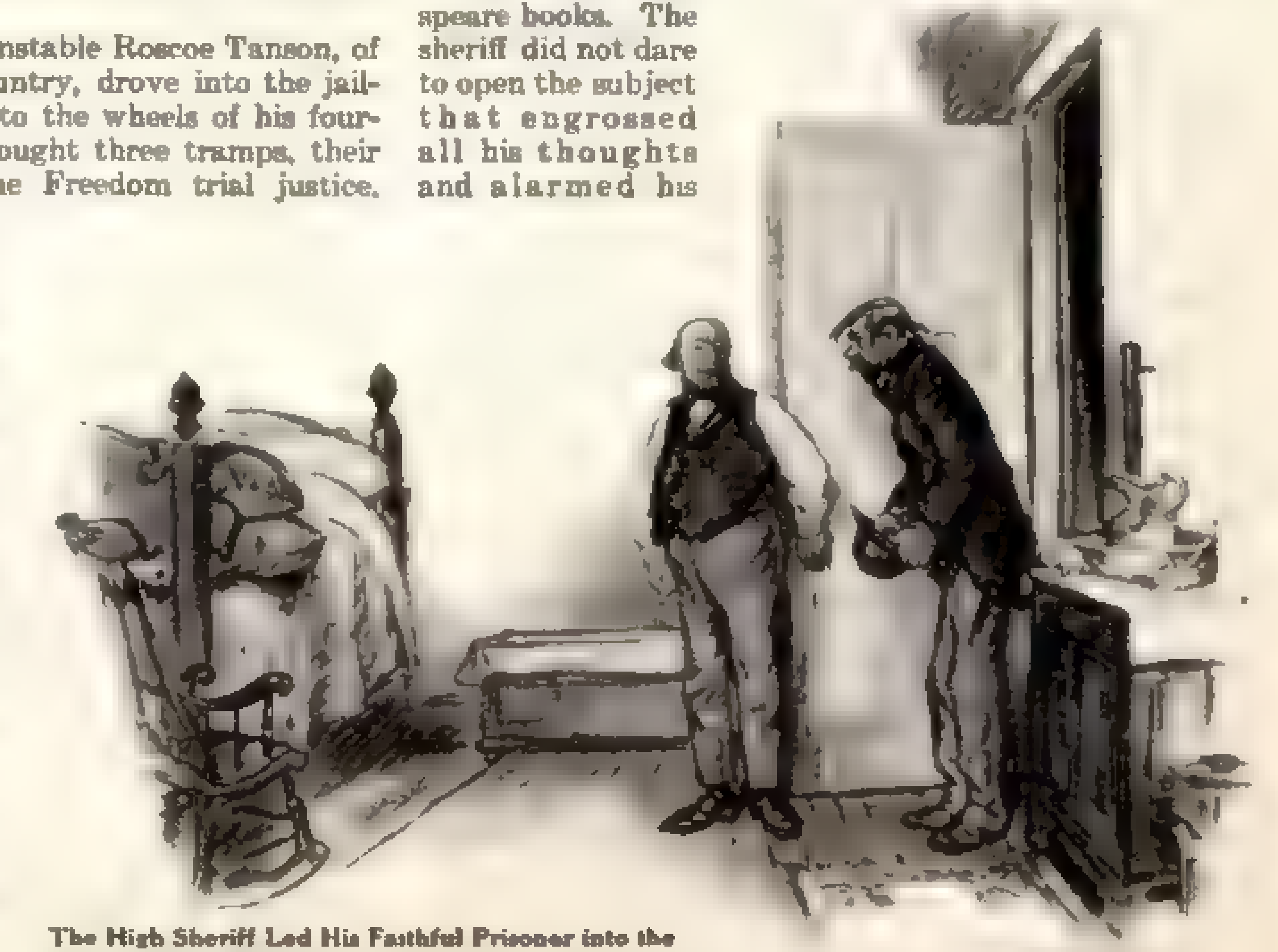
"Well, I've got three more yarded in my barn chamber already," returned Constable Tanson, cocking his eye. "Donno where they've come from. Don't care. All is, they're tramps; they've begged grub, and the law says jug 'em. I'll be along to-morrow. What say? Bunch 'em or one-by-one 'em?"

"Bunch 'em!" muttered the sheriff, shivering as he felt the touch of another coil of the octopus of Graft.

Just before noon Deputy-Sheriff Marengo Kitchen arrived from Unity with four tramps, who appeared to be taking detention with cheerful philosophy. Mr. Kitchen, an officer old in county service, did not argue the matter of the quadruplication of personal traveling expenses. He merely mentioned it as an accepted rule, nudged the sheriff with bony elbow, said that he had three more vagrants for a load on the morrow, and drove away with an official confidence in precedent there was no gainsaying.

At an early hour in the afternoon Constable Joyce Mahar, of Liberty, reported with two prisoners, each sentenced, like the earlier arrivals, to thirty days in the county jail for vagrancy. Officers from three other towns in the county arrived before nightfall with liberal consignments.

When Sheriff Snell puffed out the corridor lamps that night and slammed and locked the iron door, Troy County's twelve cells were occupied by single prisoners, and seven men slept on field beds in the corridors. The sheriff posted his books, charged up his turnkey-fees and then lighted a cigar and pondered. He had not had the advantage of a conversation with Mr. Lamberson on which to base conjecture or opinion. When he had visited the women's room on the necessary errands of the day, Mr. Lamberson had been comfortably smoking his own cigars and reading one of the Shakespeare books. The sheriff did not dare to open the subject that engrossed all his thoughts and alarmed his



The High Sheriff Led His Faithful Prisoner into the Brick House and Installed Him in the Guest-Room cautiousness. The Shakespearean student seemed to be oblivious to the sudden activity in the affairs of Troy's jail.

The next day business in the line of receipts was even livelier. It did not flag on the third day. Mr. Tanson came in on his third trip, and, after his earlier confidences and frankness with the sheriff, found it easy to enter into deeper and more intimate revelations.

"I donno yet how it is that they're flockin' this way," he said in the privacy of the office. "Perhaps, there ain't any call to know. That they're here and have to be arrested in due course of law is the principal thing." He smacked his lips. "Now, Brick, I've been free and fair with you. Be free and fair with me. When you search them tramps don't you most always find money on 'em—not much, perhaps, but some?"

"Ranges from a dollar to three," acknowledged Sheriff Snell.

"That's all right, then," said Mr. Tanson. "I didn't know but they were lyin'. It goes to show how quick business develops in these times we're livin' in now. The last tramps I've had have been chargin' me two-fifty. I didn't know but I was bein' stuck. But considerin' how far they have to walk from the railroad to get to Freedom, it ain't a bad price as things is now runnin'."

"What in the name of Sancho are you driving at now?" demanded the astonished sheriff.

"Why, it's got so that it's an auction," confessed the unruffled Mr. Tanson. "When they come past my place and say they've turned down an offer of a dollar-fifty to let themselves be arrested in Union, and can make three dollars by walkin' on to Liberty, why it's up to me to offer two-fifty and get 'em, ain't it? As long's they're just walkin' you can't arrest 'em. But for two-fifty they call on and turn tramp in Freedom. It leaves me a good margin. I ain't kickin'."

"Well, I'll be dumnation darned!" barked the horrified sheriff. "How long do you think it's going to be before the taxpayers in this county get up on their hindlegs and knock me and you and the whole official force higher'n Haman ever hung?"

"Nothin' to prove against us, only tramps' words, that wouldn't be believed, anyway, even if it wa'n't for the interest of the tramps to keep still," rejoined Mr. Tanson, wholly composed. "You can't squeal. Officers can't squeal. We have to arrest. Trial justices have to sentence. You have to keep 'em in jail. I never heard it was wrong for a man to do his official duty as it was laid before him to do. And when by doin' my duty I'm clearin' eight dollars a day and up'ards right in the dull time of the year, I'm settin' stiddy and lettin' my hair curl."

It was plain that similar philosophy characterized the official activity of the other subordinates, and Sheriff Snell resigned himself to attending strictly to his own affairs. He had no time to sit down and unravel his mental tangle.

At the end of a week, with sixty-three prisoners on his hands, he had exhausted the jail resources—and a little more. There was no longer any pretense of maintaining the ordinary jail regulations. There was no consistency in locking two and three tramps in each cell, and leaving the overplus the freedom of the corridors. The sheriff merely locked the big iron door between the office and the jail, and allowed his prisoners to roam at will within. They seemed to be a cheerful colony. They played cards, smoked interminably, chatted, joked and sang choruses. There were several fairly good speechmakers, and these added to the entertainment. Sheriff Snell occasionally found time to listen at the peek-hole in the iron door to the rather serious efforts of a debating club. By granting the privileges of a private table on which steak, pork-chops and potatoes reigned, he found a number of willing volunteers to help him in the work of the jail kitchen; he toiled early and late as chief cook.

When his resources of bedding and space failed, the three county commissioners convened in the jail office at his request. They were estimable gentlemen from the rural districts, who had never had any greater problem than the repair of county roads and bridges. They squinted through the peek-hole in turn and then stared at each other. During the hour that they spent in vain speculation as to the why and wherefore, three constables arrived with fresh consignments. Interrogated by the commissioners these prisoners unblushingly testified that they were just plain tramps engaged in tramping, and had been arrested. Beyond that deponents seemed unable to depose.

At the end of their conference, their past duties as structurists inclining them to build something, the commissioners hired carpenters and ordered a flooring built in the corridors on a level with the upper tier of cells. The double-decker resource was completed none too soon. There were one hundred and fifty-seven prisoners when the carpenters removed their tools.

At this juncture Mr. Lamberson gave over his interest in Shakespeare for a short time. Through the prisoner detailed to carry food to the women's room Mr. Lamberson summoned the sheriff, who had been avoiding a meeting for many days. Mr. Snell hurried up from the kitchen without removing his canvas apron, for the summons had been urgent. Yet Mr. Lamberson was calm and bland.

"Everything coming to suit you?" he inquired graciously. Sheriff Snell did not utter intelligible reply.

"I'm glad to hear it," went on Mr. Lamberson; "for now I have proved to you that in these days any decadent business project needs to be approached with intelligence, originality and imagination. I have put your business on its feet."

"In the name of common-sense, what kind of a shenanigan game is this, anyway?" blurted the sheriff.

"Simply a matter of promoting legitimate enterprise. There was only one way for you to make good in your office, and that was through lawful profit on the board of prisoners. I supplied the resourcefulness in which you were lacking. As a matter of fact, had the idea occurred to you, you were in no position to execute. Therefore our partnership"—the sheriff growled, but Mr. Lamberson was still amiable—"was logical and effective. You had the office. I knew 'Boston Fat' and 'New York Hunch,' and they knew the unfortunates who ask from the world only warmth, food, shelter, a little spare change and a jail without workshop attachment."

"So you framed that up that time you skipped out on me, did you?" demanded the sheriff.

"It was not difficult," explained Mr. Lamberson gently. "Especially after I had suggested the entirely new idea of taxing the constables a part of their profits, and had stated that I should remain here both as friend of the sheriff and as their representative to secure courteous treatment and such privileges as circumstances warrant. Under those conditions men who lack ambition can pass a very comfortable winter. Jailers are too often—especially in the metropolitan counties—cruel and grasping. It is a pleasure to find a snug little retreat like this. A rare discovery! No actual criminals to annoy the merely unfortunate."

Sheriff Snell was again voiceless.

"And while on this subject of kind treatment and comfort," Mr. Lamberson went on, "I will say that I promised them two chicken dinners per week. You will furnish one as a testimonial of appreciation for continued patronage. They will pass the hat among themselves for the other. In fact, I think for purposes of more thorough control of our internal affairs and for the regulation of perquisites, we should organize as a club."

"By the jumped-up Judeas I-scarrot," bellowed the sheriff, "who is running this jail—you or me?" He stood up and vibrated a smutty finger under Mr. Lamberson's nose. "You've gone to work and poulticed yourself on to me. I said things! I know I said things. But you didn't have any right to take advantage of 'em. But it's gone just as far as it's going. You ain't going to put me into any hole."

"You're in it;" replied Mr. Lamberson. He patted the nearest volume of Shakespeare. "A sheriff, like Cæsar's wife, should be above suspicion. Now note!"

He began his hateful enumeration on his chubby fingers.

"Your situation was well known. Your jail was empty. I came here. We discussed the matter. You allowed me to leave for a few days."

Sheriff Snell swore protestingly.

"I insist—I shall insist—understand?—that you allowed me to leave the jail for a time in order to perfect plans. Here are the results. Self-evident facts. You may say what you will. Facts will speak louder, though you bellow like the bull of Bashan. The populace likes to believe the worst regarding officials—give the populace one hint. Without that hint the populace will merely behold you doing your duty. Populace will wonder. Wonderment does no harm. If you start in to explain to populace—well, I wonder just how you would start in to explain!"

The corrugated brow of Sheriff Snell indicated that he, too, was wondering. He turned from rancorous survey of the serene Mr. Lamberson to note the arrival of two more wagonloads of prisoners in the jail yard.

"I have arranged for about two hundred, Mr. Sheriff." Mr. Lamberson gazed out of the window placidly. "Now for your business and mine—our strictly private and mutual affairs. I had thought of a percentage on net receipts. But that would entail bookkeeping and possibly disputes, and we cannot afford to have misunderstandings. Therefore you will hand to me each Saturday evening fifty dollars."

When the sheriff smote the little table with hairy fist half the volumes of Shakespeare danced off upon the floor. He trod them underfoot as he strode up to Mr. Lamberson. That gentleman did not retreat.

"I have enumerated the reasons why you will not admit the populace to your confidence, Mr. Sheriff," he said. "To prove that you owe me fifty dollars every Saturday night I should merely enumerate the same reasons. Shall I reënumerate?"

Mr. Snell whirled, kicked The Comedy of Errors to left and Love's Labor Lost to right, and stamped out of the room.

"Remember that this is Saturday," called Mr. Lamberson.

At eight o'clock that evening Sheriff Snell "remembered." He flung a packet in at the door of the women's room, then promptly banged the door shut with a slam that shook the windows.

The next day, being a Sunday, fricasseed chicken was served to the inmates of Troy County jail.

The one who, of all others, cleaned out his tin plate most gustfully was old "Curly" Erskine, committed on Saturday for the same bibulous offense.

"Well," said Mr. Erskine in the husky tone of repletion, "I've been here sixteen times, and I've never seen it so sociable as it is now. I was intending to emigrate to a county where a man serving sixty days wouldn't have his tongue dry up and drop off for want of some one to talk to. But when I heard of how things had braced up I reckoned it would suit me all right." He whiffed his breath between his teeth to dislodge meat shreds, and cuffed at his pockets one after the other.

"Hain't you got anything to smoke, pardner?" inquired one of his new friends. And seeing that Mr. Erskine lacked everything, except the hankering, they promptly fitted him out with pipe and tobacco, and a prisoner obligingly scratched a match and held it.

"No, s'r, I certainly never see it so sociable," repeated Mr. Erskine, quacking sturdily at his pipe-stem. "And I wish as a sociable man I could do something to show you all how I feel. This always seems like home to me, and now it almost seems like you all was friends a-visitin'."

For the next two hours he wandered among them with the air of a courteous host, continually mumbling his desire to "do something for them."

Suddenly he had a flash of inspiration that made him reel.

There was nothing pertaining to and concerned with liquor in Troy County—its uses, abuses, hide, hoard or habitat—that Mr. Erskine didn't know. He was equally familiar with every nook, hole and corner in Troy County jail. Now, what was directly to the point, he reflected that the "rum-room," where the enforcement constables stored confiscated contraband, was a cellar of the jail wing. Many a time in the past he had droolingly surveyed the paving in a corner of the corridor and pondered on the possibilities that a little strength, determination and digging would yield to a thirsty man. The enervated Mr. Erskine gazed on his husky friends, and knew that at last realization of a dream was present.

At nine o'clock that evening Sheriff Snell puffed out the big lamps. At nine-fifteen there was silent but resolute activity in the corner of the corridor, Mr. Erskine directing with hoarse whispers, and "weaving" on his slippered feet like a caged animal. At ten-fifteen of the clock jugs, bottles and demijohns were ascending through a hole in the floor, passed on from grimy hand to grimy hand. At eleven o'clock a glare of lamplight sifted through the barred windows upon the glinting snow, and Uncle Jason Witherell, standing amazed at his chamber window, expressed to his wife the opinion, generally shared by the neighborhood, that "hell was loose on Jail Hill."

At about that time Sheriff Snell started to address his guests through the peek-hole in the iron door. That he did not enter the jail might have been because he was scantily attired. It may have been caution. It certainly was caution that controlled him after a dozen empty bottles smashed on the door in close proximity to the peek-hole. Mr. Snell had as little taste for music as he had for humor or literature. Therefore, his vigil in the jail office was not cheered by the roaring iteration of We Won't Go Home Until Morning. He reflected in calm prose that if they did have a home to go to he would be willing to make it worth their while to go there—and something handsome, at that. The question of finance no longer interested him. As high sheriff of Troy County a deeper problem confronted him—the problem of what to do with two hundred drunken irresponsibles whom he was expected to discipline.

At daybreak they began to bellow for another chicken dinner in tones that made the windows quiver. They were not demanding chicken as a particular diet when the county commissioners arrived, along toward noon. They were howling for anything eatable, for, in his apprehensive prudence and remembering the bottles, Sheriff Snell had not dared to open as much as the peek-hole.

"We must recollect that this is an old jail," faltered one of the commissioners; "I'm afraid they're goin' to break out and escape."

"I'll mo'gidge my home place and pay 'em well if they'll break out and won't stop runnin' till they're in the next county," the sheriff barked. His eyes were red-rimmed for lack of sleep, and his tousled hair showed where his stubby fingers had been clutched in it.

"The first thing you've got to do, Sheriff, is stop that all-fired touse in there," said one of the commissioners with decision. "It's making a scandal. The whole village is up about it."

"Stop it how?" demanded Sheriff Snell, with heat.

"That's none of our business. The discipline of this jail is in your hands. It's up to you to take away what's left of that liquor and restore order and quiet."

"Well, how? Tell me how!" roared the sheriff, mightily exasperated. "Do you think I'm Samson or a lion-tamer? Ain't you got any common-sense?"

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THE COUNTESS DIANE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

PART II

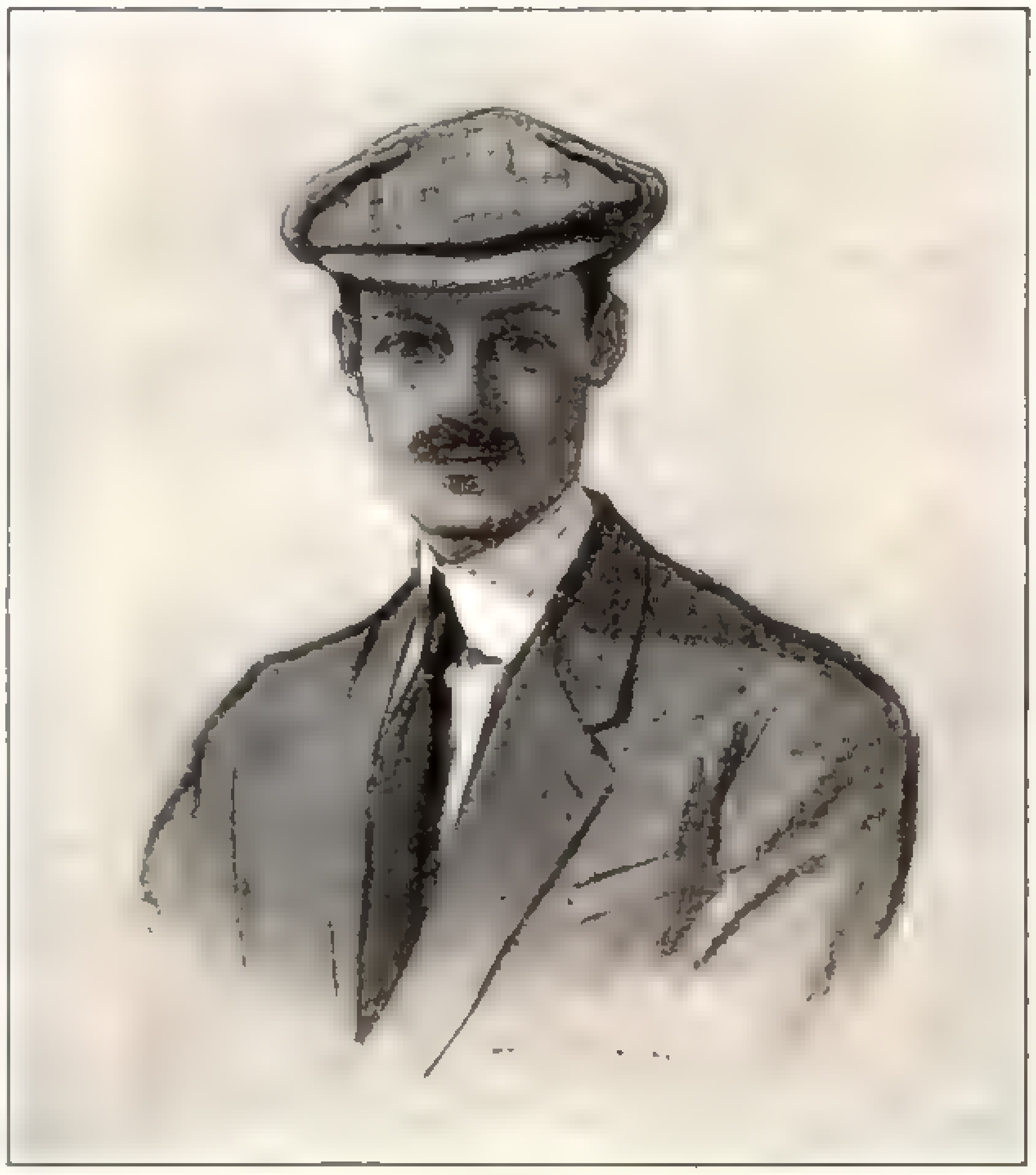
IT WAS growing dark when the big touring car swung out upon the Benodet road, so Deane stopped and Smalley got down and lit the lamps.

"There have been several cars past here," he observed, glancing at the road.

"There is no use in trying to pick up his trail till we get to Rosporden," said Deane. "He is almost sure to go that way. What *I* think is that he will put up for the night at some obscure little place along the road. He will hardly attempt to drive that box straight through to Paris. Jump in and we will unhook a little speed."

Mr. Smalley complied. Deane proceeded to unhook until the powerful engines which had seemed to fret and kick and hammer at restraint settled down with a droning hum to their splendid work, and the big car swept on until the wind began to tear past the well-protected faces of the two men and the kilometre stones fled by, seventy, eighty, ninety and even a hundred to the hour where a good, clean tangent, unmarred by curve or too much grade, gave opportunity. But for the most part their course was a series of swift rushes and quick slowings of speed, for the road, while fine, like all French roads, was hilly and often tortuous.

On they flew, the motor running like a watch and the powerful light holding up for sharp inspection every minute detail of the roadbed. They skimmed along high ridges where the country beneath lay dark and mysterious, with tiny lights pricking out the resting hamlets; they plunged into sombre forests where the searchlights seemed to bore a blazing hole between the tree-trunks for the passage of the car; they dipped into fragrant valleys where the witch-mist hung from the willows and a trout-stream splashed noisily over its rocky bed. Almost before they realized that they were fairly started Rosporden was reached, and there they learned that their quarry had passed through and turned northward on leaving the village.



Deane

"That settles it," said Deane. "He's going by the Côtes du Nord. That means a wild run through some very rough country. He can never have been through there or he wouldn't tackle it in that Bois de Boulogne limousine!"

"All the better for us," said Smalley. "He will be easier to trail, and we will catch him all the sooner."

"He will probably skirt along the edge of the Montagnes Noires, then strike across for Lamballe," said Deane, shoving up his speed as the powerful car vigorously breasted a long up-grade. "We will have to make our big gains hill-climbing; the turns in the road hold down our speed on the levels."

The lights of a village twinkled out ahead, and the big horn blared out its warning. This and the terrifying roar of the motor as Deane opened up the muffler had cleared the main street even before it was set blazing in the twin beams of the powerful reflectors, and they swept through like a cyclone in a chaos of reverberations, thrown back by the double row of buildings and a syncopated chorus of barks and cries.

"We mustn't get arrested!" shouted Smalley.

"Never mind if we do!" answered Deane. "You will not know anything about it until you get back to Paris, and then all that you have to do is to pay!"

The next village they approached more quietly, and on stopping to inquire at several places learned that the other car had preceded them by half an hour.

"That 'cross-country hack has got speed possibilities you wouldn't credit her with," said Smalley. "Must have a husky old engine!"

"He's done well," admitted Deane. "I wouldn't care to drive the thing up and down these hills as he must have. He is evidently in a hurry, and he wants to get off the main routes. I don't like it—not one bit." And once again the speed was lifted until Smalley, who was not driving, began to think about his soul. Being, however, possessed of a certain philosophy, it suddenly occurred to him that he had not dined, and reaching in his pocket he hauled out the light lunch prepared by Corentine, and munched away with the consoling reflection that a man meets death as cheerfully on a full stomach as upon an empty one.

Having eaten and refreshed himself Mr. Smalley insisted upon taking his turn at driving, and Deane was reluctantly forced to comply. Being too excited to eat or drink, he sat and stared ahead at the swiftly unfolding road until the whole became a swimming void, against which appeared the ravishing picture of the Countess Diane.

Wilder and more rugged grew the country. Great tumbling hills barren of trees reared blackly against the sombre sky. The road grew steeper and more tortuous, sometimes skirting a forest-filled valley from which arose the sullen roar of a cataract, or winding across bleak moorland covered with bracken and studded with black granite boulders. It was the poorest and most desolate part of France, and such houses as they passed were mere hovels thrown up upon the roadside. Amidst these most depressing surroundings, where but little work was to be expected of the *cantonniers*, they began to have tire troubles, and lost almost an hour in shifting and mending inner tubes.

By midnight they were getting into a better country again, and were encouraged to learn from a pedler whom they overtook that the other car was less than three-quarters of an hour ahead.

"Looks as if he were holding straight on for the coast," said Deane. "Perhaps he's got a house of his own somewhere."

At Lamballe, which they reached shortly after midnight, they learned that the other car had just preceded them, the chauffeur inquiring for the road to Dinan. Two kilometres outside the town, as they emerged from a heavy grove of chestnuts they saw on a turn ahead a bright beam of light which blazed out, spraying the treetops with a weird, unearthly brilliance.

"There he is!" cried Smalley.

"He has stopped," answered Deane.

"What shall we do?" Mr. Smalley threw out the clutch and let the car roll down the incline.

"Stop a little this side and let me go and talk to him. He might recognize you."

About fifty paces behind the other car Mr. Smalley brought his car to a stop and Deane stepped down and walked ahead. Two dark figures were in the road at the side of the car, and the artist saw that the left hind-wheel was jacked up and that the smaller man was breaking out his extra shoe.

"You are in difficulty, Monsieur?" inquired Deane, saluting.

"We have torn a shoe on these accursed flints," answered the big man, somewhat stiffly saluting in turn.

"Perhaps we can be of service," said Deane, stepping to the side of the car.

"If Monsieur is not in haste," said the chauffeur, "he could accommodate us greatly by the loan of his pump. The valves of our own leak badly."

"With pleasure," said Deane. "We are in no hurry whatever."

He walked back to where Mr. Smalley was waiting in some excitement.

"They want to borrow our pump," said Deane. "I can't see into the limousine very well, but there is some one inside. Just wait here and if you get a cue from me don't stop to ask questions. Of course," he concluded as he pulled out the pump, "if you hear a row you don't need to wait to be introduced."

"All right, Professor," answered Mr. Smalley cheerfully. "Give me a cigar and then bulge in."

Taking the pump Deane returned to the other car. The Russian had mounted to the driver's seat, where he sat muttering impatiently at the delay and tugging at his heavy mustache.

"*Merci, Monsieur*," he said shortly. "You are most kind. As soon as we have finished I will send my man back with the pump."

"It is nothing," answered Deane, ignoring the implied suggestion that he return and wait in his own car. "Perhaps I can be of further assistance."

"There is nothing more, thank you," growled the Russian. Deane, apparently not noticing his gruffness, walked around the car as if inspecting it. He did not fail to observe the owner's nervous irritation at his lingering.

"*Vite—vite!*" he snarled at his mechanician.

"*Oui, oui, Monsieur!*" panted the frightened man.

"You have a very heavy car for this country," observed Deane casually. He stepped forward to look at the carosserie. The Russian made a quick, involuntary gesture as though to stop him, then recovered himself and swore beneath his breath.

Deane's eyes tried to pierce the gloom within the vehicle, but all that he could distinguish was a dark mass of rugs in the far corner. He stepped close to the side of the car as if to get a shield from the wind, placed a cigar between his lips and, with his face close to the window, struck a fusee. It flared up brilliantly, being one of the kind made to use in the wind.

"*Sacré!*" growled the Russian in a low fury.

"*Pardon?*" mumbled Deane, without turning. He shielded the match with his hands and threw the light directly into the vehicle, looked quickly inside, and then, flicking away the match, turned to the Russian.

"May I offer Monsieur a cigar?" he asked. His voice was composed, but his heart was hammering furiously, for in the quick, upward flare of the match he had caught a glimpse of a white face and two wild, terror-stricken eyes. But what had roused the fighting-blood of the young man was the sight of a crimson smear which crossed the forehead and ran down the pallid face.

"*Merci! merci!*" growled the Russian, with a brusque, negative gesture of his gauntleted hand. "I cannot smoke and drive!" He turned to the chauffeur, who had adjusted the shoe and was connecting the pump. "Hurry, you fool! Hurry, I tell you!"

Deane's mind was working rapidly, grasping plans for a rescue only to throw them aside. He realized the need of swift action, for the chauffeur had almost finished inflating the tire. Presently the man paused an instant.

"*Eh bien!*" snarled his master, who supposed that he had finished. "Start the motor."

The man dropped the pump to crank the engine, which started off with a roar.

"*Dépêchez!*" snarled the Russian. "Give the gentleman his pump and get into the limousine!"

"One moment, Monsieur!" cried the man, and started to violently pump the final remaining strokes. But with the Russian's last few words Deane had all at once received his cue. He hurried back to Mr. Smalley.

"Get down!" whispered Deane fiercely. "Get down, and when this fellow comes with the pump, grab him and stop his mouth. Grab him and stop his mouth, d'you hear?"

The quick-witted Mr. Smalley swung his long, muscular frame lightly to the ground.

"All right!" said he, and slipped quickly out of his ulster; "but look out how you mix it up with the big brute, Archie!"

"Never mind me—I'll be all right. Here he comes now. Just you grab him and stop his gawp; I'll take care of my end." Even as he spoke he saw the man pick up the pump and come running toward them.

"*V'la, Monsieur. Merci!*" he panted, breathless from his violent exertions. He held out the pump, and the next instant found himself flat upon his back in the road, with Mr. Smalley on top of him and that gentleman's cap smothering the very scanty breath which he had left.

Without even waiting to see that his friend had the upper hand, Deane turned and ran toward the other car, which had already started ahead under its first speed. The noise of the motor would have quite drowned any cries which might have escaped from the unfortunate chauffeur.

"Get in, pig!" snarled the Russian, without looking around.

Deane wrenched open the door and plunged in headlong. At the same time the car sprang forward and threw him against a figure enveloped in a long, heavy ulster.

"*Pardon,*" he muttered, trying to extricate himself. His efforts were assisted with more force than politeness by a vigorous thrust from a strong, young pair of arms.

"Get in front, where you belong!" said a fierce but musical voice from the corner. "I will not have you in here!"

Deane clambered into the seat beside the girl.

"Do not make a noise, Mademoiselle," said he. "I am not the chauffeur."

"Not the chauffeur? Who are you, then?"

"I am an American—an artist," answered Deane, feeling slightly foolish, although he could not have told why. "You are the Countess Diane Roubanoff, are you not?"

"And if I am?" answered the low, passionate voice. "Is that any reason why I should have strange men tumbling in beside me?"

"Please, do not speak so loud," said Deane desperately, adding, "You don't seem to understand. I have come to rescue you!"

There was a moment's pause, then a cold voice said in perfect English:

"But I do *not* understand. Why should an American artist want to rescue me?"

"Why—eh—because ——" stammered Deane in some embarrassment. "Don't you want to be rescued? One would naturally expect a woman who has been forcibly abducted to want to be rescued."

"But who *are* you?" whispered the girl tensely, "and *why* are you so determined to rescue me!"

"I can't very well explain now," said Deane, speaking almost aloud in his vexation. "I should have brought my passport, I suppose. The point is, *do* you want to be rescued? Because if you do I'll arrange it, and if not I'll apologize for my intrusion and clear out."

"What are you talking about?" whispered the girl. "How are you going to arrange it?"

"You leave that to me. My car is following just behind us, and all we have to do is to get out of this and into that. We thought, *of course,* you'd want to be rescued, your cousin Sam and I."

"My cousin *who?*"

"Your cousin, Sam Smalley. He's an American—related to you on your mother's side. You probably never saw him," mumbled Deane. "I *must* say, it seems a bit ungrateful of you, after all the work we've had ——"

"I'm sorry," said the girl, "but it's all very puzzling. At any rate, anything is better than being in the power of that beast!" she added with a burst of passion. "You may rescue me, please. What do you want me to do?"

"*Sh-h!*" said Deane, "he is looking back."

The Russian had been driving very slowly and looking back from time to time, evidently wondering what had detained the other car. If he noticed the mumble of voices from the limousine, which was improbable owing to the noise of the motor, he made no sign. Presently, he started ahead, and Deane noticed that the motor was not running smoothly and that one of the cylinders kept "missing."

"Who is that man and why did he kidnap you?" he asked, in a low voice.

"He is my legal guardian," said the Countess in a strained voice. "He wants to get me to Russia before I become of age, which will be in less than a month, as he knows that otherwise he will never get me there at all." The last words came from between the girl's set teeth.

"In that case," said the artist, "we will attempt to fool him. But we will have to be quick. That engine is going to buck in a minute."

"To what?"

"To stop. When he slows down on the next hill I will open the door. Then, when he shifts his gears, we will slip out and wait for my car. He will not hear us for the racket."

To the amazement of the artist the Countess leaned back and broke into a soft, rippling laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Deane suspiciously.

"What a lark!" she whispered, her lips close to his ear. "I would give a good deal to see Ivan Kharkof's face when he finds that he has been driving an empty car."

"Is that Prince Kharkof?" asked Deane quickly.

"Yes. Did you not know? He is a terrible man. Don't you think that you had better change your mind?"

"I know him by reputation," said Deane doggedly; "and what I know makes me all the more determined to get you out of his hands. Isn't this a hill in front of us?"

A black rampart loomed suddenly ahead, and presently the pitch of the car and the labored beat of the engine told them that they had begun to climb. The Prince had gone back to "second," and presently Deane saw his bulky figure reach forward again for the speed-lever. The car was almost at a stop.

"Come, be ready!" he whispered, and as the Prince shifted the gears with much grinding of cogs and curses at the transmission, Deane threw open the door and slipped to the ground. The Countess was about to follow when, suddenly, the Prince turned and looked directly at him.

"Look also at the tires on the other side," he growled. Deane, grasping the situation, fell behind the car for a moment, then sprang back upon the running-board.

"*Bon, Monsieur!*" he panted.

The Prince paid no attention to him, but continued cursing the motor. The car was moving ahead at the speed of a rapid walk. Deane was afraid each moment that the motor would stop. He thrust his head inside the car.

"Come!" he whispered.

"We are going too fast," said the Countess.

"No, we're not. Come!"

The Countess slipped out and into the arms which Deane reached toward her. The manœuvre was well timed for their escape, if not for their comfort, as at the same moment the Prince shifted to the next speed ahead. The Countess was flung into the arms of the artist with such violence as to throw him on his back in the road.

The Countess scrambled to her feet. She gazed for a moment after the rapidly dwindling red light of the car, then looked down at Deane and laughed.

"*Me voilà!* I am rescued!" she cried mockingly. "You are not hurt?"

"Only in my pride," said the artist, scrambling up. "I did not mean to conduct your rescue in precisely that way."

"At least," said the Countess, "it appears to be effective. Now, if you please, my cousin and the motor-car, for I am barefooted, very, very hungry, and"—she yawned—"it is long past my bedtime."

"Good gracious! do you mean to say that you are standing there on your bare feet!" cried the horrified artist. "Let me carry you up to the top of that bank, and we will wait there for our car."

"Thank you," replied the Countess, "but I have been carried enough for one day. I fought horribly when Ivan caught me, but all that I accomplished by it was to scratch my forehead on his scarfpin. He has the strength of a bear, that man!"

Ignoring the protests of the young man the Countess picked her way daintily across the road. Once or twice when a pebble came beneath her foot she gave a little "*aie!*" the cry of French children when hurt. But on reaching the bank, which was rough and bushy, she paused and looked despairingly at the artist.

"Can't we sit here and wait?" she asked.

"It would not be safe," said Deane. "The Prince is apt to miss us and return at any moment. You must let me carry you up to the trunk of that big tree. You cannot walk, because it is a chestnut and the ground will be covered with burs."

"I will do nothing of the sort," replied the Countess angrily, the unshod condition of her small foot alone preventing her from stamping it viciously. "I have been mauled and hauled about enough! If it is a question of being carried I will stop where I am!"

Deane slipped off his ulster and spread it upon the ground.

"Sit down, please," said he, "and we will see if we can't rig you up some sort of *pantoufles.* Take these big gauntlets of mine and our mufflers."

"That is a good plan," said the Countess. "You are really quite an intelligent person, after all!"

Declining the young man's assistance the girl quickly improvised a pair of moccasins; then taking Deane's hand the two scrambled up the bank and seated themselves with their backs against the big chestnut. A fringe of bushes screened them from the road and behind them there appeared to be a forest. From below them in the wooded darkness there came the noise of running water.

"Have you anything to eat and drink in your car?" asked the Countess. "I am dying of hunger and thirst."

"Poor lady," said Deane; "did he starve you also?" He reached into his pocket and pulled out the sandwiches and chicken prepared by Corentine, and which in the excitement of the chase he had quite forgotten.

"Here is some lunch which I brought for you, and while you are examining it I will go to that spring I hear and get you some water."

The Countess accepted the sandwiches with the grateful philosophy of a trained campaigner, and the artist departed in quest of water. After a somewhat precarious journey to the bottom of a glen, dark as a pocket and sown with mossy rocks and the toughest of briers, he returned with the cover of his flask and the inverted top of his leathern cap filled with water.

"That in the flask-cover is to drink," he explained, "and the other is for the bath. If you will let me wash your face I think that it may save your cousin Sam a shock!"

The Countess dropped the cup which she had just emptied, and stared at him in angry bewilderment.

"Wash my face! What do you mean? *Wash my face!*"

"Yes," said Deane. "It's smeared with blood from the scratch on your forehead ——"

"Oh, is it? What a fright I must be! I'm glad it's dark." The Countess quickly erased the stains of the fray, then leaned back against the tree and yawned.

"I am almost asleep," she said. "What do you suppose has delayed your car? Perhaps, cousin Sam has got discouraged and gone back to bed!" She smothered with difficulty another yawn. "I wonder what makes me so sleepy."

"You have been through enough to make you a bit jaded," said Deane dryly. "The wonder is that you haven't nervous prostration, and heart disease, and pneumonia, and croup, and——"

"Oh, nonsense! I'm not made of *meringue!* I think that it is the speed of the car which makes it so—hard—to keep awake ——"

The sleepy words seemed more and more difficult. Deane glanced at her and saw that the pretty head with its great, ruffled mane of hair was nodding farther and farther. Suddenly the Countess pitched forward, then recovered herself with an effort.

"What ——?" she asked drowsily. "If you don't mind I think—that I will—will ——" and again the head bobbed forward.

Deane arose quietly and threw his heavy ulster over her, then seating himself with his back propped against the tree he drew the Countess gently down until she was resting with her head above his knee. The change of position roused her, but not to wakefulness.

"What ——?" she murmured. "Yes, thank you—warm enough ——" And with a gentle sigh the Countess Diane lapsed into a deep and restful oblivion.

Deane turned up his coat-collar, shoved his hands deep into the side pockets of his jacket, and settled down to wait. He did not dare to doze for fear that Mr. Smalley, flying on his trail, might slip past before he could hail him.

The night grew old, the silence deepened, if this were possible, and remained unbroken by the distant beat of machinery for which the soul of the artist so yearned. Yet he was not unhappy. He was chilled, to be sure, for although midsummer the air was keen, and he was very hungry, for the Countess had thoughtlessly eaten his supper, light at the best. Also the Countess was snugly wrapped in his ulster, had been given the remaining swallow of brandy left in his flask, and was wearing his buckskin gauntlets upon her dainty feet. In spite of all this, or, more truthfully, because of it, the spirits of the artist never drooped, his sole concern being the non-appearance of Mr. Smalley and the motor-car.

The Countess never stirred. Her soft, long respirations told of a deep and refreshing sleep. Possibly, the artist dozed unconsciously, as it did not seem long to him before the first mysterious light of the early summer dawn began to etch out the perspectives. Then sound seemed born again; cocks crowed in the distance, he heard the lowing of cattle, the peevish, early-morning barking of a dog, and sleepy twitterings and chirpings arose in the foliage overhead. Soon peasant carts began to pass, heading toward Lamballe, and Deane remembered that it was a market day. Lighter it grew; the chirpings in the forest ripened into song. Three and four horse tandems passed down the road in a long procession; peasants trudged along afoot, some shoving *voitures à bras.* It seemed to the artist, now thoroughly congealed, that the sun would never rise. The pretty head of the Countess as seen in the fresh, early light was ravishing as ever, but its weight had now assumed ponderosity, and Deane was sure that his left side was paralyzed from the waist down.

Then suddenly the sun burst up over the treetops, almost with an anthem in the glory of a perfect morning. Deane felt his heart expand. He looked long and earnestly at the Countess, whose sleep was obviously lighter. Her cheek was resting on her hand; the rich hair, ruddy in the golden light, had broken from its last restraint and tumbled over her neck and shoulders. There was a faint flush upon her cheek, and the long lashes, several tones darker than her hair, swept down in a perfect arc. The short and slightly *retroussé* nose and pouting lips wore the expression seen on the face of a sleeping child, innocent, untroubled, confident.

Up came the sun, high over the treetops, and gazed warmly into the Countess' face. Deane laughed to see the way in which she wrinkled up her pretty nose as if to sneeze. Then she did sneeze, and promptly awoke. Up went the long lashes, the vivid blue eyes looked straight into his with a curious expression of sleepy indifference.

Then, as he watched, charmed and interested at the awakening, full consciousness blazed up in their depths, and the Countess thrust herself quickly upward with her strong, young arms.

"*Mon Dieu!* Where am I?" she cried.

Deane looked at her smilingly, but did not reply. The different stages of her returning consciousness from deep sleep were too pretty to interrupt.

She stared up into his face, and as she did so a great wave of color flooded her own. Her eyes fell; then she glanced up at him shyly and began to laugh. Deane joined, and for a minute or two they gave themselves up to mirth.

"*Ciel!*" cried the Countess. "What a situation!" She clasped her hands in a horror which was part real, part mockery. "Where is the motor-car—and my cousin Sam?"

"That is what I have been asking myself all night, Countess," answered Deane. "He has either got *en panne* or 'left the road.' Sam would never quit the trail as long as a wheel would turn!"

"I hope cousin Sam is not hurt," said the Countess demurely. "But what are we to do?"

"We must certainly get to Dinan to-day," said Deane. "It must be fifty kilometres from here, which is too far to drive, but we are quite near Lamballe, and I happen to know that there is a train which leaves there for Dinan at about five in the afternoon, as I passed through en route from St. Brieuc not long ago."

"But I can't travel this way!" cried the Countess. "I have not even a hair-ribbon!"

Mr. Deane reached his hand in his pocket and produced the black velvet bow which he had picked up on the beach the day before.

"Permit me to supply you with one," said he with a smile.

"It is my own!" cried the Countess. "Where did you find it?"

"On the beach. It is a long story, and just now present history is far more important. It has occurred to me that if you are to escape recapture a disguise will be necessary. The Prince could not have gone far before discovering your escape, and he will rake this part of the country with a fine-toothed comb. How would you like to be a peasant girl for a few hours?"

"I would be anything for a few hours rather than be caught!" replied the Countess. "I think that a peasant's costume might be rather chic. All that I have on beneath this ulster is a tattered old gown made for garden fêtes!"

"The Prince," said Deane, "thinks, no doubt, that you have bribed his chauffeur to help you to escape. He has no reason to suspect me, so his spies will be looking for you and the man. Now, if I could get you a peasant costume it would be a very effective disguise, as we would pass for an artist and his—eh—model."

"Oh, indeed!" said the Countess shortly.

"If I can get the costume," continued Deane, "I would stop one of these peasant women and engage her services as a maid. She would show you how to wear the thing."

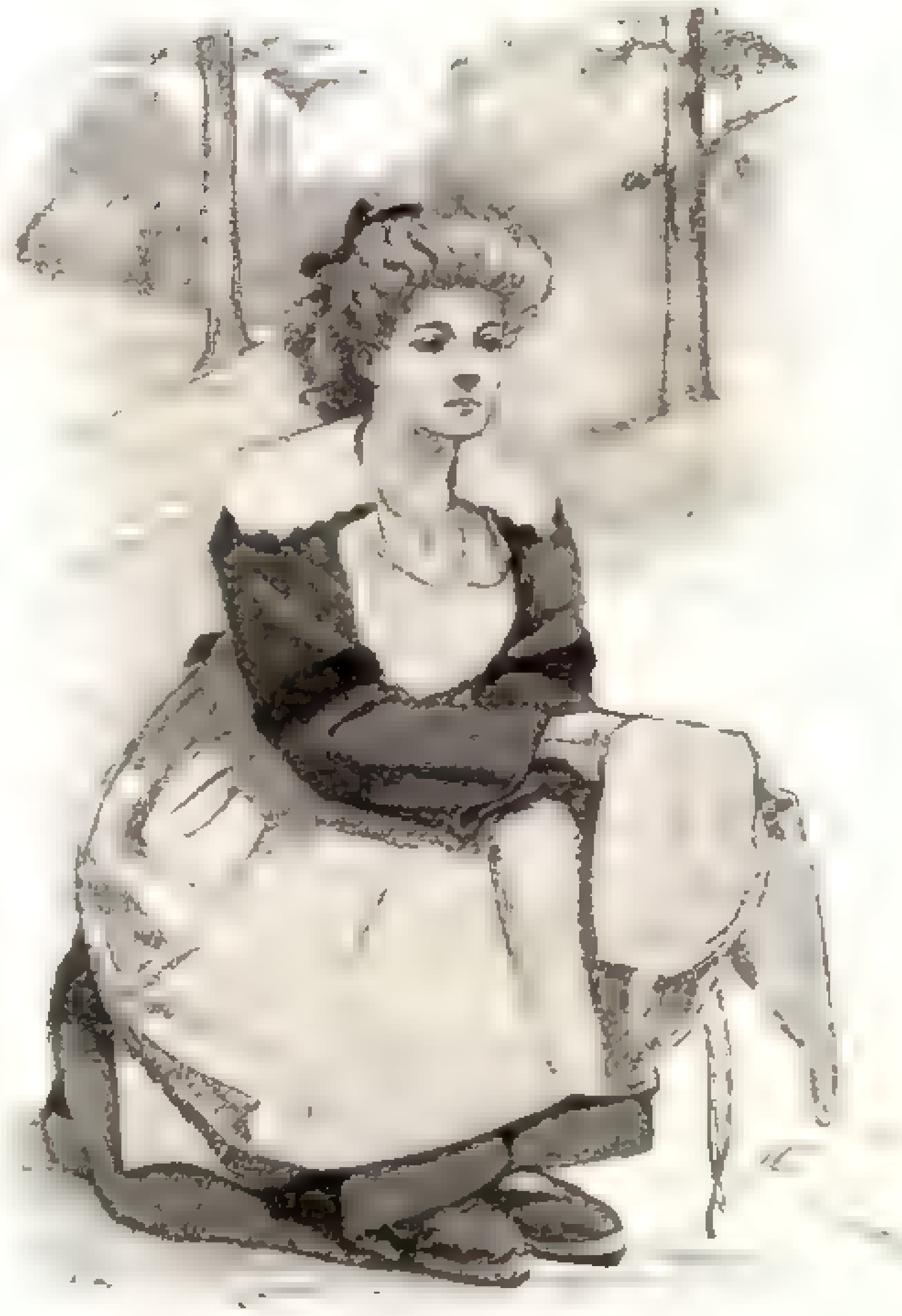
As they were discussing the question there came toiling up the road one of the big pedlers' wagons so often met with in the provinces. Deane descended and explained to the pedler that he was an artist and had need of a complete peasant costume for his model. This the man was able to supply, and the artist also purchased some shoes and stockings, carrying up an assortment from which the Countess made her selection. Last of all he requisitioned from the merchant's private store some bread and cheese, eggs, coffee and a piece of sausage.

"First of all," said the young man, as he returned to the Countess, "we will go down to the brook and cook our breakfast. After that I will engage the services of a maid, when you can retire to the sylvan depths and change your costume while I am taking a nap."

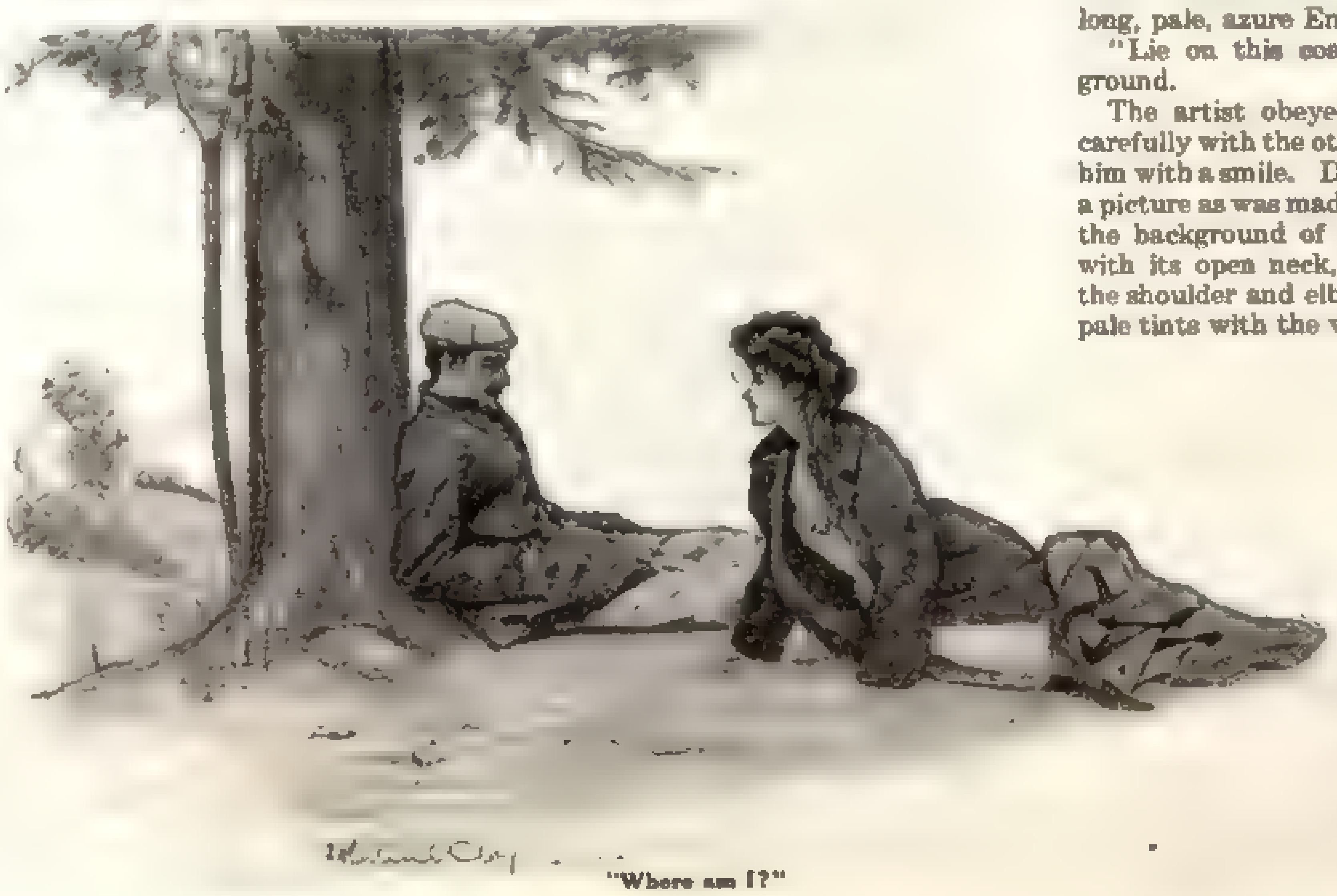
He kindled a tiny fire on the edge of the brook and set some water to boil in one of the little tin pails which he had bought for the purpose. The Countess watched his preparations with the deepest interest.

"Being kidnaped is very stimulating to the appetite," she sighed as she curled up upon the moss and waited for the water to boil. "You have no idea how good those things tasted last night."

She stopped suddenly and glanced at the artist with a startled look. "Did you have anything to eat? Was that your supper?" she asked quickly.



"How Do I Look?" She Asked



"Where am I?"

"Oh, yes—lots——" began the young man. The Countess looked at him searchingly.

"I do not believe you!" said she slowly, a troubled look in her sapphire eyes. "You have an awfully 'gone' look! Tell me, on your word of honor, did you have anything to eat last night?"

"Eh—now that you mention it," began Deane apologetically, "I believe I did overlook it. You see, motoring fast always has a very peculiar effect upon me. Quite takes away my appetite—thought of food becomes absolutely repulsively——"

"I am a beast!" interrupted the Countess. She arose to her feet, and walking to where the artist was coaxing the fire with tiny twigs, stood looking down at him intently.

"I wish to know something more," said she.

"What," said Deane, breaking a fagot upon his knee.

"Look at me, please!"

The artist looked up defiantly. The blue eyes of the Countess were fixed upon him with a singular intentness of expression, which for some reason set the young man's heart to beating wildly.

"Did you get any sleep last night?" asked the girl.

"Sleep? Oh, my, yes—plenty——"

"I do not believe you! You were in precisely the same position when I awakened—and I had your ulster over me—and your lips were blue. You would not have dared to go to sleep for fear the car might pass. What makes those dark circles under your eyes? I am a beast!"

"No, you're not; you are a dead game sport!"

"A what?"

"A brave young person with the disposition of an angel! Most women would be calling me fighting-names for luring them into a mess like this! Stop calling yourself a beast, and clear off that flat stone for a breakfast-table!"

The Countess did not stir. "How did you happen to rescue me?" she asked. "You took your life in your hands, getting into that car! What made you want to do it?"

"Go over there and sit down, and I will tell you while the eggs are b'ilin'; you make me nervous. I'm afraid you may get on fire."

The Countess gave him another look, then slowly obeyed. In a few brief words Mr. Deane related the whole series of events.

"It is very wonderful!" she murmured, when he had finished. "But I don't understand now what made you so determined to rescue me."

"My friends would call it my meddlesome nature."

"Was it that?" The Countess' deep blue eyes regarded him curiously.

"Partly."

"What else?"

"Call it chivalry, if you like," said Deane mockingly. "There is still a little left. Here—have an egg?"

The Countess took the egg from his hand, and as she did so their eyes met, not casually, but in a deep look which brought with it a quick flame of color in the face of each. A sudden shyness fell upon the girl, and she ate her breakfast almost in silence. As for the artist, his social obligations as host confined themselves principally to the preparation of eggs, sausage and coffee.

When they had quite finished Deane, leaning back against a tree, surveyed the Countess with mingled admiration and amusement.

"You are at home in Arcady," he observed.

"I am at home in most places. You see, I have lived a little bit of everywhere."

"Would you mind telling me," said Deane, "why the Prince is so determined to drag you off to Russia?"

"So that he can marry me," replied the Countess with unconcern. "It would not be so easy to marry me against my will here in France."

"But if he is your legal guardian why was it necessary for him to haul you off by the hair of your head, half-dressed, and with nothing to eat or drink?"

"No doubt it seemed to him easier. My feelings did not matter."

Deane regarded her thoughtfully, then rose to his feet.

"If you will wait here," said he, "I will go and catch you a nice, motherly maid, who will help you to fool this animal!"

He walked across to the road and there waited until there came along a well-appearing woman, carrying a basket of eggs. Having explained to her the nature of the services required, she readily consented and followed the artist to where the Countess was waiting.

"Here is your maid," said Deane. "While you are undergoing your transformation I shall catch a few winks. If I am asleep when you return, wake me, please."

He flung himself upon the moss, but the Countess interfered.

"You must not lie there," said she, "you will catch cold." With a quick movement she slipped off the ulster which she had been wearing, and stood before him in the long, pale, azure Empire gown.

"Lie on this coat," said she, spreading it upon the ground.

The artist obeyed. The Countess then covered him carefully with the other ulster, and stepping back surveyed him with a smile. Deane had never conceived so ravishing a picture as was made by the girl who stood smiling against the background of plushy green. The quaint old gown, with its open neck, and sleeves which stopped between the shoulder and elbow, contrasted charmingly in its cool, pale tints with the warm, ruddy coloring of the girl's rich hair and creamy skin, and to the fascinated eyes of the artist she seemed like a dryad just freed from one of the neighboring tree-trunks.

"Go to sleep!" said she, and raised one finger to her lips. Deane pretended to close his eyes, when the Countess, followed by the smiling peasant woman, turned and glided off into the woods.

When the artist awoke the sun was far past the meridian. He sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"I was just about to waken you," said a fresh voice at his elbow, "but you said that the train did not leave until late in the afternoon,

(*Continued on Page [illegible]*)

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The Shoe on the Wrong Foot

MOST large public service corporations comprise, among their stockholders, many honorable, conscientious men and women who would not steal or give a bribe. They have no direct supervision over the affairs of the corporation, but trust all to the officers and directors. If these representatives should ask them to vote a specific authorization of bribery they would be horrified.

In a flourishing Western metropolis it was proved, by confession of the culprits, that the officers of a large public service corporation had procured a highly favorable franchise for it by bribery. Whereupon the honorable stockholders met and declared that the franchise must be surrendered to the city. "It is," they said, "stolen property. We are not 'fences.' We do not wish to profit by a crime. We will ——"

But at this point the pipe went out. As a matter of fact, what the honorable stockholders did was to sit very tight and still while the company's able attorneys prepared to resist to the utmost the city's demand for a surrender of that stolen but profitable franchise.

Sympathy with San Francisco

A YEAR ago San Francisco had the sympathy of the world. She still has it—only with some interesting little shades of difference here and there. That is, among the comments upon her experiences of the past twelve months we have noticed, on the part of some rivals, a tendency to be decorously sorry that the stricken city hasn't really been able to do very much; is still limping along, with indifferent prospects; probably will be a rather poor place to locate in or do business with for some years.

Everybody, including competitors, sympathizes with a good man who goes flat broke. But when he begins to get on his feet again—well, business is business.

San Francisco has valiantly grappled the task of rebuilding. Several circumstances made this task about the heaviest of its kind that a city ever faced. Naturally, it is a long way from finished. The first impression, from Nobs' Hill, is still of a wreck so great and dismal that the solid new structures which arise at intervals from the acres of débris strike the beholder with wonder and admiration over the courage which they symbolize. Naturally, the visitor sees first how much remains to be done. That the local view turns pretty exclusively to how much has been done shows the local spirit.

Fellow-Servants or Fellow-Masters

ON JUNE 11, 1906, Congress, under some executive pressure, passed what is known as The Employers' Liability Act. Before that the "fellow-servant" rule obtained. This rule is one of our lovely mediæval inheritances from the English common law—very well calculated, no doubt, like the common-law theory of restraints of trade, to fit industrial conditions of about the time of Henry VIII. Under it a railroad employee could collect no damages for any injury to which the negligence of any other employee contributed. If the board of directors should fall bodily upon a switchman and break his legs he could recover damages. Otherwise he was barred by the fellow-servant law.

The act of June, 1906, made contributory negligence by a fellow-employee not a complete bar, as formerly, but merely one of the circumstances of the case, to be weighed by the jury. The railroads, of course, promptly attacked the act—not as unjust, but as unconstitutional. In January last two cases were decided in United States courts, one by Judge Evans at Louisville, the other by Judge McCall at Memphis. Both held that the act was not a regulation of interstate commerce, but merely an attempt to regulate the relations between employer and employee within a State, and hence was unconstitutional. The Government appealed.

Meanwhile, last month, two other cases came to trial in United States courts—one before Judge Hanford in Washington, the other before Judge Trieber in Arkansas. Both held that the act was a regulation of interstate commerce, hence perfectly constitutional.

The Supreme Court will presently have the last say. As we have observed before, in these constitutional cases, the decision depends mostly upon the individual temperament and feeling of the judge who does the deciding

World's Fair Architecture

THE World's Fair at Chicago in 1893 presented a splendid triumph in architecture. That it made so little impression upon the architecture of the city generally has often been deplored. The noble lines and masses of the "Court of Honor" should have produced a fruitful refinement of taste. Later exhibitions at Buffalo and St. Louis also displayed good buildings, with results that were disappointing in the same sort.

So they say. But we wonder whether this regret is really well-founded. What brings it to mind is the fact that San Francisco is commemorating her partial recovery from the great disaster of a year ago by an illumination of the dome of the city hall. This notable structure does irresistibly remind one of a world's fair: not by its beauty, but by its massy marble columns now overthrown, burst open and with the cheap cement filling leaking out of the whitewashed cast-iron cases; by the thin veneer of plaster, to imitate stone, now peeled away in ragged patches from the inferior brickwork; by the broken ornaments of staff; by its sham generally. In most cities are edifices, commonly for amusement resorts, that have palpably taken a lesson from the world's fairs—not the lesson of beauty especially, but the one that with lath and plaster you can be "real elegant" at one-fifth the cost of marble.

Ex-Parte Experts

WITH the exception of one class of persons, the principals in the average sensational murder-trial judge its result solely from the viewpoint of its accordance with or divergence from the cause which they have supported. But there is one set of men who should always be satisfied, although some of them labor hard for the defense and some, with equal toil and equal conscientiousness, give their skilled efforts to the prosecution. Lawyers are pleased or displeased as verdicts agree or disagree with their pleadings; but the expert witnesses, the cold men of science, ought to shrug their shoulders when twelve mere laymen won't support them.

The theory of the law being what it is, experts are, no doubt, a necessary evil. Lawyers argue that science has grown to such proportions that specialization is indispensable and that there is constant need for eminent specialists to enlighten commonplace jurymen. Of course, what actually happens is that the commonplace jurymen become hopelessly entangled in the net of technicalities, and then, losing their commonplace tempers, simply slash their way out and cast the whole mazed fabric aside. That is the fact, but the law is based on theory, not fact, and theoretically the expert must appear.

Always he is an expensive necessity. In the first place, he naturally doesn't care to run the risk of looking like a cross-examined fool, and so he asks a remuneration worthy of any other top-line monologist. In the second place, the higher he stands in his profession the more impressive is his opinion supposed to be, and his charges are precisely what he thinks you believe to be his value as an expert. The result of such a condition is plain: the prosecution, practically unlimited in its resources, can summon the most authoritative of specialists to almost any number. The defendant, unless a man of large fortune, cannot combat them with success. In New York, a pauper at the bar is allowed less than $300 for his defense, whereas the prosecution generally gets what it wants. Thus, as the State is always rich and as most defendants are poor, it is fair to presume that, if the law's own theory is correct, a good many innocent men are liable to be legally executed by the application of the legal theory.

We have said that the theory rarely gets behind the door of the juryroom. The average juryman knows and judges a case upon just so much of the evidence as he can understand. It is a certainty that when the famous Doctor Buggins is called by the prosecution he will answer in accord with the prosecution's contentions. It is just as certain that the illustrious Doctor Juggins will, when called by the defense, support the cause of the defendant. Both men have been privately examined by the attorneys who called them, and they wouldn't have been called if their testimony was not what was wanted. That is why the jury generally slashes the expert's net.

The danger, of course, lies in the instances where the experts really carry weight and where the defendant is a poor man. To correct it there seems to be but one way: let the court nominate what experts shall be called; let the court examine them, and let no expert go into the box as a representative of either side or of any element but the court. The remedy surely sounds simple enough—which is no doubt the reason why the law has not adopted it.

The Trolley at the Polls

THE defeated candidate for Mayor of Chicago stood for municipal ownership of the street railroads. It would hardly be in human nature, therefore, for the traction interests to overlook the opportunity of claiming that the public has taken them to its bosom, with regrets for ever having expelled them thence. It is a well-known principle of politics to assume that defeat of a given proposition is equivalent to approval of its opposite. But Busse, the successful candidate, stood for a settlement with the companies on a basis embodying every demand that had been made on behalf of the public, except the demand for immediate ownership which Judge Dunne especially championed. The traction ordinances to which Mayor Busse is pledged end a ten-year contest between city and companies, with a most sweeping victory for the city.

Only, as we observed before, Dunne was the anti-traction candidate; Busse, the candidate whom the traction interests favored. Just how much of the substance of their victory and of the fruits of their long, stubborn fight the people will retain under these circumstances is a question of such interest as to insure that the well-worn traction problem will be a live topic in Chicago for some further time.

Pittsburg Paranoia

THE other evening a young man bought a box in a Pittsburg theatre, wrote farewell letters to his relatives, and then, in full view of the audience, committed suicide. His uncle, in commenting on the event, described it as "a case of Pittsburg paranoia: an uncontrollable impulse to do something sensational."

That uncle has added a new phrase to our language. He was, it is true, a little hard on his home town, because the disease he speaks of is local to no city; but, all things considered, he has made a valuable contribution to American as she is spoke, because he has given a name to a condition that merits the attention if not of our doctors at least of our moralists. Like most new diseases, this one finds its chiefest victims among the rich. Not the rich who have made their own fortunes: they are too busy keeping what they have—and getting more. But the sons of these workers: they are generally the children of men who have found that you can't raise one boy by the same process whereby you raise a million dollars; and they are nearly always young men whose consuming passion is to gain as much publicity as their fathers, and whose curse is an inability to gain a similar publicity by similar means.

As riches increase, this class of young men grows larger. Sometimes, of course, its members kill nobody but themselves or each other. But occasionally they prey upon people without the circle of their own associates, and ever they present a spectacle which may scarcely be described as edifying. The only way to prevent the spread of their influence seems to be for the State either to superintend the education of rich men's sons, or else to prohibit the newspapers from chronicling their vagaries and dissipations It may be hard to teach men to bring up children in the way they should go, but it ought not to be difficult to withhold from those children that notoriety which they regard as their sole reward.

A Grip on the Securities

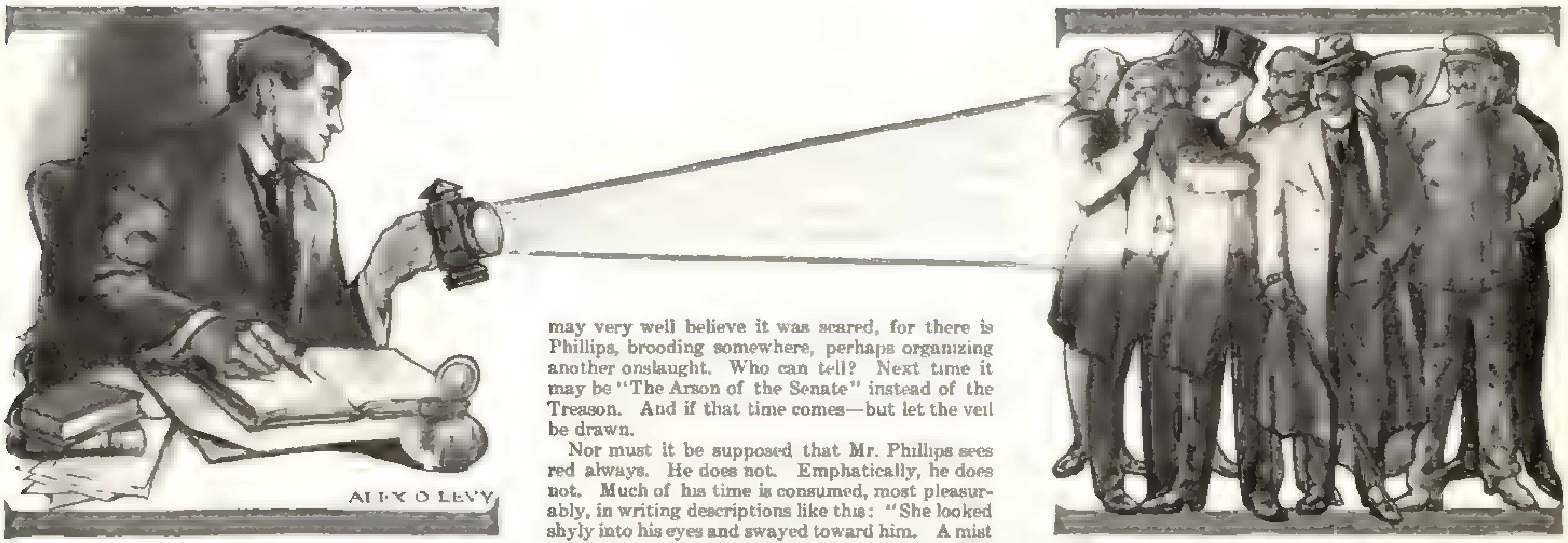
OUR sympathy is with the California millionaires who are trying to make Mr. Harriman pay interest on some six millions of railroad bonds owned by them. The millionaires are descendants of the famous band that built the Southern Pacific Railway. They were generous. Nobody, so far as we are aware, has ever formulated the plan—if there was a plan—upon which securities were issued and distributed. It seems to have been a sort of cafetiera arrangement—just pointing to the desired bundle of stocks or bonds and holding out a plate.

Somewhere in the process the Californians drew six millions of second mortgage bonds on a Texas line. The Crocker estate complains that Mr. Harriman will pay no interest on these bonds, although the Southern Pacific, of which the line is a part, pays five per cent. dividends on $198,000,000 common stock.

It does seem cruel that, out of the whole $615,000,000 of Southern Pacific capitalization—probably about one-half water—only the six millions held by the Californians should be shut out, especially as these bonds are not in the hands of the public, but of insiders.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



Another Gentleman from Indiana

"THE man," wrote the new police reporter in describing the progress of an impetuous Italian, with a butcher-knife, through a crowd of his countrymen, "leaped into the middle of the seething mass of people and ran an exciting muck."

So, when the literary biographer is casting up the life and accomplishments of David Graham Phillips he will tell, let us hope in equally graphic language, of the time Phillips left the peaceful reservation where he writes an amazing number of good books of fiction, jumped into the middle of the United States Senate and ran an exciting and terrible muck.

La, la! but those were parlous days. Impaling with an eagle and a glittering eye the "T" pages of the dictionary, Phillips came upon the word "treason" and took it for his own. To that word he haled them all, big Senators, little Senators, medium Senators and some who were pretty rare. To that word he bound them and flagellated them until their shrieks drowned the agonized yells of the Indian grafters that rose stridently, as chunk after chunk of loot was cut out of the Indian Appropriation bill.

"*J'accuse!*" shouted Phillips, and it was biff! bang! swat! all over the place. Depew? That for yours, and the impact on the Depewsian slats could be heard for miles around. Platt? Take that, and that, and handfuls of a tenderly-nurtured beard, torn out by the follicles, were thrown into the unambient air. Aldrich, Bailey, Allison, Spooner, Gorman—everybody there cringed and cowered before the Scourge, before S. Scourge Sennit, Esquire (né Phillips), who was ferociously on the job.

The Nemesis Family Arrives

IT WAS a visit from old Mrs. Nemesis, sure enough, and she brought along John J. Nemesis and the children for a long call and no hurry to go home. Very few escaped. It was almost a total loss, and there was no insurance. Phillips hatcheted, matcheted and ratcheted them. Implacable and impassioned, he told them what was what, when and where. It was a horrifying affair, and a gory. The Senate chamber was a shamble, and Phillips, his arms bared to the shoulders, a poniard—I think it was a poniard he used—in either hand, swept wide circles about him, ever and anon impaling a new Senator in the midriff, and bringing into the chorus a new squeal on a new key.

Still, no man is of iron. Human nature is human nature, even when it is superhuman, which is what it was, the man who wrote the advertisements said. There must be an end to all things, even to a debate on a rate bill, and, after gazing in satisfied contemplation on the ruin he had wrought, Phillips desisted. He had Alexanderized the whole bunch. There were no more left to massacre.

Then the Senate applied such first-aid bandages as were in the various closets in the committee-rooms, and timorously passed a few appropriation bills, just to see if any of its functions were left. Gaining strength and courage as the days passed without further appearance of the Scourge, the Senate gradually resumed its place in the economy of the Government. But it was scared, oh, you may very well believe it was scared, for there is Phillips, brooding somewhere, perhaps organizing another onslaught. Who can tell? Next time it may be "The Arson of the Senate" instead of the Treason. And if that time comes—but let the veil be drawn.

Nor must it be supposed that Mr. Phillips sees red always. He does not. Emphatically, he does not. Much of his time is consumed, most pleasurably, in writing descriptions like this: "She looked shyly into his eyes and swayed toward him. A mist seemed to rise before him, but through it he could see her dimly. He stretched out his arms, and confidingly, even joyously, she came—came to be strained to his heaving chest—came to hear breathed into her ear those wondrous words, 'I love you'"—only, of course, Phillips can write it much better than that. This is but the broad, general effect.

Phillips writes books. He writes good books. Moreover, he writes books with a purpose, which is deadly in many instances, but is not for him, because his sincerity in his ideals rather swings you along with him, whether you think as he does or not. It isn't very hard not to think as he does, either. He takes advanced ground on a lot of problems he argues should be settled. He tells how to settle them. After that, it is your own fault, and whatever happens serves you right.

No Escape from Hoosier Destiny

HE WAS born in Indiana. Thus Nature made it imperative he should write. No Indianian can escape, and none wants to, so far as the latest census shows. He began as a reporter, first in Cincinnati, and rounded out in New York, on the Sun. After that, for some years, he was an editorial writer on the World. The editorial page of the World, under the direct influence of Joseph Pulitzer, gives no space to the hack writer, the conventional chap, who can string words around the obvious. To be a success there one must know and one must feel. Phillips was a success.

David Graham Phillips

He wrote his first book while he was with the World. Soon after that publication he resigned and went seriously at the business of writing novels. That was some five or six years ago, and he has written perhaps ten, perhaps more. He said: "The way to write *a* book is to write books." He knew he had the stuff in him, and he sat down resolutely to get it out. There was no shilly-shallying about it. He produced his books as regularly as clockwork. Some were better than others, but he soon had a vogue.

The mechanics of writing are as different with writers as the quality of what is written. Naturally, every writer is a law or, at least, a custom, unto himself or herself. Phillips is the Spartan among novelists. Every morning he rises at five or four, or some such unholy hour, eats a bit of fruit and goes to work. He is as inaccessible as an Emperor of Finance until noon. He stands at a high desk or sits at a small one and writes, writes, writes, in a crabbed little hand.

At noon he stops for the day. He has a large felicity of expression, and a novel is not long in the forming when impelled by this tremendous industry. The written sheets go to the copyist and are returned, typewritten and wide-spaced. He revises, gets another copy, revises again and sends the third fair copy to the printer. His work is highly polished. He is much of a stylist and his English, at times, seems almost too immaculate.

He has come to be a celebrity, not because of one book which caught the fleeting fancy of the reading public, but because of his succession of books that have made their successive impressions. They are printing his pictures in the literary magazines, when he was four and fourteen and twenty-one, and as he is now, when he is along in the thirties.

That is the sure sign. He was quite a chubby chap when he was fourteen, and the undeniable pride of the class at twenty-one. Now he is tall and pale and intellectual. He radiates earnestness.

Keeping Dame Fashion on the Jump

NO LONG hair sweeps Phillips' collar, and no flowing tie encircles his neck. He has a fad for clothes, and it keeps the fashion on men's garments on the keen jump to stay alongside of him. He studies clothes effects just as he studies word effects, and he gets both.

Some of Phillips' friends are saying of him that he has a "message" to deliver, and that is pretty tough, for when an author gets an idea he has a message to deliver, usually he finds the wires are crossed. Phillips is sane and level-headed—barring a tendency now and then to enthusiasms that have not so many piles driven under them as would be well—and it is quite likely he will get over the message business, and will continue as a novelist. His growth from The Great God Success to The Second Generation has been marked and steady.

He has bigger books in him, and he will get them out. There is nothing sporadic about Phillips. He is a pay streak that widens steadily as the work of development goes on.

Personally, he is the most charming of men and the most loyal of friends. He is sure to be a big figure in American literature, but, and this is a wish made with the new moon over the right shoulder, let the day be far away when he sees red again and runs another exciting muck.

IN THE OPEN

Keeping Schoolboys in Clean Sport
Rowing in the Middle West

ONE of the reasons why charges of one kind or another, all equally unpleasant, are so often laid at the door of sport by people who have not used the intelligence with which they were started in life, is not because of any inherent bad quality in sport, but because fathers and mothers give themselves so little concern about the competitive recreations of their boys. They are quick enough to take notice if their Johnny, who mayhap lives on the Avenue, gets mixed up in an innocent game of marbles with Micky, who lives over in the back street. But, once Johnny has gone off to regular school, they apparently dismiss the play side of his daily routine from mind as completely as though he had left the earth—or they shift the responsibility to the school-teacher.

Shifting responsibility is an American characteristic which is perhaps more in evidence in parental neglect of the boy's play life than in any other direction. And there is assuredly no direction where failure in plain duty is more provocative of harmful result. The most susceptible age of the boy is that when he is attaining to sufficient strength and skill to take a part in the competitive games of his school. It has so often been said that the character of the boy is developed, if indeed not formed, on the playground—and it is a truism which cannot be brought home to parents too frequently or too emphatically. Certain it is that what he learns on the playground makes either for good or for bad. If it makes for bad, the responsibility rests with the father, not with the teacher, for the latter's interest is generally perfunctory and at best can be nothing more than advisory.

There always will be exceptions, of course, but no boy can continue unclean in his sport if his father is taking the interest and supervision which his love ought to prompt; it is entirely possible for the boy to fall under some corrupting influence and be led into an association or into methods of play which are harmful, but if his father is on to his job that boy's fall will soon be detected, and the boy lifted upright on his feet. Where boys attain to skill so unusual as to make their services very desirable to some local team of basket-ball, or baseball, or football, the methods of enticement are uniform and crude, and no father with his allotted amount of gray matter, plus the care he should exercise over his son's daily life, can fail to detect them if he does not shut his eyes.

If he does shut his eyes and permit his son to take clothes, or expense money of so generous an amount as to leave the boy with a few dollars over, then he may thank himself if that boy developes into a liar and one whose moral senses are generally dulled. The father knows better than any one else can know the movements of his son and the amount of pocket-money he legitimately can have; and he should be equally conversant with the character of the organizations with which his boy is playing ball or other games, whether it be of school or outside association.

Shrugging Shoulders No Relief

Careless parents, fathers and mothers who had no right to undertake the responsibility of parenthood, will shrug their shoulders at this declaration of their duty with regard to the boy's play at school, but they cannot evade the fact, nor later upbraid the boy if he fall into one of the many traps which may be adroitly placed along his athletic way. Nor can sport be made answerable for parental neglect and youthful indiscretion. Like every other thing in this world, sport may be turned to harmful uses by the vicious; on the other hand, nothing has so much of benefit if it be made proper use of. That is a fact so patent, and so generally recognized, that it seems like indulging in the A B C's to talk about it. Yet, always by the shiftless, sport is held responsible for their own shortcomings which is natural, I suppose, since the average of us is forever on the lookout for other shoulders to toss off our burdens upon. And that, too, is why every father who has a workable quantity of stiffening in his spinal cord should support with all his energy the excellent and far-reaching efforts of the Amateur Athletic Union, which is doing its utmost to do the work of conscienceless fathers and corrupt school-teachers.

Apropos of this kind of fathers and teachers, darkest New Jersey furnished an illustration the other day which appears to be extremely pertinent to what I have been saying, and quite worth relating. It seems that to a certain school in the aforesaid State there came a change of masters, and that the new one, having in his college days been interested in sport for the best that it had to give, naturally, in due course, looked into the athletic situation at the school to which he recently had been called. He found it confused and unhealthful, with boys enrolled as members of the school teams who were not members of the school; and learned of others on the basket-ball team who were accustomed to join boys of the several local schools in organizing independent teams which, on nights when they were not required to play for their respective school teams, played at one of the neighboring towns and *shared in the gate receipts!* All of these boys lived at home, and the majority of them have fathers!

Cleaning Up a School's Sport

Well, the new master cleaned up conditions as rapidly as he could do so, incidentally reading a sermon to some of the fathers, who feigned astonishment when told how and where their sons had been spending some of their nights—supposed, of course, Johnny was next-door playing with Willie—and yes, now that father came to think of it, he did seem to remember he had noticed how much more pocket-money Johnny appeared recently to have. Later the new master, having organized a baseball team among such of his scholars as were untainted by gate money, sent a challenge for a game to a rival school in the same locality, with a request for a list of the boys reckoned upon as members of the nine. The new master, by now somewhat sophisticated to the local athletic habit, was yet to learn the possibilities of New Jersey school sport where fathers do not interfere nor school-masters care a particle for the boy's morals.

The challenge was promptly accepted by the principal of the rival school, and with it through the post came a list of the players from among whom would be chosen the rival school's nine. Now the names on this list, with few exceptions, were the names of young men whom the new master knew to be members of one or more clubs of a New Jersey semi-professional league; and in addition to not being amateurs, were also not *bona-fide* scholars of the rival school which claimed them. This was a startling disclosure to the new master, but he had more to learn.

When, thinking naturally that the rival school principal had been in some extraordinary way hoodwinked by his pupils, the new master called the attention of the rival principal to the character of the names on the list he had submitted, the reply came that such had been the custom of the school, and such it should continue, and if the new master did not like the conditions he might withdraw the challenge.

Then, lest he be engulfed in the Jersey slough of despond, the new master raised the long cry for help—and the Amateur Athletic Union responded.

Mr. James E. Sullivan, the president of the A. A. U., has lived in New Jersey and he recognized at once the genus of this particular rival-principal bacillus. So he commended the new master for the stand he had taken and the results he had achieved—and then Mr. Sullivan got busy in that familiar way he has which is so dreaded by athletic evil-doers.

The most remarkable phase of this controversy is the mental attitude of the rival principal. He replied in most indignant terms to Mr. Sullivan's letter, taking the ground that what his school did was no business of the A. A. U.; that the latter body should confine its missionary efforts to the clubs which were on its membership roll; that his school was not a member of the A. A. U.; that, consequently, Mr. Sullivan's attempt to interfere with the manner in which he conducted his sport was a liberty, and that when he joined the A. A. U. his school would conform with the rules of the A. A. U.—" and not before."

Whether this man is purely vicious or just abnormally stupid, one cannot decide without knowing the individual, but it makes no difference so far as relieving the fathers of the boys of that school of their responsibility. And whether impelled by corrupt motives or confused by a dull brain the attitude of this school principal as to the "right" of the A. A. U. is one with which it has had often to contend. The rules of the A. A. U. as to the character and conduct of an amateur are, of course, merely the rules of athletic decency common to every enlightened State and country in the world—to wit, that an amateur is one who has never received pay in any form—cash, clothes, board and lodging—in return for athletic skill, or converted into cash the prizes he has won by his athletic skill; and that no club, school or college may legitimately be represented by an athlete who is not an amateur, or who is not a *bona-fide* member in good standing of such club, school or college.

The Amateur Athletic Union is a big power for good in this country; it helps the weak who are trying to be good, and it is a constant menace to the dishonest who are seeking to prey on the weak. Too often when the A. A. U. has been after the transgressor we read of some local organization or individual, such as this school principal, taking the Union to account for not "minding its own business." To hunt out and punish the dishonest in amateur sport *is* the business of the A. A. U., and it is doing a splendid service for the integrity of school athletics which should earn it the gratitude of every father in the land. The A. A. U. does not receive the support from either parents or colleges to which, by its work, it is entitled; college men especially frequently go out of their way through some one of the minor sports, such as basket-ball or hockey, to make themselves offensive, when they should be the first to give help. And if the college young men have neither the wit nor the good motive to help, it is the fathers who should give them a little reading of the riot act, for the organization which is to-day doing the most practical and the most helpful work in America toward driving dishonesty out of sport is that same Amateur Athletic Union.

It is time the father of the boy should awaken to his responsibility.

Gifford Pinchot, Chief Forester, U. S. A., says that the great flood which recently so devastated the upper Ohio Valley was due "fundamentally to the cutting of the forests on the water sheds of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers." The citizens of this ruined district ought to get hold of "Uncle Joe" Cannon when he returns from his West Indian junket and rub this fact into him so as to leave an indelible impression. It was the Speaker who so obstinately opposed the Appalachian bill that he alone is answerable for its failure to become law.

Boating in the Mid-West

It is a pleasure to record and commend the recent determination of Wisconsin University to exert its wide influence on building up a boating interest in the Middle West. With the facilities at hand, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Chicago ought to establish a rowing regatta second in importance or interest to none in the country. There are the men, the course, and the opportunity—it needs but the enthusiasm with which as a rule the West is well supplied.

There is nothing so vital to the permanent prosperity of any game as local support. Wisconsin is wasting treasure and substance and valuable opportunity in forsaking home water for the doubtful glory of competing with the Eastern colleges every year on the Hudson River. Michigan would do well to spend all her track athletic energy on the Western championship event.

—"FAIR-PLAY."

Clothes Torture

"NOW I have you"—said old Dr. Goose to the Misfit.

"You've been wrongly cut and badly made—you're a Suit Cripple—that's what you are—

And it's up to me to Press and Stretch and Shrink you until all your Defects are Masked and you look like a well-made Suit.

But I'll fix you, you Misfit—You've got too Much Goods there in your Collar and the lapels are Bulging—that Fullness will have to be shrunken out—

Your Collar sets away back; for there's not enough Cloth in the Back of your Coat—that Scantness I'll have to stretch out—

And your Shoulders have no Shape at all—I'll have to press and sizzle until I get them round and smooth.

And when that's all done, I'll have to go all over you Carefully and "dope" a false Shape into you—

Oh! I have my work cut out all right—for you're just like all the tough Jobs I have to make *appear* right—

And I'll make you "sweat" and ache for it too—I'll make you remember me, you Wretch, for I know You'll surely lose all that fine Shape I've "doped" into you—your Collar will Bulge again—your Coat will draw away from the Back of your neck, and your Shoulders will become Flabby and Shapeless a short time after I'm through with you for you can't help yourself.

You're not like "Sincerity" Suits in any Respect.

"Sincerity" Suits don't need me or my Work

Why?

Because "Sincerity" Suits are Designed and Cut Properly and because they're *Tailored* by Expert Needleworkers.

There's hardly a Defect in a "Sincerity" Suit when it is finished—

And, if there should be some trifling Alteration required—an Alteration that no one except the trained Inspectors of "Sincerity" Clothes could discover—you can bet all you have—the Suit isn't given to me, the hot Flat Iron, to "dope" into a temporary Shape Resemblance—

—No indeed—the Alteration is made by means of the *Needle* in the Busheling Department—Slowly, Carefully and Expensively.

Of course, the result of this "Sincerity" in the Making is Shape Permanence.

For "Sincerity" Clothes retain their Shape until the Cloth Pattern becomes monotonous—

"Sincerity" Clothes are retailed by all the Better Class Dealers in ready-for-use garments—Look for the Label below in the Coat—It insures Style, Service and Satisfaction.

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED

PLAYER FOLK

Hilda Englund,
As Ase in Peer Gynt

A Young Swedish Actress

THE extraordinary popularity of Richard Mansfield's production of Peer Gynt has had the effect of bringing before the American public the young Swedish actress who took the part of Peer's mother, Ase, in the production of the play in Christiania, and who now is giving the mill-house scene, and the scene of Ase's death, in vaudeville. Still on the right side of thirty, Miss Hilda Englund was at that time little more than a girl. When asked why so young an actress had been chosen, she answered that it was not difficult to produce the outward effect of age, whereas few women who were really old have the vitality to render the rapidly alternating passions of the character.

Her make-up is, however, a work of the highest skill. So delicate are the lines giving the effect of wrinkles that even a close scrutiny in broad daylight scarcely shows that they are artificial. But the more subtle and powerful effects of Miss Englund's impersonation consist in the vocal intonations of age, with the blending of decrepitude and querulous rage, and in the awkwardness of declining bodily powers. The actress who played Ase for Mr. Mansfield, Miss Emma Dunn, scored the great triumph of the performance next to his own, yet her performance was less subtly shaded and less lifelike. Miss Englund still speaks our language with a slight accent, but her pronunciation is remarkably pure, and in a character part is as little objectionable as an accent can be.

Her recollections of Ibsen picture him as he has been so often described—a little man with a quiet manner, a low, unobtrusive voice, and a grim face fringed with a Norwegian beard—in short, what James Huneker in one of his most iconoclastic phrases called "the man with the midnight whiskers." In the manner of this greatest of modern portrayers of character the most striking characteristic was self-contained regularity. It was said of the great German philosopher, Kant, that the housewives used to set their clocks by his appearance for his afternoon stroll. Ibsen's journey to the café for his daily glass of cordial after work was scarcely less regular; but Miss Englund reports that on occasion he would take two glasses.

Her most vivid memory of him was when she appeared before him to be tried out for the part of one of the rock maidens in Brand. As she was to appear high up on the stage Ibsen made her mount a deal table. There were also present Ibsen's rival dramatist, Björnson, and the great Danish critic, George Brandes. It was an ordeal to try the nerve of any young woman, and Miss Englund adds with pride that she was chosen for the part out of a large number of applicants.

The Art of Novelli

THE Italian actor, Ermete Novelli, who is now making his first appearance in America, owes much of his power on the stage to a commanding presence, strongly marked eyebrows, and eyes that, when occasion requires, are piercing and sinister. In his youth it was said, and many of his superstitious countrymen believed it, that he had the evil eye—that all who fell under his glance suffered a blight of ill-luck.

The following story is told by an American woman who met him at dinner in Florence in her girlhood, twenty years ago. While the company was waiting for the actor she was sitting in a low chair, beside which was a long and unsteady table. Beyond the table was a smaller table, also infirm on its legs, upon which was a tray with cordial, decanters and glasses.

When Novelli entered she rose to meet him. Her gown had become twisted about a leg of the larger table, and the motion of freeing it communicated a jar to the smaller table. Tray, decanters and glasses tumbled upon the floor. She apologized for the accident, but her host, mingling politeness toward her with jocularity toward Novelli, insisted that she could not possibly have been the cause of a disaster that had taken place so far from where she had been sitting. It was all Novelli's fault. Everybody knew that he had the evil eye. With one glance he had wrecked everything.

At the time Novelli said nothing; but subsequently, as the host related, he rebuked him very sharply. Already he had suffered in popularity from his reputation. If such a story were repeated it might cost him his career.

Fortunately, art has triumphed over superstition, and Novelli has long been recognized as the most versatile actor of his generation in Italy. As regards farce, prose comedy and modern drama he has amply sustained his reputation.

In the Molièresque plays of Goldoni, in Italian, French and Russian realism, and in English and German farce he has revealed abilities of the highest order, being no less remarkable for dramatic power than for hearty jollity and the utmost tenderness and sympathy.

Her Mean Disposition

ALLA NAZIMOVA'S interpretation of Ibsen's Hedda Gabler has proved a storm centre of critical discussion.

Mrs. Fiske made the character light, brilliant and attractive on the surface, revealing its essential selfishness and malignancy only in occasional flashes. This, it is said on the one hand, is the true method of attack on the part, and the one most in accordance with Ibsen's text.

The gifted Russian makes it first and always a study in physical disease and spiritual degeneracy, and her remarkably poetic personality, together with her artistic genius, have won for her hosts of admirers.

And, after all, the meaning of the play is obvious. At the end of the blood-curdling third act two young girls overheard the comment of a third behind them:

"My, ain't she got a mean disposition!" That is the sum and substance of what Ibsen had to say about the neurotic and self-seeking modern woman.

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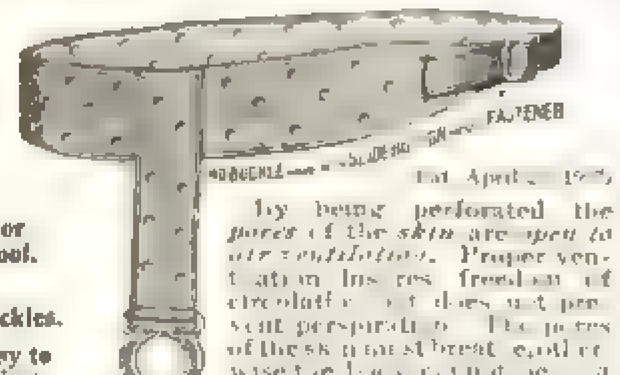

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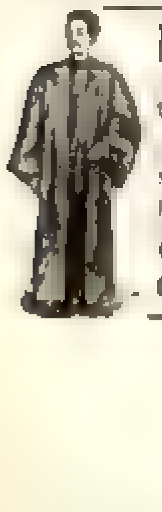

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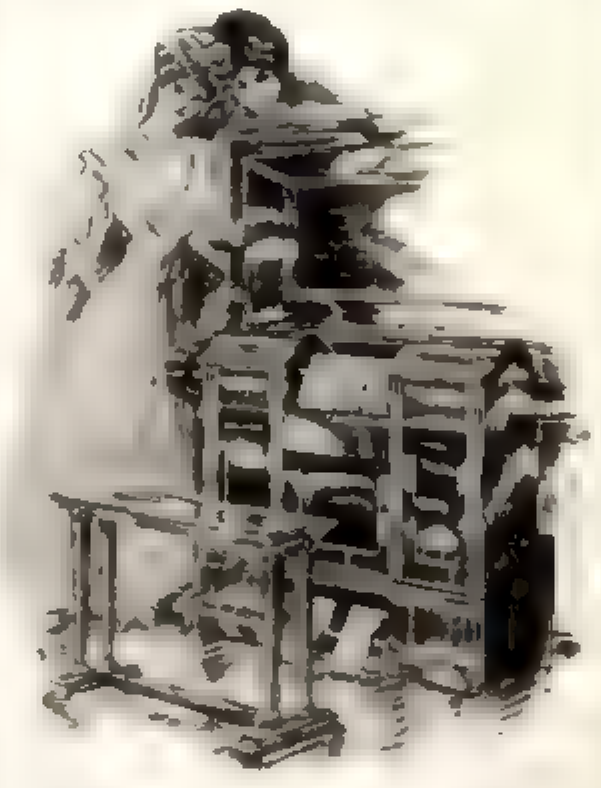

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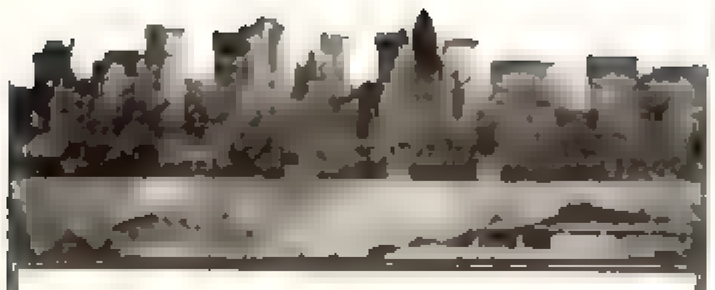

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The Government issues bonds because, like a corporation, railroad or city, it needs money to pay its debts or its operating expenses. It may be to finance a war, to dig a canal, to build battleships, or to buy lands from another nation. Bonds comprise the most convenient and cheapest form of borrowing money; hence they are issued and called Government bonds.

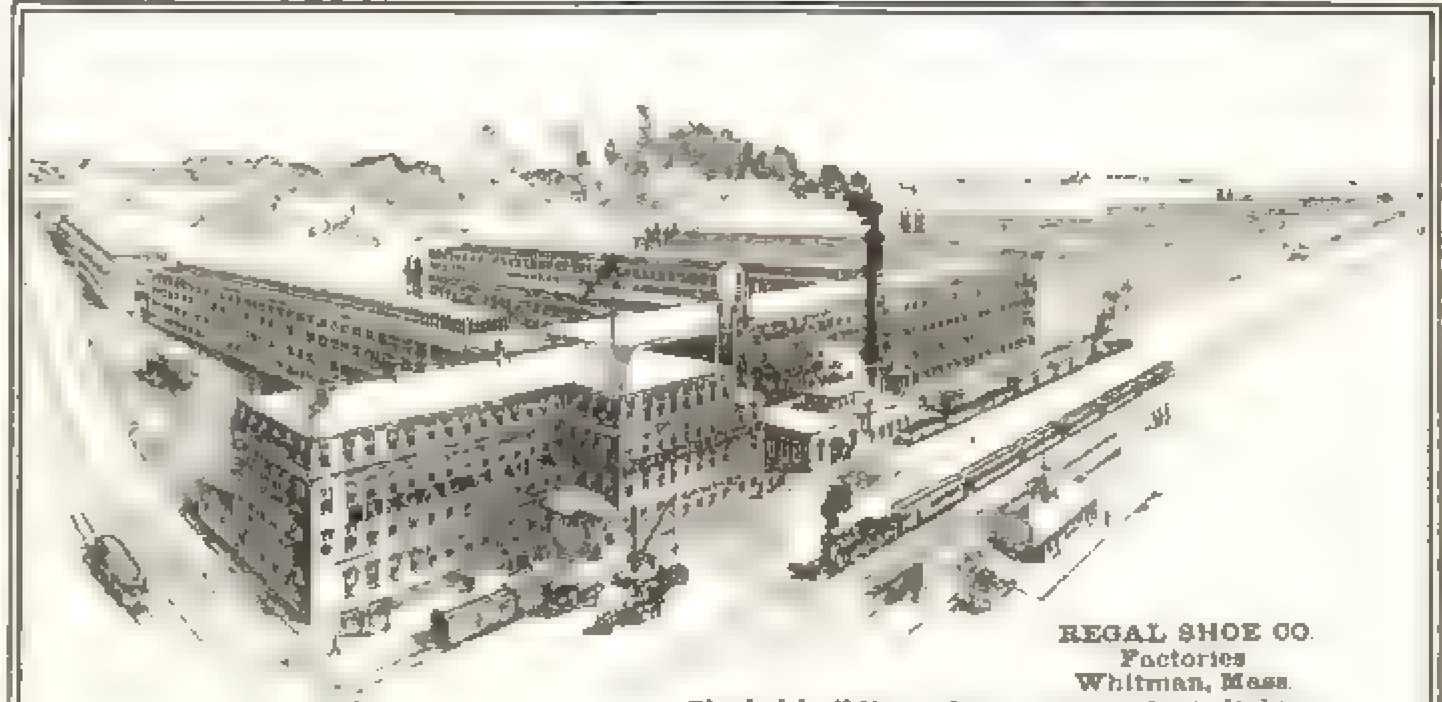
Since they are issued by the Government, and since the Government is conducted by and for the people, why should not these bonds be held by the people, such as is the case in other countries, is the natural question that the investor asks. This is the reason. Shortly after the Civil War closed the United States found itself with a great debt and no credit. It was necessary to raise money, and to raise money when you are in debt and have no credit is a very difficult task. Of course, the only way to get funds was to issue bonds. The problem was to sell these bonds. Thereupon, Mr. Salmon P. Chase, who was then Secretary of the Treasury, hit upon a plan by which all national banks that wanted to issue currency or bills (which are paper money) must buy Government bonds to do so. All national banks wanted to have their own bills, and this naturally created a demand for Government bonds.

The operation was very simple. If, for example, the Union National Bank, of Wichita, Kansas, wanted to issue $50,000 worth of bills it would have to deposit $50,000 worth of Government bonds with the Secretary of the Treasury. The Government would then engrave bills for whatever denomination this bank wanted and bearing the name of the bank on one side of the bills. The smallest bank can have its own bills, providing it deposits Government bonds for them. But whenever you see a national banknote, as these bills are called, you know that a value in Government bonds equal to the face of the note is deposited at Washington. National banks find these notes useful. It is a good advertisement and it provides circulation.

The Banks' Collateral

Still another reason was created for the compulsory purchase of Government bonds by banks, and it was this: when a bank wants to be a depository for United States funds it must make a deposit of Government or other approved gilt-edged bonds to secure the deposit. It is like an individual borrowing money. He gives collateral as security. If a bank in California, for example, wants a deposit of Government money it must put up enough bonds to cover that amount. Thus, if the bank fails, the Government is safe and loses no money. Banks like to be called "United States depositories," for it gives them a certain importance and stability that some other banks do not have.

These measures requiring national banks to buy Government bonds, which were put in force years ago, are still in effect, though somewhat modified of late, and it is this demand for them that places the Government's securities practically outside the range of the average investor. The reason is very plain. This constant demand by banks has caused the price to go up, for bonds are like any other article that is in demand. A Government bond to-day that only pays two per cent. sells at a premium. This means that in addition to having a small interest rate, you must pay more than the face value, which likewise cuts down the yield. Banks can afford to do this, but you, the average investor,



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cannot. National banks would buy these Government bonds if they paid only one per cent., because they must have them.

The Government bond offers the best collateral if you want to borrow money, but let us see what happens. If you go to a bank with a Government bond as security you have to pay from four to five per cent. interest for the money. Meanwhile your bond is yielding you only two or three per cent. When you buy a Government bond you are really paying for special privileges that national banks get and that you as an individual do not get. This tells the whole story.

Thus the Government makes it quite clear that it does not care to have the people own its bonds unless the people want to pay a bonus for the distinction of holding them. There was a concrete example of this last year when the Government wanted to issue $30,000,000 worth of bonds to pay for digging the Panama Canal. It was decided to make them two per cent., which is very low, and which would take them out of the average investment field unless they could be sold at a low price. But the demand for them by national banks put up the price. Hence the national banks got practically the whole issue. When the average investor wants to buy a two per cent. bond, it must be at a price of about seventy, for this would raise the yield to an income fairly satisfactory, considering the stability of the investment.

In Other Countries

What happens with regard to the popular distribution of Government bonds in the United States is the opposite of what occurs in other countries, particularly France and England. The French people, especially, are a thrifty and economical race, and the ideal investment for the great mass of the population, whether they be clerk, shopkeeper, peasant or humble toiler in the streets, is a Government bond, or a "*rente*" as it is called over there. This bond may be secured in small denomination and pays three per cent. interest annually. This is not so much as the average interest paid by savings banks in the United States, but it is absolutely safe. Wherever you go in France, even sometimes in the humblest homes, you will find one or more of these *rentes* stuck away in a strong box or in a secret hiding-place.

The same is true of English people, who like to buy British consols. A consol is a bond that gets its name from a contraction of the word consolidated, which means that it is a bond for a consolidated debt. It is like the consolidated mortgage bonds that are issued by so many American railroads. These British consols pay two and a half per cent. interest and, like the French *rentes*, are widely held by the people. The people, too, take a certain pride in owning them, because they feel that they are having some part in the conduct of the Government, and are helping, in a small way, to support it.

Redeeming Government Bonds

United States Government bonds have a timely interest, because an issue of $98,000,000 will mature on July 1. They are four per cent. bonds and were issued in 1870 and 1871. They comprise the bulk of Government bonds held now by investors. They pay four per cent., because part of the proceeds of this issue was used to refund Government bonds of an earlier date which paid a higher rate of interest. In those days the United States had to pay more for the money it borrowed than now.

If you happen to own one of these maturing Government bonds it is well to understand the plan which the Secretary of the Treasury recently announced to dispose of them. There are two propositions:

The first is to exchange or refund your bond for a new one, which will be a two per cent. bond and mature in 1930. This is done mainly as a convenience for banks which have the maturing 1907 bonds on deposit with the Government for circulation (bills), or as collateral for Government deposits. If all these bonds on deposit were paid off it would cause the banks no end of inconvenience. Hence the banks, and individuals, too, are given the opportunity to continue owning Government bonds without interruption. But a premium of three per cent. is put on the new bonds. Thus you have to pay for the privilege of owning them.

How It Comes

That Cosmopolitan Magazine places within your easy reach the great

Century Dictionary & Cyclopedia & Atlas

This is the day of big ambitions and big efforts in every field of endeavor—especially in the world of print. The great magazines are racing with each other to please the public, and COSMOPOLITAN, always a leader in this direction, has an honest ambition and is making an earnest effort to be of increasing value and service to its readers—to be more interesting, instructive and inspiring.

COSMOPOLITAN has been doing and will continue to do things of such National importance and of so much personal concern to citizens as to make us desire an audience even wider than at present.

In this belief we recently resolved to extend our circulation a bit, placing the mark at 50,000 new subscribers, making us a round half-million in all; and this brings us to the

Brief Story of a Big Bargain

We began in the right way. We concluded to couple a subscription to COSMOPOLITAN with something else we considered *supremely* good—with something everybody knew about and wanted. And so we did not waste time on commonplace propositions: we went to the top, and finally got what we went after—nothing less than the celebrated Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia and Atlas, universally acknowledged to be

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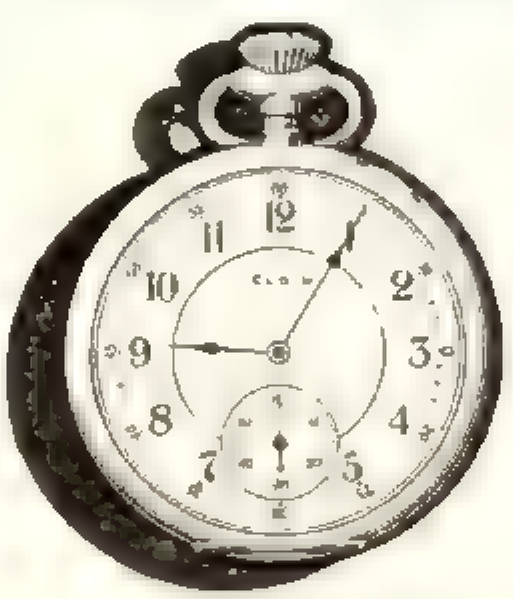

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Assets Over Forty-Two Million Dollars

Let us take, for example, a $100 bond maturing on July 1 and see what happens if we desire to change it for a new refunding two per cent. bond. Your old bond now sells at a little over par and is worth at market price about $100.39. Interest from April 1, the last interest payment date, up to the present time and amounting to about ten cents, is due you, which makes the total worth $100.49. The new refunding bond with a premium of three per cent. makes it cost $103, and with five cents interest raises the total cost to $103.05 Subtracting the present value of your old bond from the cost of the new one you find that the net bonus, as it might be called, that you pay for the new bond is $2.56. Every national bank that has Government bonds deposited will be glad to pay this, but there is no reason why the investor should, when he can get the face value of the old bond and then invest the proceeds in something else that will yield him from four to six per cent.

The second proposition of the Government with regard to the maturing bonds is that they be paid up in the usual way. If you have a $500 bond you get five hundred dollars; if you own a $1000 bond you get a thousand dollars. The interest on these bonds (the old ones) ceases July 1. Therefore if you should just keep the old bonds they would not be drawing any money.

Other National Bond Issues

Next year Government bonds to the sum of $63,945,460 mature. They are three per cent. bonds and are part of the issue made to pay for the war with Spain in 1898. This issue was oversubscribed — that is, the demand for it was greater than the supply, in spite of the low interest. But this demand was due to a patriotic feeling on the part of the people who wanted to help fight the war at home. These bonds will probably be disposed of just as the bonds maturing this year are.

The United States has other kinds of Government bonds. The Government is security for the bonds issued by the District of Columbia, the proceeds of which are used to improve Washington and vicinity. Other bonds have grown out of the development of the nation as a world power. The Panama bonds have been referred to. There are also outstanding Philippine bonds to the amount of $13,000,000. The proceeds were used to pay for the land owned by the Spanish friars, for the improvement of the city of Manila and building roads. Both Panama and Philippine bonds are guaranteed by the United States.

The bonds of other nations often pay larger interest than those of the United States. Take the Imperial Japanese bonds which are widely held in this country, not for sentimental reasons but because they are good investments. Japan issued the first of these while she was fighting Russia, and she had to make them six per cent. because there was some risk attached. She might have been defeated; had to pay a big indemnity, and consequently her securities would have decreased in value. Just now Japan is issuing more bonds, but they are five per cent. Her credit is better than it was in war time.

Too Much Admiration

AS GOETHE relied on his cook to tell him whether a new poem was good, so the criterion of the theatrical manager is the matinée girl; but the judgment of the simplest mind is often the hardest to forecast.

The heroine of Clyde Fitch's comedy, The Truth, is a fluent and habitual liar whose tarradiddles come within an ace of wrecking her happiness; but Clara Bloodgood, who played this Sapphira, has never before been so great a matinée success.

One afternoon, when she had hurried away to meet a social engagement, she was called up on the telephone on her arrival at her friend's house. A party of young women who had just seen her performance wanted to know if they couldn't call on her.

"Now, what do you think of that?" she said. "They think me one of them, and I never told a lie in my life when it wasn't absolutely necessary!"

"But how did they find out where you were?" asked her hostess.

The only possible explanation was that they had overheard the address Mrs. Bloodgood had given her chauffeur, and found the telephone number with the aid of the information.

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From New York

rather than "the man from Missouri" was the one who said "show me" as to life insurance. Everyone knows that the New York Legislature investigated the insurance situation but everyone may not know that the insurance laws of New York are now recognized as the best in the world. Other states will doubtless follow, but New York has led the way in laws made in the interest of the insured.

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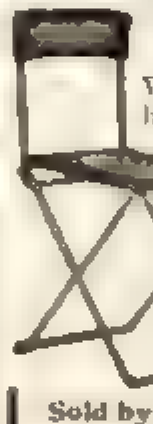

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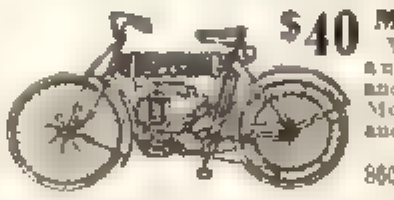

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The 1906 events—Glidden Tour, Trans-continental Record, Harkimer Contest and other less known achievements, prove it. The 1907 events—New York to [illegible] trip and the 500 hour world's best non-stop run add further testimony.

There is no tire like a Goodrich Tire; for there is no construction like Goodrich Integral Construction—built as a unit, wears as a unit—and no tread like the Goodrich Tough Tread—the toughest of all road-resisting rubbers.

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An illustrated book—"The Cravat"—on the ethics of correct dress, sent anywhere on receipt of 6c in stamps.

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ONE industry we have that has grown amazingly without tariff protection or subsidy. That is the reporting of murder trials when they involve persons in "high life," or have unusual human interest. Our output of news of this character for domestic consumption has steadily increased in volume and unsavoriness since the Lincoln conspirators were tried. Lately, too, we have been doing rather a tidy export trade in the article.

To those who have not thought of sensational court cases in their industrial aspects it may prove astonishing to read some estimates of the cost of the Thaw trial to the newspapers.

From the news standpoint this was unquestionably the most valuable trial of the sort that has ever been held in this country. It involved not only persons in high life on both sides of the Atlantic, but was also without precedent in the matter of feminine interest—which comes pretty near being news interest at the last analysis. Had all the newspaper editors assembled in convention for the express purpose of planning a murder trial that would have maximum market value, they could hardly have designed one so ample in its main currents of morbid public interest. The very bigness of the case was such that editors were stunned for a day or two after the actual murder

The Associated Press spent three hundred thousand dollars to cover the Cuban War. That much was spent on this trial by New York State and the defense alone. It took the prosecution but a half day to enter actual proof of the murder. But the State laid out more than one hundred thousand dollars in costs, and the defendants nearly two hundred thousand dollars for legal talent and sundries.

Work for Seventy Star Reporters

What the newspapers spent may be estimated roughly by considering the way in which the trial was covered. When the prisoner entered court on February 4, dressed in clothes carefully made for the occasion, there was a clamoring mob of newspaper representatives of all kinds, several hundred in number. A strong force of police separated those who had *bona-fide* admission cards. Seventy reporters and artists from the New York papers got in, and others connected with press associations, outside newspapers and foreign journals brought the total up to more than a hundred. Some of these reporters were highly-paid special writers of reputation, receiving twenty dollars a day or more. With the plain garden variety of reporter, the sketch artist, the news photographer and the specialists in women's gowns, this inside aggregation of talent probably embodied a salary expense of one thousand dollars a day.

The trial was a big event in New York. But no more so than in Pittsburg. It was a big event in the courtroom, but also a big one in a hundred places outside. Battalions of reporters doing what is called leg-work covered the hotels where witnesses and principals were stopping. Reporters skilled in psychological minutiæ were detailed to watch principals in other cities, give them facilities for obtaining instant details over the long-distance telephone hot from the courtroom, and wire the effect of evidence upon them. News was as eagerly watched in Europe as on Park Row. These outside workers probably cost two thousand dollars per day.

Then there were cable and telegraph tolls. The press associations wired from two to three columns to two thousand daily papers every day, while fifty large dailies took from four columns to a page. At a minimum estimate of six dollars per column the transmission of this news cost not less than twenty-five thousand dollars a day, allowing for variations.

For six weeks of the actual trial it is a conservative estimate to place this expense of reporting and wires at one million dollars.

But that represented only the cost of reporting a climax that had, for more than six months, been carefully worked up by newspaper accounts of the prisoner's diet, plans, relatives and legal organization. If this preparatory work cost only five thousand dollars a day, it still ran to nearly another million dollars. —*J. H. C.*

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Here are the New May Records
Hear them at your dealer's on and after April 27th, and give him your order

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9531	Poor John (Pether)	Ada Jones
9532	While I Have You (Seamans)	Irving Gillette
9533	Good-a-Bye John Medley (Xylophone)	Albert Benzler
9534	I've Told His Missus All About Him (Tate)	Helen Trix
9535	Oh! Mister Brown (Von Tilzer)	Arthur Collins
9536	Something for Jesus (Lowry)	Anthony & Harrison
9537	The Thunderer March (Sousa)	Edison Military Band
9538	No Wedding Bells for Me (Furth)	Bob Roberts
9539	Nobody's Little Girl (Morse)	Byron G. Harlan
9540	Flanagan on a Farm (Original)	Steve Porter
9541	Dixie (Emmett) Echo	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9542	'Neath the Old Acorn Tree, Sweet Estelle (Helf)	Harry Anthony
9543	That Welcome on the Mat Ain't Meant for Me (Edwards)	Collins & Harlan
9544	When You Know You're Not Forgotten by the Girl You Can't Forget (Helf)	Frank C. Stanley
9545	Fanella—Intermezzo (Keiser)	Edison Concert Band
9546	The Last Rose of Summer (Flotow)	Edith Helena
9547	San Antonio (Van Alstyne)	Billy Murray & Chorus
9548	Let Me Hear the Band Play "The Girl I Left Behind" (Casey)	Frederick H. Potter
9549	Love's Serenade (F. v. Blon)	Edison Venetian Trio
9550	Stand Up For Jesus (Webb)	Edison Mixed Quartette
9551	Ask Me Not (Cobb & Edwards)	Will F. Denny
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9553	Georgia Sunset (Brown)	Edison Military Band

Five New Grand Opera Records

B. 46	"Tarantella"	Rossini
B. 47	"L'Air des Fleurs" de Siebel ("Siebel's Flower Song") (Faust)	Gounod
B. 48	"In diesen heil'gen Hallen" ("Within these Sacred Halls") "Die Zauberflote" ("The Magic Flute")	Mozart
B. 49	"O Paradiso in terra" ("O Paradise on Earth") "L'Africaine"	Meyerbeer
B. 50	"A tanto amor" ("To So Much Love") "La Favorita"	Donizetti

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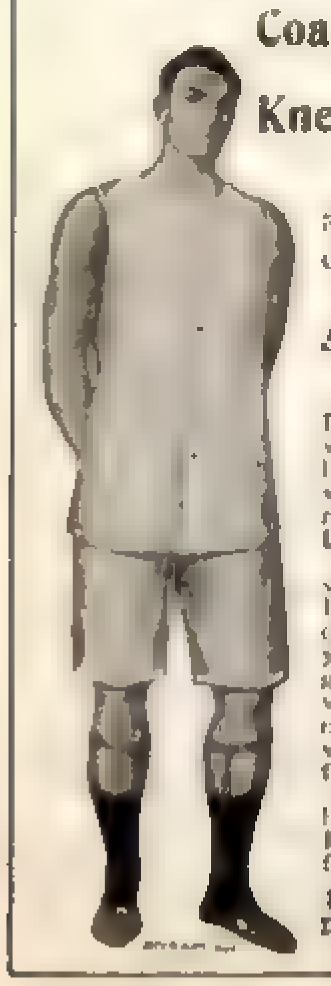
Dept. B, South Bend, Ind.

LOOSE FITTING
B.V.D.
Trade Mark Registered U. S. Patent Office



Coat Cut Undershirts
and
Knee Length Drawers
WEAR THEM
and enjoy that freedom of motion which assures comfort.

50c, $1.00 and $1.50 a garment.

Identified by B.V.D. Label which consists of white letters B. V. D. on a red woven background. Accept no imitations. **Look for the Label.**

Purchase B.V.D. Underwear through your dealer. If your dealer will not procure B.V.D. Underwear for you, send us the price of the garments desired, with your waist and chest measurements (in inches), and we will fill direct a sample order for you, **postpaid.**

Illustrated seven-color booklet, descriptive of B.V.D. Underwear, sent free upon request.

ERLANGER BROTHERS
Dept. A Church and Worth Sts.
New York City

SENSE & NONSENSE

Secretary of Philanthropy

THE somewhat unique title of Secretary of Philanthropy can be applied to Frederick T. Gates, a New York lawyer, who is the confidential adviser and agent of John D. Rockefeller in the distribution of the latter's millions. Thus Mr. Gates occupies a post perhaps unlike that of any other man in the United States.

Before Mr. Rockefeller makes a gift, the beneficiary is investigated by Mr. Gates. Now this is true, in the main, of all large gifts of this kind, but perhaps in no other case is so much responsibility and authority imposed as upon Mr. Gates. It is really he who makes the suggestion. Mr. Rockefeller gives the money.

In order to render Mr. Rockefeller the best service, Mr. Gates had to make an elaborate investigation of the whole educational problem in the United States, and Mr. Gates' duties furnish a fact which is contrary to the general opinion that Mr. Rockefeller casts his eye over the country and picks out something or somebody to endow.

The nearest approach to this organization of gift-giving is that maintained by Andrew Carnegie, who is Mr. Rockefeller's closest rival in the distribution of superfluous millions. The ironmaster, however, takes a livelier interest in his wards, and sometimes does a little investigating himself.

The Bible and Kentucky

A MASSACHUSETTS minister was making his first visit to Kentucky several years ago. He had to spend the night in a small mountain town where feuds and moonshine stills abounded. Engaging in conversation with one of the natives he said:

"My friend, this is a very bibulous State, I hear."

"Lord!" replied the man, "there hain't twenty-five Bibles in all Kentucky."

Dolls in Sunday-School

ONE Sunday John Wanamaker visited the Sunday-school classes in which he was greatly interested, and after talking the lesson over told the pupils he would try to answer any questions the boys or girls wanted to ask him.

One little girl raised her hand, and spoke out timidly: "Will you please tell me, Mr. Wanamaker, how much those large French dolls are that you have in your show-window?"

Mr. McCutcheon Agrees

NOT long after George Barr McCutcheon's story, Brewster's Millions, had been dramatized and was being played in New York a friend of the author who was connected with his publishers had a desire to see the play; so he wrote to McCutcheon, expecting a free pass, as follows:

Dear George: I think I ought to see your play. JOHN.

Whereupon the author sent him the following reply:

Dear John: I think so, too.
GEORGE.

Bispham and the Calcium

AN AMUSING incident once occurred at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York during a performance of Wagner's Die Walküre. David Bispham was singing the rôle of Wotan. At the climax of the second act the stage is in darkness save for the red glare of the coming storm, which illumines the figure of Wotan as he stands motionless on a rocky height gazing down at the bodies of Siegmund and Hunding, who lie dead at his feet. The music is subdued and the audience is expectant.

At this moment something went wrong with the calcium lights, for the red glow missed Wotan's figure and wandered off in another direction. The people in the first rows of the orchestra were startled to hear the following agonized and savage whisper from Wotan:

"Shine on me, curse you; shine on me!"

Quaker Oats Quality
in cereal foods

You needn't be told the health- and strength-giving value of cereals; but there's something to say about quality.

You may as well be sure on that point; and the Quaker is your guide. Look for the Quaker; ask for, and insist on Quaker Oats Quality.

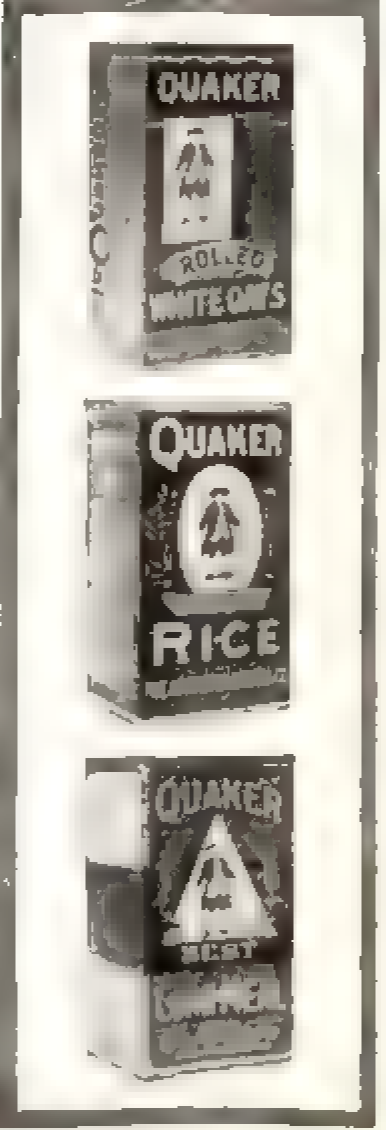
Quaker Oats The perfect Oatmeal; most used and best known. The standard of oatmeal quality. Large package 10c.

Quaker Rice One of the most valuable of all the cereals; cooked in its own moisture; delicately browned, ready to eat; a wholesome, delicious breakfast food. Large package 10c.

Quaker Cornmeal You'll have a new experience with cornmeal when you try this; you "didn't know cornmeal could be so good." Three-pound package 10c.

Quaker products are for sale by grocers everywhere. Ask yours.

The Quaker Oats Company.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.



PNEUMATIC LEAGUE BALL
PNEUMA

The New Pneumatic Base Ball

The latest great invention for the Game Boys — investigate this ball.

Unlike all others it does not go soft or punky, but plays fast and snappy like a new ball for nine innings or a dozen games.

You know how quickly the best old-style balls go soft — they don't outlast the cover.

This ball does, and when the cover is worn just put the ball in the box it came in and mail it to us with 40c. Back will come your ball, good as new, with a new cover, postage prepaid.

How to Select a Good Base Ball

That's the name of a book we want to send you, free. It tells all about all kinds of base balls, why the best old-style ball must go soft and punky after a few innings, why the Pneumatic [illegible] it just under the [illegible] the leather cover [illegible] to wear out — why the Pneumatic *always* plays like the best old style balls play when they are new.

The Pneumatic Ball is the first great improvement in base balls in years — has consistent playing qualities that suit the modern game [illegible]

All about it in the book. Write for it today. See what that great ball player, Lajoie, of the Cleveland Americans, has to say about it. Write for it today. This book is of vital interest to every lover of the national game.

[illegible] supplied. Thereafter you can have a new highest grade ball by paying 40c for a new cover. But write for the book — quick, before the season is on.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Ball Dept., 1101 E. Market Street, Akron, Ohio

A Fence Like This at 20 Cents a Foot

A handsome and durable lawn fence. Gates, ready to erect, $2.60 up. Fence and gate finished in white. Any length or height. Agents wanted. Free Booklet.

ACME WIRE FENCE CO., 453 E. Atwater St., Detroit, Mich.

Special to
College Students

If you want to make money this summer

We have a proposition by which a good man can, in three months, make more than enough to defray his college expenses for the next year.

There is no outfit to buy and no catechism which you have to learn. All you need is your own gray matter and a little help from us from time to time.

If you will write us, we will gladly explain how we propose to make your next college year free from financial worry.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
624 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Toast and Tea

You Can Make

TOAST

on a **Gas Range—Gasoline** or **Oil Stove** better than it can be made on a coal stove if you use

The Vulcan Toaster.

[illegible]

But You Must Have

THE VULCAN

to make this [illegible]

[illegible]

Your dealer will sell you a Vulcan.

If he has none in stock, and will not get you one [illegible]

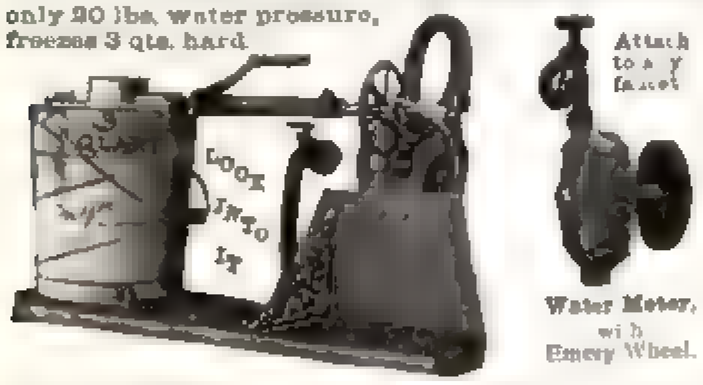
OUR BROAD GUARANTEE

[illegible]

Our Booklet on Toast is Yours for the Asking.

WM. M. CRANE COMPANY,
1130 Broadway, **New York**
Largest Manufacturers of Gas Appliances in the World

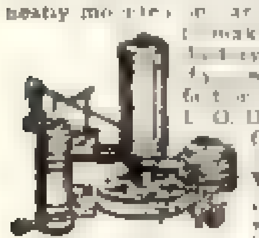
THIS "HOME MADE" ARRANGEMENT, with only 20 lbs. water pressure, freezes 3 qts. hard



Attach to any faucet

Water Motor, with Emery Wheel.

100 PEOPLE (only) MAY GET A 2 OR 3 QT. GEM FREEZER, GEARED MOTOR, [illegible] with rubber hose, "all ready to make cream." **For $10.00,** a special introductory price [illegible] **NOW.** [illegible] **For only $3.00** [illegible] **Motor Fine Emery Wheel Buff Wheel** [illegible] **For Auto** [illegible] with air pump [illegible] **For Printers and Cabinet Makers, Motor** [illegible] **Agents and Hardware Dealers** [illegible] be made without delay. Send for circulars.



Engine Indicator [illegible] from steam engines. Catalogue free.

LIPPINCOTT, M & I Dept., Newark, N. J.

BUILD IT YOURSELF

We are the largest builders of pleasure boats in the world. We sell you full size working patterns knock down frames and materials from bone-dry stock. [illegible] Catalog free

DETROIT BOAT CO., 19 Bellevue Ave Detroit Mich

PARKER PENS
LUCKY CURVE
SELL because they **EXCEL!**

Self Filling or Standard Style 11,000 Dealers Catalog Free
PARKER PEN CO. 90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

THE JAIL THAT PAID DIVIDENDS

(Continued from Page 12)

The commissioners rose as one man and stalked out, thankful for the insult that enabled them to dodge the situation with dignity. They had to dodge bottles, also, as they skipped through the jail yard. The missiles came crashing through the windows, between the bars.

"It's plain to me that we have a wholly incapable sheriff," remarked one of the board when the three were safe in the road. "The first and simplest duty of a sheriff is to keep his prisoners in order. And here's our county jail looking like a rumshop in eruption."

"Say!" blurted another commissioner, "I've got an idea! I read an item in a newspaper once how they stopped a riot in a jail by turning the hose on 'em."

"There's old Hecla in the village!" cried a commissioner, his eager digit pointing south.

"And there's two wells, a cistern and the frog-pond," suggested another, his fingers to the north.

The three men bundled into their sleigh and made all speed toward the village

Ten minutes later the church bell clanged its summons to the members of Hecla Fire Company.

When Hecla came up the hill, ruckle-te-chuckle on its little red wheels, every able-bodied voter within the radius of two miles toiled at the pull-rope. Foreman Blethen, the village blacksmith, had not removed his leather apron nor washed the smut from his face. He was not an amiable object, he was not in a conciliatory mood when he stamped into the jail office, dragging the hose, shouldered the high sheriff to one side and poked the nozzle into the peek-hole.

"Give her tar!" he bellowed, and the hoarse command ran along the line to where Hecla stood astraddle the frog-pond. With sixty men surging at each brake-bar, the old tub danced on its wheels. The stream cracked out of the nozzle, and inside of the first minute all music, all fight, all bacchanalian mirth and all appetite for chicken dinner were knocked out of the inmates of Troy County jail.

The limited range of the peek-hole did not satisfy Foreman Blethen, as soon as he realized that he had them cornered at his mercy. A fireman grabbed the keys from the sheriff and unlocked the big door, and the real work of house-cleaning began.

"Give her tar, taxpayers!" roared the foreman. It was a torrent so vicious that the unhappy victims who attempted to breast it were knocked down like tenpins. It was never known whether the frantic wretches within or thoughtful citizens without pried the bars off a window; but suddenly a way was opened and prisoners, soaked, blinded, choking and spluttering, began to pour out, tumbling over each other. As they appeared, citizens greeted them with icy snowballs, and this stinging punishment took out of them the last vestige of courage. Those who could run fled, and those who were too far gone lay down and squealed for mercy.

The question of law and its responsibilities no longer influenced the irate taxpayers of Troy County. They had become a mob. The fall of their bastile seemed to have demoralized them. Hecla Company hung grimly to its work until the jail's paved pit brimmed full and water poured over its window-sills into the snow.

"Now," shouted Foreman Blethen with a mighty oath, "let her freeze and stay froze. Free skatin' for tramps, but no free board."

Men with guns headed off the scattering tramps, herded them and drove them by the shortest route into another county, and that being a county with a stoneyard, the little Coxey's army bent its chief energies to unobtrusive dispersal.

Just before nightfall, and after the last of the mob had departed behind the trundled Hecla, Mr. Lamberson strolled down from the women's room with his volumes of Shakespeare in a neat bundle under his arm. His exit was easy, for there was no longer any question of bolts or bars in Troy County jail. Sheriff Snell was gazing sadly upon the freezing pool in the jail pit.

"I feel obliged to terminate our partnership," said Mr. Lamberson, "for I find you have absolutely no executive ability to carry out my ideas. I shall transfer my business to another county."

Copyright 1907 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

ANY man, anywhere, looks well dressed in one of our Varsity suits; feels so, too. All-wool fabrics; clean, honest tailoring, correct style.

Find our label, a small thing to look for, a big thing to find. Style Book sent for six cents

Hart Schaffner & Marx Good Clothes Makers
Chicago Boston New York

This Switch Sent Free

On Approval Or any other article you may select from our large new **FREE Catalog.** We are the largest mail order Hair Merchants in the world and can undersell others. **SEE OUR GOODS FIRST.** Then pay only when pleased with your bargain. **Write for Catalog.**

These prices are for extra short stem switches of splendid quality:

2 oz. 20 in., 95c; 2 oz. 22 in., $1.25; 2½ oz. 24 in., $2.25; Featherw't Stemless, Natural Wavy, $4.95; 200 other grades 50c to $25.00; Wigs, Ladies' and Men's, $5 to 60. Send sample of your hair cut near roots. **WRITE TODAY.**

PARIS FASHION CO.,
909 State St., Chicago, Dept. 244

Strong Arms! For Ten Cents in stamps or coin

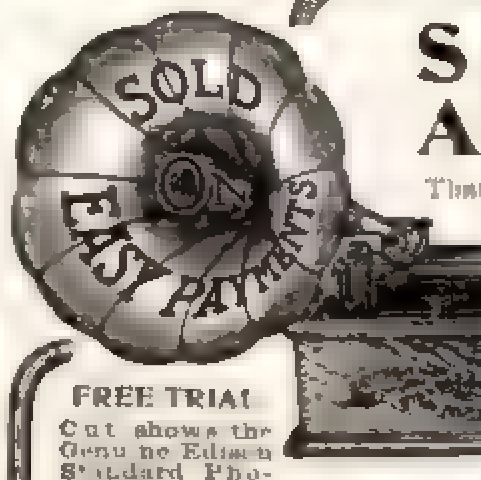
I will send, as long as they last, one of my charts showing exercises that will quickly **build up shoulders, arms, forearms and hands** without any apparatus. They are beautifully illustrated with twenty half tone cuts. Regular price 25 cents.

IN ADDITION TO THIS

If you send for one at once, will make you a present of another chart which alone is worth more than you pay for the first mentioned one. The latter shows my new method for building up a great **chest, shoulders and arms.**

PROF. ANTHONY BARKER,
Select School of Physical Culture,
110 S. West 42nd St., New York City.

EARNING MONEY Any one can do it and no experience is necessary. THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST [illegible] **The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia,** and get your start now.



Send Your ADDRESS Thomas A. Edison

That's all you need do to have a genuine Edison Phonograph sent you. *No cash in advance; no C. O. D.* Just send us your name and we will send you a

Magnificent EDISON Phonograph

with large Floral Horn and twelve Genuine Edison Gold Moulded Records. After you have tried it, you will not be willing to give it up. You may keep it [illegible] by sending us a few monthly payments of trifling amount.

FREE TRIAL Cut shows the Genuine Edison Standard Phonograph.

We can sell you a genuine Edison Gem Phonograph with twelve Edison Records for $14.20. No one can sell it for less, even for cash, but you can pay us as little as $2.00 a month if you wish. Send your address and let us send the Phonograph at once. Guide to Latest Music sent free.

MUSICAL ECHO CO., Edison Distributors, Dept. No. 47, 1215 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The sheriff doubled his fists and started at him, but Mr. Lamberson halted him with the pregnant words, "Remember that I have a plum for the populace!" And when Mr. Snell halted and gritted his teeth, he said blandly: "In return for three months of unexpired sentence, now kindly presented by you and easily explained after this day of confusion, I will preserve a gentleman's silence regarding our little attempt to put a decadent business on its feet. I regret your lack of executive ability. You are not designed for large projects. Stick to the grocery business."

As he walked away old "Curly" Erskine came out of the shadows. He had been listening, but his gummy intelligence had not grasped.

"I ain't the kind of a man that deserts a sinking ship," he said, his teeth chattering. "This ain't homelike here any longer, nor sociable, and everybody's sayin' you ain't much of a sheriff. I could have run away like the rest. But I won't. Dumblast it, Brick, I'll stay with ye. It sha'n't ever be said to slur you that there was a time when you couldn't hang on to as much as one prisoner. But where be you goin' to put me?"

With a sudden impulse that he could hardly explain to himself, the high sheriff led his faithful prisoner into the brick house and installed him in the guest-room.

A Fair Exchange

LAST summer I wanted to send my family into the country for a couple of months' change of air. Hitherto it had cost me thirty-five dollars a month to rent a little cottage for them. But this time I decided to get the rent free.

I have a little suburban home eight miles from Chicago, and it seemed to me that there were hundreds of people living in little country places, ideal summer resorts, who would like to get into the city for two months in the summertime. To country people there are many attractions in the city, especially in the summer; there are the cheap rates at the theatres, the amusement parks and places, the lake trips and a thousand other novelties.

Realizing all this I conceived my little scheme, drew up a small advertisement and inserted it in a big Chicago daily which has a large country circulation:

> EXCHANGE RESIDENCE
> FOR TWO MONTHS
>
> A gentleman living in a delightful Chicago suburb, thirty minutes' ride from downtown, will exchange his modern ten-room residence for two months with gentleman living near lake or summer resort, and will deposit guarantee that house will be turned over at end of time in condition received.

I don't know whether it was the originality of the idea of the advertisement or what, but within a week I received eighteen personal replies from it. None of them were from real-estate men, as I had expected; they all looked good.

Finally I sorted out four from the bunch on account of their location, for I had figured on making week-end trips to see my family. I went out to just two of these places, and the second one so struck my fancy that I closed the bargain with the owner as soon as he had seen and approved of my house, and we signed up an agreement that the houses would be turned back in same shape received.

My family spent a delightful two months in the country at a very small cost, the country gentleman's family did the same in the city, and everything was most satisfactory.

This summer we are going to change off again. We like the arrangement; there are many additional advantages besides the rent-saving. We used to hire a watchman on our street to look after the place, we used to hire a boy to cut the lawns while we were gone; now the place is safe and the people keep it up well during our absence, for the sake of their own pride. Then, too, we used to have to buy furniture and fixings for the cottage we rented and throw it away when we left. There is none of that to do now.

If you feel that you can't afford to send the wife and children away this summer, think it over. All it will cost you will be a couple of fifty-cent ads. in the newspaper.

—*R. C. B.*

The Pure Food Man

Ralston Health Food

[illegible] Sterilized. [illegible] package [illegible] 50 plates.

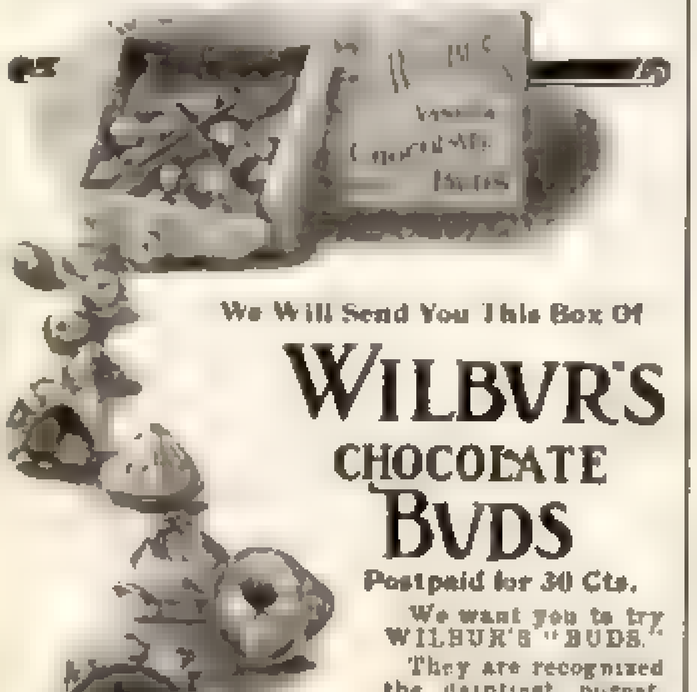
WHOLE WHEAT

Purina Whole Wheat Flour makes *golden* bread — rich, nut like flavor. Builds up weak constitutions. That's because the Purina Process takes out all the indigestible useless part of the whole wheat [illegible] keeps in all of the flavor [illegible], strength and health-giving proteids and phosphates which make wheat the most delicious and [illegible]

[illegible] direct and see that you are promptly supplied at no extra expense and no inconvenience to you. Address mills nearest you

RALSTON PURINA MILLS
"Where Purity is Paramount"
[illegible] Portland [illegible]

CHECKER BOARD SACKS AND PACKAGES


We Will Send You This Box Of

WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BUDS

Postpaid for 30 Cts.

We want you to try WILBUR'S "BUDS." They are recognized the daintiest, purest, most delicious chocolate confections made. Each "BUD" is a pyramid of vanilla chocolate sweetened with pure cane sugar, made by a special process that gives it a taste and flavor unlike any confection you know. Each "BUD" is separately enveloped in a silver foil wrapper that keeps it fresh and free from handling.

If your confectioner or druggist cannot supply you send 30c. stamps or coin and we will send this dainty box of WILBUR'S delicious "BUDS" direct to your home. Large box $1.00.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS
240 North Third Street Philadelphia
[illegible]

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

Doing a Week's Washing In 6 Minutes—Read the Proof

[illegible] 1900 Gravity Washer [illegible]

In six minutes your tubful of clothes is clean.

[illegible]

There isn't anything about a 1900 Gravity Washer to wear out your clothes.

[illegible]

Your clothes last twice as long

[illegible]

Prove all this at my expense and risk

[illegible]

Say you are willing to test a 1900 Gravity Washer.

I will send one to any responsible party, freight prepaid.

[illegible] promptly at any time [illegible] get your washer [illegible]

[illegible] don't keep it.

[illegible] your decision without any back talk — [illegible]

If you want to keep the washer — as you surely will when [illegible] you can take plenty of time to pay for it.

Pay so much a week — or so much a month — as suits you best.

Pay for the washer as it saves for you.

I make you this offer because I want you to find out for yourself [illegible] 1900 Gravity Washer [illegible]

[illegible] good with me.

It takes a big factory — the largest washer factory in the [illegible]

[illegible] factory is the only one ever devoted [illegible]

Over half a million pleased women can tell you what my washers will do.

[illegible] You can test a 1900 Gravity Washer yourself. Then you will know [illegible]

Write for my book today. It is FREE.

[illegible] address on a post card mailed to me at [illegible] by return mail.

You are welcome to the book whether you want to buy a washer or not.

[illegible] illustrated book, printed on heavy enameled paper [illegible] pictures showing exactly how my Washers work.

[illegible] It is the finest ever [illegible]

[illegible] Gravity Washer saves your time and strength — preserves your health — and protects your [illegible]

[illegible] Manager, 1900 Washer Co. [illegible] Canadian Branch, 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario.

Refinish Your Furniture
Do it Yourself

Interesting, simple and fascinating. Our practical free 48 page book makes it a simple matter to finish or refinish new or old furniture, woodwork and floors in **Weathered, Mission, Forest Green, Flemish, Mahogany** or any other desired shade at little cost with Johnson's Electric Solvo, Johnson's Wood Dye and Johnson's Prepared Wax.

First remove all the old finish with Johnson's Electric Solvo. Then apply our Dye to the clean, dry, bare wood and when perfectly dry apply our Wax with cloth and rub to a polish with dry cloth. A beautiful **wax finish** will be immediately produced.

We save you money by telling how old, poorly finished furniture can be made serviceable and stylish and harmonize with your other furnishings.

Johnson's Wood Dyes (all shades), half-pint cans, 30 cts.; pint cans, 50 cts.

Johnson's Electric Solvo (for removing paint, varnish, shellac, etc.), pint cans, 40 cts.; half-pint cans, 25 cts.

Johnson's Prepared Wax — 10 and 25c packages and large size cans. Sold by all dealers in paint. **Sample of Solvo or Wax for 4c in stamps — both 8c.** Write for 48-page color book — "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture." Sent **free** — mention edition S 42.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Print Your Own Cards

[illegible] Press $5. Larger size $18. Money saver, maker. [illegible] easy, printed rules. Write factory for catalog, presses, type, paper, cards.

The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

1 CENT IS ALL IT COSTS to write a postal for our big **Free Bicycle** catalog showing all models at lowest prices.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires until you learn our marvelous new offers. We ship on approval [illegible] prepay freight, allow **10 Days Free Trial** [illegible] FREE [illegible]

WE WILL CONVINCE you that we sell a better wheel for less money than any other house. [illegible] If you want to **Make Money** or **Earn a Bicycle** write for our **Special Offer**.

TIRES, Coaster-Brakes, [illegible] wheels and all sundries at [illegible] prices. **Do Not Wait**, but write us a postal today [illegible] Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. T-55 Chicago, Ill.

PALMS & CACTUS

Decorate your homes and lawns [illegible] $1.00 [illegible] Send for catalogue.

OLSEN & CO.
Lowell, Arizona

OLD TOWN CANOES [illegible]

Old Town Canoe Co., 100 Middle St. Old Town, Maine

10 Gillette Blades 25c

Send to dull blades with 25c coin. 2c each for extra blades. With Star, Gem, and Auto-strop blades send 5c for each. With Ever-ready, American and Elgin blades send 3c for each. We resharpen better than new.

Chemical Steel Co., 7 W. Madison Street, Chicago

New Blade Reflections

(1907 Make)

Until you have tried the New Gillette Blade you have never known the luxury of shaving—the few rapid, sure strokes of a keen edge, which leave that soft, silky smoothness.

It is a saying among users of strop-razors that you can never tell if a razor will turn out well until you try it. This is true of all other razor blades, as they are made or finished by hand. Every one of the New Gillette Blades, however, turns out well, and equally well, whether you try one or a thousand. Every step in the progress of the New Blade, from the original steel to the finished product, tempering, grinding, honing and stropping, is performed by patented Gillette automatic machinery that is accurately gauged to treat every blade identically the same, so that results are foreordained, without the slightest variation. There is no luck about it. It is the logical inevitability of the Gillette mechanical process.

This automatic machinery, invented and patented by the Gillette Company and limited to their use, makes possible the keen edge of the New Gillette Blade that gently removes from the finest peach-down beard of youth to the wiriest hair on the face of a veteran, with equal ease, and outlives the wear of 20 or more shaves.

Mounted in the holder, the thin blade is firm and steady, as though it were an inch thick. Remember, too, every Gillette Blade has two shaving edges, practically two blades in one.

For a real satisfactory shave, leaving the face in perfect condition with the very smallest expense of time, money, patience and energy, you must use the New Gillette Blade (1907 Make).

If your drug, cutlery, or hardware retailer doesn't sell the Gillette on thirty days free trial, we will. The Gillette costs $5.00 first year for silver-plated set, and for subsequent use, ten extra blades fifty cents.

The demand for our little volume on the Science of Shaving seems unlimited and a new edition is now ready. Send a postal for a copy to-day. You may forget to-morrow. We'll send a copy by return mail.

Gillette Sales Company
280 Times Building, New York

SCIENCE
SHAVING

Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING

"The Straw Without a Flaw"
BLUM & KOCH
84-90 FIFTH AVE
NEW YORK

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The Ship Without a Name

(Continued from Page 8)

of heedlessness Mr. Stein had signed on an agent of the famous Third Section; and the grim and frantic expedition had been sold to the enemy even before it put out from the Hattendyk. Clearly enough Tim foresaw the welcome that waited for him when they entered the Russian waters—with all their "stores" complete and the dour men they were to pick up off Dogger Bank. And Captain Tim had no instant mind to kill the chef; the problem went far beyond that little ferret of a man, for if one spy traveled with him, surely others lay watching at every point—at Shields, and off the Bank, and far away yonder in Narwa Bay. Ay, but what was to be done?

"Wait," said Captain Tim. "I must take her through the channel first. We'll be soon at sea, and then we can decide. Come you up on the bridge."

He ran up quickly without waiting for her. The channel lay between two black buoys. And that was the sailorman's trouble, for, in the deceptive night, it was almost impossible to make out the buoys rolling unlighted in the uniform water; but Captain Tim knew the channel—as a blind man knows the way from his pipe-rack to the easy chair by the fire. He passed the first buoy by the kind of guesswork that in him was sailorman's genius; and he made for the second buoy—the wild thoughts racing in him!

The Ziablova girl was at his elbow. He glanced sidewise at her as she stood there—rigid, white, sharp as a sword, a flame without vacillation.

She answered his look.

"You are not afraid to go on? You will not desert me now? You will get us through—in spite of them all!" There was terrible urgency in the swift whisper of words: "Oh, Captain, Captain, you will get us through?"

"Hush!" he said. It was less the gray-blurred sea he saw before him than the papery Siberian snowfields and the mounted Cossacks with whips, and a girl staggering up-stage in tattered pink; and savagely he wished the nameless ship with its nameless "stores" and its bad secret were at the bottom of the North Sea. "An' me home at my mother's house in Derry, with that girl on my knee!" he added.

"Don't you see it's all over an' we are only going into foul trouble? For we can't stand investigation at Shields, an' if we get to the Bay of Narwa, they'll be waitin' for us, the black tyrants!" he whispered.

"You promised." And the Ziablova girl's eyes were scorn and reproach and entreaty.

"Ay, it was a promise," said Captain Tim, with a new meekness in him; "an' we'll go—as far as we can."

Long before the lookout, he had made out the black buoy and now he knew just where the great sandbank lay. "Stabbord, Misther Larsen. So!" And he snatched the hand-lamp from the Swede and swung it wide, and withal his heart beat fast and he went close to the Ziablova girl, for what was coming he knew. Softly, as though she had stepped on a feather-bed, the Tin Darling took ground; for a moment she clung there, quivering in all her rusty joints; then, with metallic groans and a rattling as of burrel-shot, she scraped over and took the sea.

And Captain Timothy Hannafin was not the glad man; gloomily he realized that the rogue in him was but young, or he had better known how to lay a ship down on a mile-wide bed of sand. Scrape over she did; but all was not well as she met the swell of the North Sea; her plates started and she took water full and fast.

"I've done it, after all," thought Captain Tim, with a queer shake in him, as word came up from the engineer.

"Stay you here," he said sharply to the Ziablova girl. "Don't move—an' you, Misther Larsen, keep her on her course."

The engine-room was in misty darkness, for her joints were leaking steam and only a few slush-lamps made feeble light. The crank-pit was full of water and the great crank went in and out of it with rhythmic, monstrous splashes; even the stokehole plates were covered and the black gang were squatted up, keeping their feet dry; the rolling of the ship had put out the lower fires; the first engineer stood in nine

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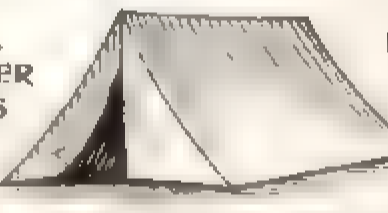

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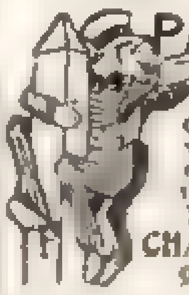

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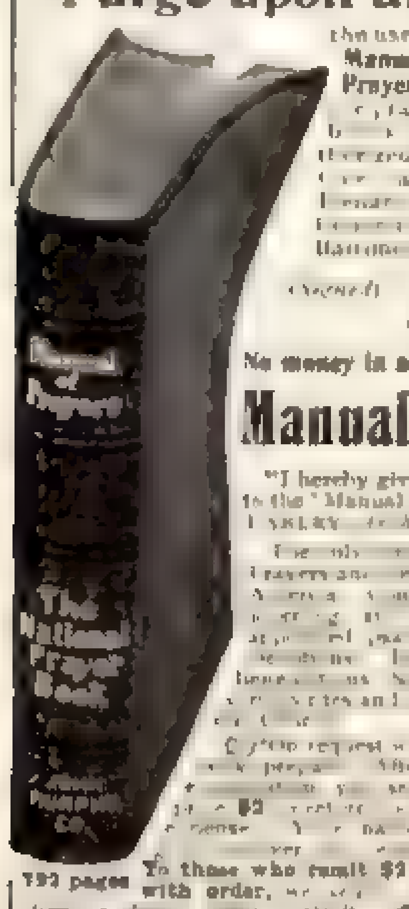

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inches of water, thinking of the sneaking death that gets a man in an ash-pit. And always the water gained, and the old ship, groaning at the doom on her, listed heavily to port. It was then Captain Timothy put the last touch to his sea-crime. The "paint washers" peering down into the hell of the engine-room, the squatting black gang and the engineers—one and all he drove them up on deck; when he was quite alone in that black chaos of steam and water he opened the cocks. Oh, Captain Tim and the honor of a sailorman!

The Ziablova girl stood just where he had left her on the bridge; she was alone there save for the sleeping bulk of the Qualified One—the Swede in a moment of efficiency was getting out the lifeboat on deck; and Zina was pale and quiet, drooping a little.

"We are sinking?" she asked—neither fear nor anger was in her voice.

"Nothing can save her," he said gently; "I am very sorry."

"And this is the end of the plans and the hopes!" she said drearily. All that was fire had gone out of her; she seemed merely a sad little girl.

Captain Tim took her hand and led her down. The port lifeboat had been launched—she lay over too much to launch the starboard boat—and the dirty crew, life-lovers all, had swarmed into it. The afterguard heaved down the dazed skipper and tumbled him into the lifeboat; then they went over themselves. Captain Tim had not released the girl's hand.

"If you have anything to save," he began—and then, as she glanced over toward the little cabin, he drew her toward him. "Not that blazin' basket!" he cried. "Come!"

"Give way, you!" he growled—and the crew bent to the oars.

At that instant on the deserted ship something squealed like a rat and, from the little cabin aft, the cook came running—a lean thing that scurried and squealed with terror.

Oh, it was a mad, white face he showed, haggard with cowardice and purpose! And yet, for all his fear, he hugged to his breast a wicker basket; and there was something wickeder than fear in him, for as he ran he lifted high the deadly thing to hurl it at the little lifeboat, tossing below. Zina with wild foreknowledge screamed aloud. One second they saw the spy, the basket held aloft in his hands, and then his swift-running feet tripped and he went down.

What happened was a roar of explosion that crashed down through the big ship, tearing iron and water.

Only just in time the lifeboat leaped out of the sucking seas. Captain Tim held the girl close to him, her head on his breast, her eyes covered by his hand; and he looked back at his ship. She had been settling by the head when they left her, but the explosion had torn her entrails out and she seemed to fold over on her wound as she sank slowly. A minute more and the Ship Without a Name went down forever—with her secret and her vengeance—into the obliterating waters of the sea.

. . . . . .

There would be a fine story to tell—but no man save Mr. Hannafin has the right to tell it—of the long walk into Flushing through the lead-colored night. They had rowed to a lonely spot on the shore and landed unseen of coast-guardsmen or men of the customs. There Captain Tim had paid off his lumpers and riggers and, in his alert phrase, "lost 'em." Jingling silver they made off in the night for tavern-signs and oblivion. The Qualified One, partly sobered by the seas that had washed over him as he lay in the bow of the lifeboat, had plodded off with his Swedes and engineers, wagging his confused head.

And with this Captain Tim and the Ziablova girl were left alone. She was wet and wretched. She sat on the gunwale of the little boat and looked hopelessly at the mud-colored sea and the uniform lead of sand and sky. There is a wild spirit of revolt which flames up in individuals as in races, and in her tongue it is called *Kramela*—now it had burned out and there was left only the cold ashes of it.

"You must not be sittin' here in the cold night," said Captain Tim.

Zina stood up, shivering a little, and went to his side.

"You'll soon be warm with the walkin'," he went on, "but stand by a minute till I look to this boat."

With the aid of matches he scanned the stern for a name; what was painted there

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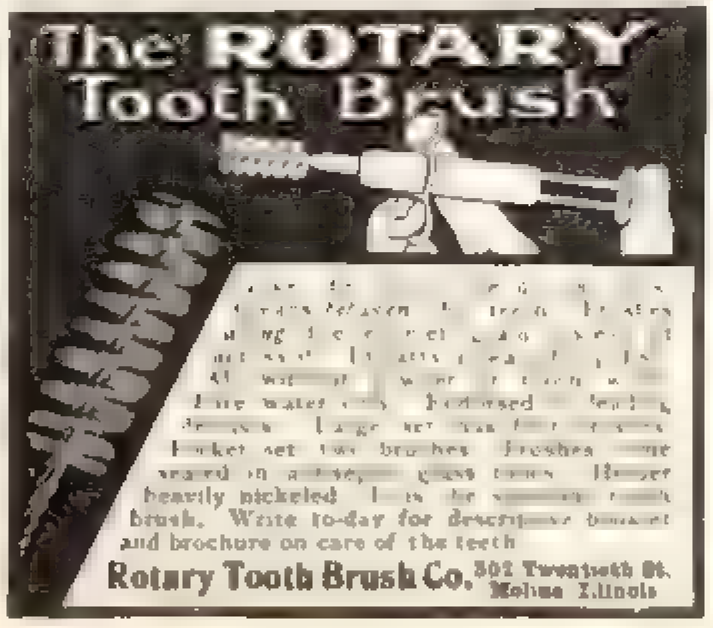

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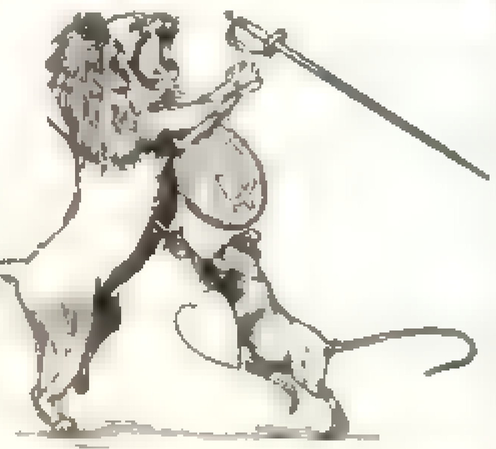

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I know not, but he hacked out the tail-board with his knife; then he ran the little boat far out into the water and the tide took her and bore her lightly away. And of the cruise of the Ship Without a Name there was no record more on land or sea. He gave the Ziablova girl the help of his arm and they walked on over the flat sands. She drooped on him, for she was very tired. Looking down at the white, spiritless face Captain Tim felt a queer pity rising in him. Was this the flashing, insolent girl who had hailed him with "Come aboard, sir!" only a few hours ago? He wanted to see again the glint of metal in her eyes.

"And so it was to be," he said. "I did not take you all the way."

"It was not your fault."

"I don't know," he replied slowly, for he was telling the thing that gave him into her hands, and he could not help himself. "I don't know — the old ship lies where I put her. I might have taken you all the way to Siberia."

The Ziablova girl stood still and looked at him closely, and for all the grayness of the night she could see his face and eyes.

"You did that?" she asked with a kind of wonder.

"Yes," said he. In this one word he pleaded guilty to his crime, quite simply.

She did not take her eyes from him and he could not look away; she whispered: "You did it for me?"

"Could I let them take you?" And he was thinking of papery snowstorms and brawling Cossacks. Her answer was to take his arm once more; and they went on along the sandy shore, the far way to Flushing.

They did not speak of the ship again; they did not speak of the sight he had hidden from her when he drew her head down on his breast and covered her eyes; once, perhaps, she spoke of Mr. Stein, but Captain Tim would not listen.

"He has a beautiful future, an' it will be in his mind to give me a ship an' comfort," he said grimly; and the word was in the way of prophecy.

There were other prophecies Captain Tim made in the hours ere the sun came up and they saw the spire and tower and long wall of Flushing. What came true was the joy of sitting on a bench in the Zoölogical Gardens in Antwerp, while an orderly band played under the trees; it was there I last saw the Ziablova girl, and though she poured out my tea and gave me kind words, her eyes were for Captain Tim; wherefore, I think it is in his horoscope to sit at home, some day, in the little house in Derry, with that girl on his knee.

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At the appointed hour he was driven to the Episcopal palace in a carriage with outriders, and had the honor at table of sitting at the right of my lord Bishop. It was too much for a boy with a sense of humor. He ran away from home next day and came to America by steerage.

On landing, he took train for Chicago, arriving one Saturday. In the Sunday paper he found an advertisement for a boy to take a place in the Board of Trade, and early next day secured the position.

The jocular members of the Board at once began his education as an American citizen and humorist. They called him "'Appy, 'Appy 'Arry," and when he got angry passed him round at arm's length to have his red, English cheeks kissed.

Mr. Broadhurst is still slight and smooth-faced, and with a countenance of such clear gravity that it needs only cloth and a collar to make him look the Bishop he so narrowly escaped becoming. His gravity is, however, that of the humorist rather than that of the prelate. In a recent conversation some one observed to him that a remarkably popular play by a rival playwright was in reality a very bad bit of drama.

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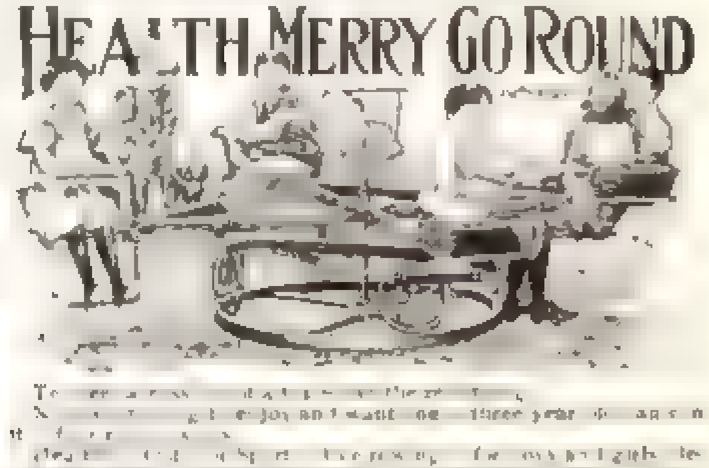

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Tuberculosis: A Social Question

(Continued from Page 9)

children have come too quickly, even to healthy parents, or families have been too large, the younger children may be born in this condition of insufficient vital power, or, to use the technical term, "hypotrophy," "subvitality." More frequently, however, the condition among children and young people results from privation in early life.

But hereditary liability does not necessarily mean defenselessness. Even when parents have been tuberculous, or have suffered from other diseases, as diabetes and cancer, which predispose toward tuberculosis in the children, if the latter are well cared for and well nourished from birth onward they may escape their sinister inheritance.

We have learned what makes men phthisical and we must pursue that opposite course of conduct which alone can prevent it. Prevention is to be achieved in part only by the attempt at exclusion of the germ. Far more certainly can it be attained by the abolition of those conditions which make men susceptible.

And, once more, what are these conditions? Dampness and darkness and dirt in the dwelling. Darkness and dampness and dust in the place of work. The herding together of large numbers of people in tenements, and the massing together of large numbers of people in factories. Stagnant air, fouled by many breaths, in the living and sleeping room; stagnant air, fouled by many breaths, in the workshop. Narrow streets and alleys where air cannot circulate or sunshine penetrate, for the place of abode; and on the wider streets where stand the factories and shops, buildings so high that even the avenue becomes relatively an alley. Long hours of work and weariness. Anxiety cutting short the hours of rest and disturbing the hours of sleep. Poverty so grinding that the laughter of children and the smiles of men are banished from the dwelling, and tortured nerves must find vent in quarrel and complaint. Poverty so narrow that the theatre and dance and country vacation or seashore excursion are impossible.

To preserve normal vitality, men need not only the fresh air and the sunshine, not only the comfort and purification of frequent baths, not only good food eaten leisurely and in pleasant company, not only suitable clothing and sufficient changes, not only rest and a reasonable degree of freedom from anxieties — but also proper food for the mind, innocent relaxation, wholesome merriment. And rest, recreation, freedom from sordid cares, are the very things of which our present industrial and social organization inexorably deprives so many, not alone among the "submerged tenth," but even at times among the "upper ten."

Yet, after all, it is upon the submerged tenth, and the four-tenths with their heads just above water, that the disease-producing pressure of society bears most heavily. The rich can, if they will, protect themselves; and even the moderately well-off need not suffer if they are content with modest earnings and rational life. The poor are the victims of forces beyond their control. Misery is theirs, and with it helplessness. Responsibility is not theirs, but is that of society at large; and only from society, through a general recognition of the social responsibility, can real help come. Among the lower and lowest strata of our economic classes, especially in the cities, the bacillus tuberculosis finds its depressed and enfeebled victims in thousands and tens of thousands, and no measure of prophylaxis can be considered scientific or efficient that is not directed toward remedying the conditions under which they live and move and have their being. Factory inspections, tenement laws, school breakfasts, abolition of child labor, regulation of buildings, provision of public squares and playgrounds — these are desirable and helpful, but they are still inadequate palliatives. We must go to the fundamental cause. Why are children sent to school without food, or to work when they should be playing? Why are they herded in the alleys when they should have the fresh air of park or country? Why do sweat-shops and tenements exist? These things are not inevitable. To say that they are "mysterious dispensations of Providence" is either crass stupidity or

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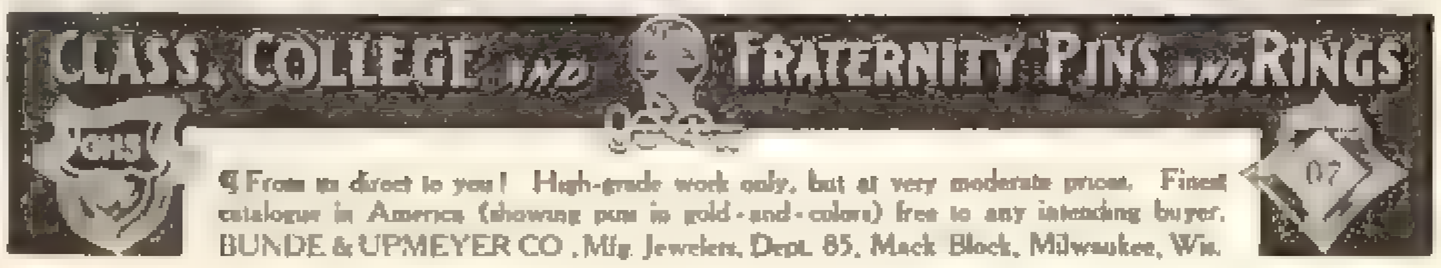
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conscious untruth. It is not "God's will," but man's will—or, worse, man's recklessness—that causes or suffers them. Civilization must not always be builded upon slavery.

To him who dares to look beneath the surface the answer to the Sphinx's riddle is plain. The poverty and the misery, the privations and the squalor, that make men food for the bacillus tuberculosis to devour, can all be reduced in final analysis to two causes—high rents and low wages.

To what these are in turn to be attributed is for the sociologist and the economist to say, not the physician. The physician has fulfilled his duty when he points out that for the begetting of the child known as Tuberculosis two parents are required. Bacillus may be the father, but the mother is Poverty. Divorce the bacillus from Poverty and his monstrous child will not be conceived to prey upon man. The parents of Poverty, also, the physician names. High Rent is the father, Low Wages the mother; but these cannot be divorced—they are incestuous twins of one begetting. It is this begetting that the economist must discover and the statesman take measures to prevent. Not the fallacious and abhorrent measures advocated by Socialism or Anarchism, but wise, broad, far-sighted measures, founded upon the preservation of individual rights; upon the protection of every man in his equality of opportunity, in his possession of the fruits of his toil.

Where the Blame Rests

Nor is it for the sake of the very poor only that we must learn to prevent the conditions in which the infection of tuberculosis flourishes. They suffer the most, but others in all economic ranks are overworked and harassed and depressed by the same impersonal and merciless envelopment that produces the misery and squalor of the tenement dwellers and the fatigue and ill-nourishment of the factory hand and the shop girl. The small merchant, the banker, the manufacturer, the teacher, the writer, the minister, the lawyer and the doctor—the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker—all are driven physically or mentally at a pressure that must often cause breakdown. Or take the reverse side of the shield—the unearned wealth which represents the lack suffered by the victims of society, piling up in the coffers of its pampered pets, tempts to sloth, to overindulgence, to dissipation, which can also break down the normal resistance. Thus, in diminishing degree, the disease penetrates upward and upward from the sunken base of society to the towering apex. The infection breeds in hovels, but ever and again it marches thence against the palaces, to avenge the sufferings of Lazarus upon the children of Dives.

Did Napoleon at St. Helena hear reëchoing cries of distress from the waters of Aboukir and Austerlitz? Did he quiet conscience with the thought that these impersonal sacrifices of life were inevitable accompaniments of human progress—according to the will of Providence as voiced by the heaviest cannon? Or did he realize that Waterloo was the inevitable goal of such progress, St. Helena its inescapable penance?

Toward what Waterloo is our boasted industrial progress hastening our social organization? What bleak rock, in what waste of waters, awaits our expiation? This vast, inexorable machine that is grinding our fellows is no impersonal abstraction. It is the sum of its living units, by whose knowledge, consent and participation it acts.

We are society—we, the well-fed and comfortable; we, who have intelligence to observe and time to reflect. What society does, we do.

We are not indifferent to suffering; we are no longer apathetic concerning tuberculosis. We relieve individuals when we can; we are tolerant of all "practical" suggestions for the extension of charity and benevolence to the masses—especially "organized" charity and "scientific" benevolence. We are intolerant only when the futility of our palliatives is exposed; when we are told that our charity is misdirected and our philanthropy selfish; when it is shown that even while we restore one consumptive to health, we are making fifty healthy men consumptive; when science, asked for the real cause of tuberculosis, holds before our eyes the mirror of truth—and we see therein—Ourselves!

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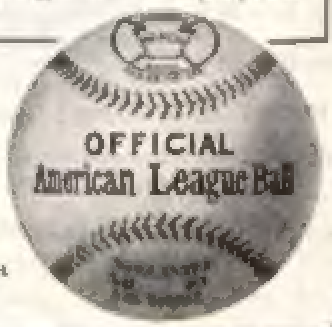

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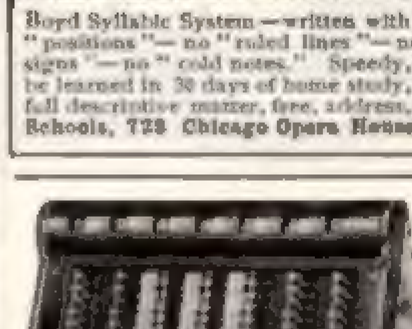

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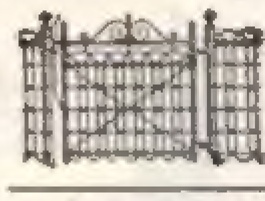

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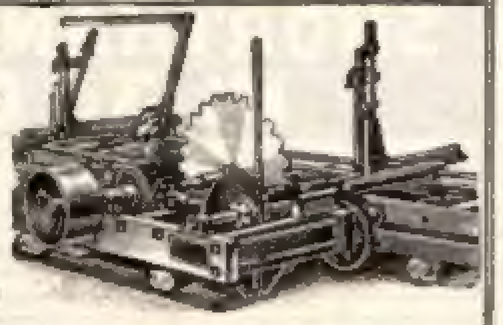

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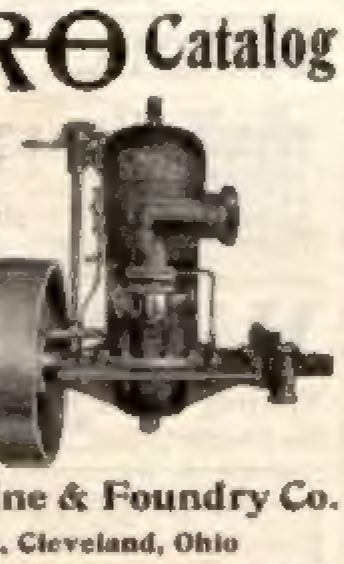

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The Countess Diane

(Continued from Page 15)

and you seemed to be enjoying yourself *so* much!"

He turned to see the Countess *en paysanne* sitting upon the mossy bank, regarding him anxiously.

"How do I look?" she asked.

"You look charming," said he. "How do you feel?"

"Horridly. Like a mummy. This bodice is at least half an inch thick and the same shape all of the way down. Haven't these women any waists?"

"No," said Deane.

"I positively draw the line at sabots. Must I have *all* of my hair under this nasty little hood?"

"It is exceedingly bad form for a peasant girl to permit a single lock of hair to show," said Deane, "but as you are posing as a model I think that you might stretch a point by loosening the coiffe enough to be cool."

The Countess stared at him with open mouth and eyes, looking curiously like an overgrown peasant child; then an angry color flared into her pretty face.

"I will not be laughed at like that! What right had you to interfere, I want to know?"

"Stop it!" said Deane sternly. "Stop it at once! You have no right to talk like that!" He sprang to his feet and stood in front of the enraged Countess and shook his finger in her face, his own so stern that the girl's blue eyes opened wide. "Did you not choose to be rescued? And now you are kicking up all of this fuss purely through foolish, offended vanity! I am ashamed of you! My only regret is that you look as pretty as you do! I chose this costume," continued the wily painter, "especially in the hope that it might conceal, or at least minimize, your very unusual beaut—eh—attractiveness, and so make you less conspicuous! One would think that you were dressing for a diplomatic ball instead of to escape from a brute who handled you as if you were a runaway pup! I am surprised. What"—he lowered his voice to a tone of sternest reproach—"What do you think that your cousin Sam would say?"

"I—I——" She raised her eyes in frightened defiance. "I don't care what my cousin Sam or any——"

"Hush!" said Deane harshly. "You don't realize what you are saying! If you knew how your uncle Sam—I mean your cousin Sam—and I had risked our necks, driving a fast car on a pitch-dark night at 150 kilometres an hour—for shame!"

The Countess dropped her eyes again.

"I—I'm sorry," she whispered. "Do—do you really think that I am—pretty——"

"You are far too pretty for your safety, my dear child!" said Deane paternally. "Now let's go, for it's getting late."

They walked across to the road and there, when they had gone but a short distance toward Lamballe, they were overtaken by a peasant driving a two-wheeled cart, which Deane promptly chartered to transport them for the rest of the way. Proceeding at once to the railroad station, the artist was pleased to discover that their train was due to leave in a little over an hour. As the sight of a handsome young man in stylish motoring costume wandering about with a conspicuously pretty peasant girl promised to excite attention of an undesired character, Deane decided that the best place in which to wait would be the station itself. As the ticket-office had not yet opened and the waiting-room was empty, he secured some fruit and sandwiches, which he and the Countess were contentedly discussing when there came from just outside the window the roar of an automobile.

Moved by a common impulse, the Countess and Deane leaped to their feet and, with their heads thrust together, peered through the grimy glass. A big, limousine car was swinging up to the platform, the single occupant, who was driving, having come apparently to learn something in regard to the trains, for he swung heavily to the platform without stopping the motor.

The Countess seized the muscular arm of the artist in a grip which, strong as it was, the young man scarcely felt, for there, not three feet from them, with his great hand on the knob of the door, and his wicked, bearded face set in a savage scowl, stood Prince Ivan Kharkof himself!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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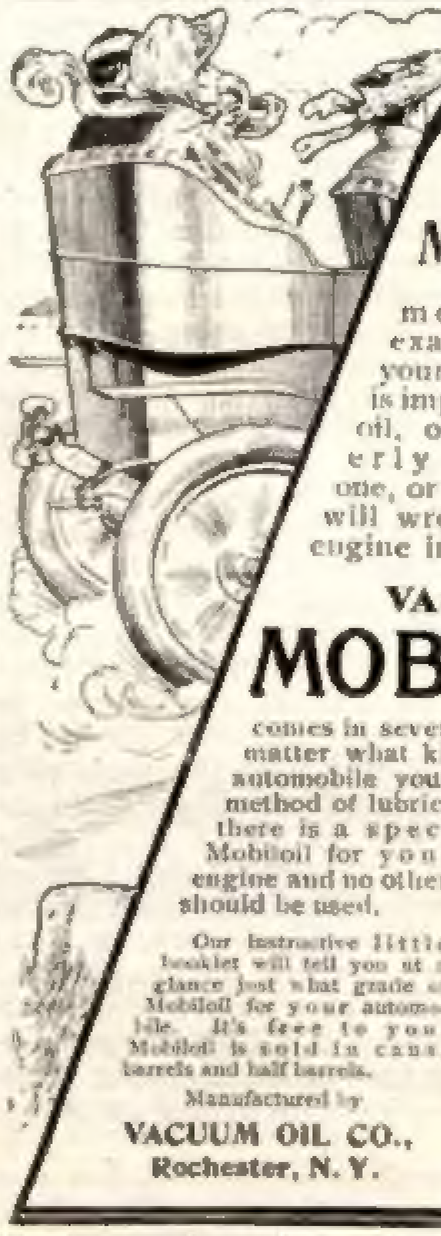

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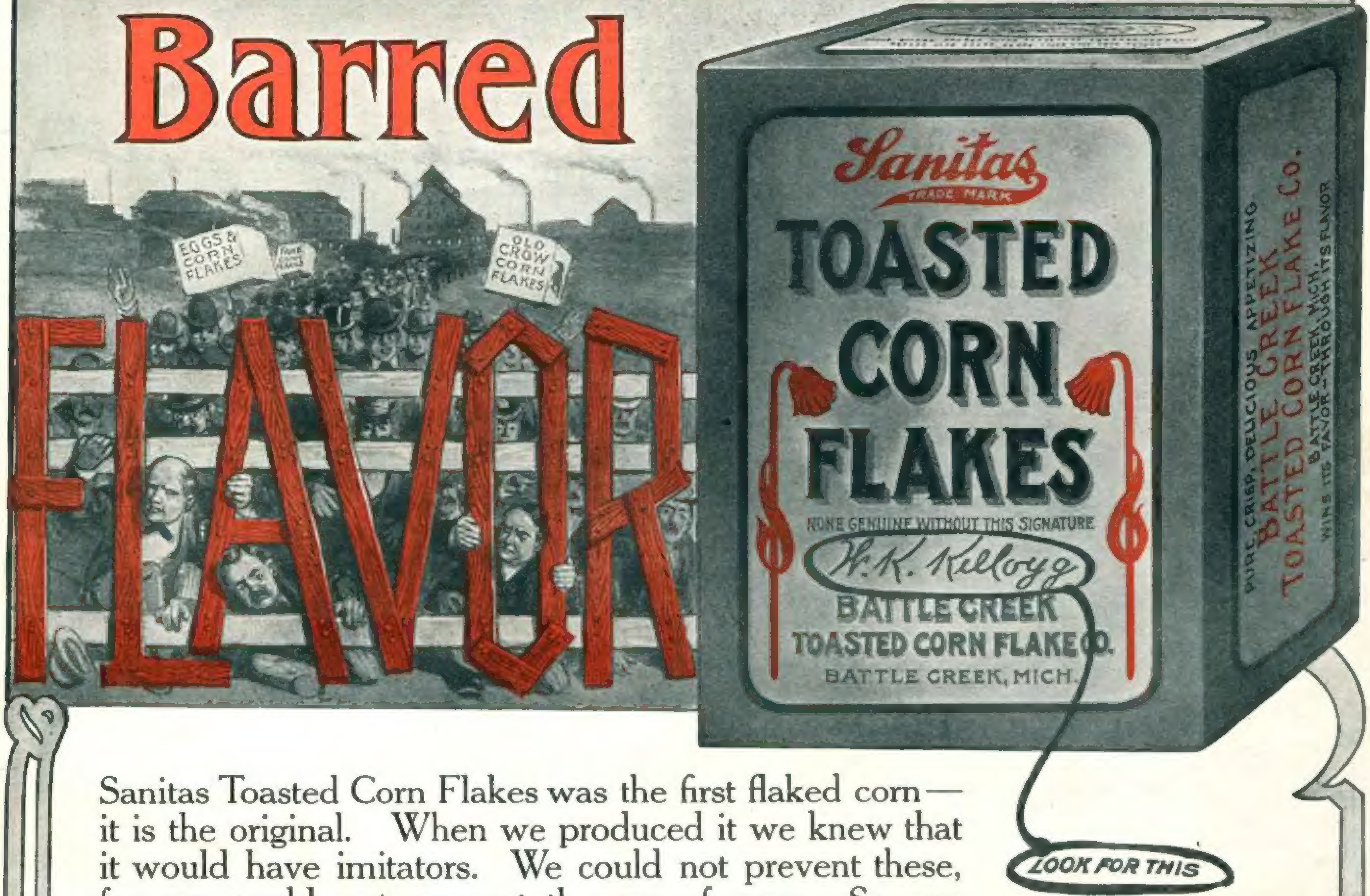

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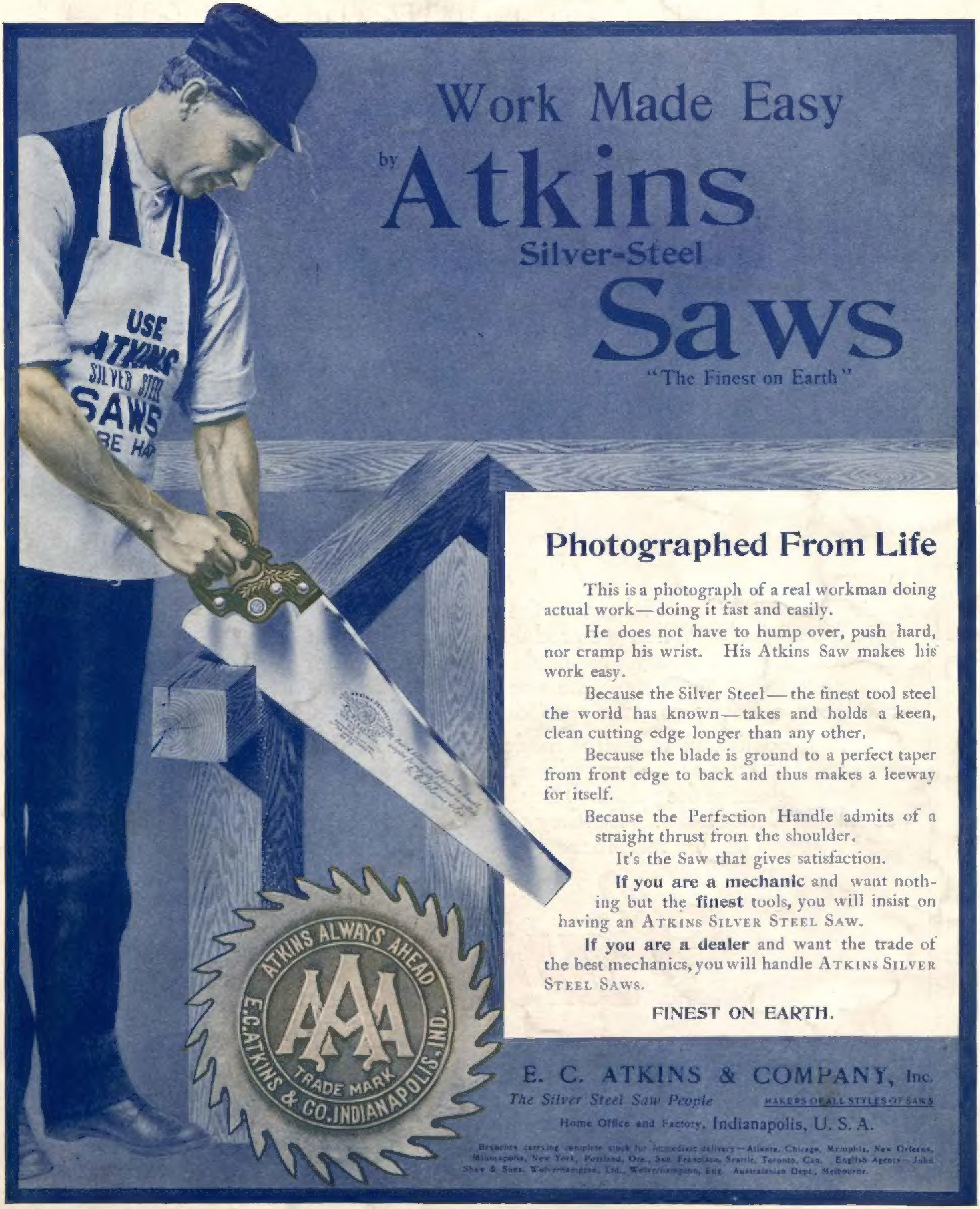
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